July 15 Cent

Everybody's Magazine

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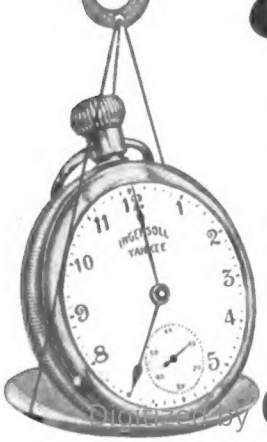

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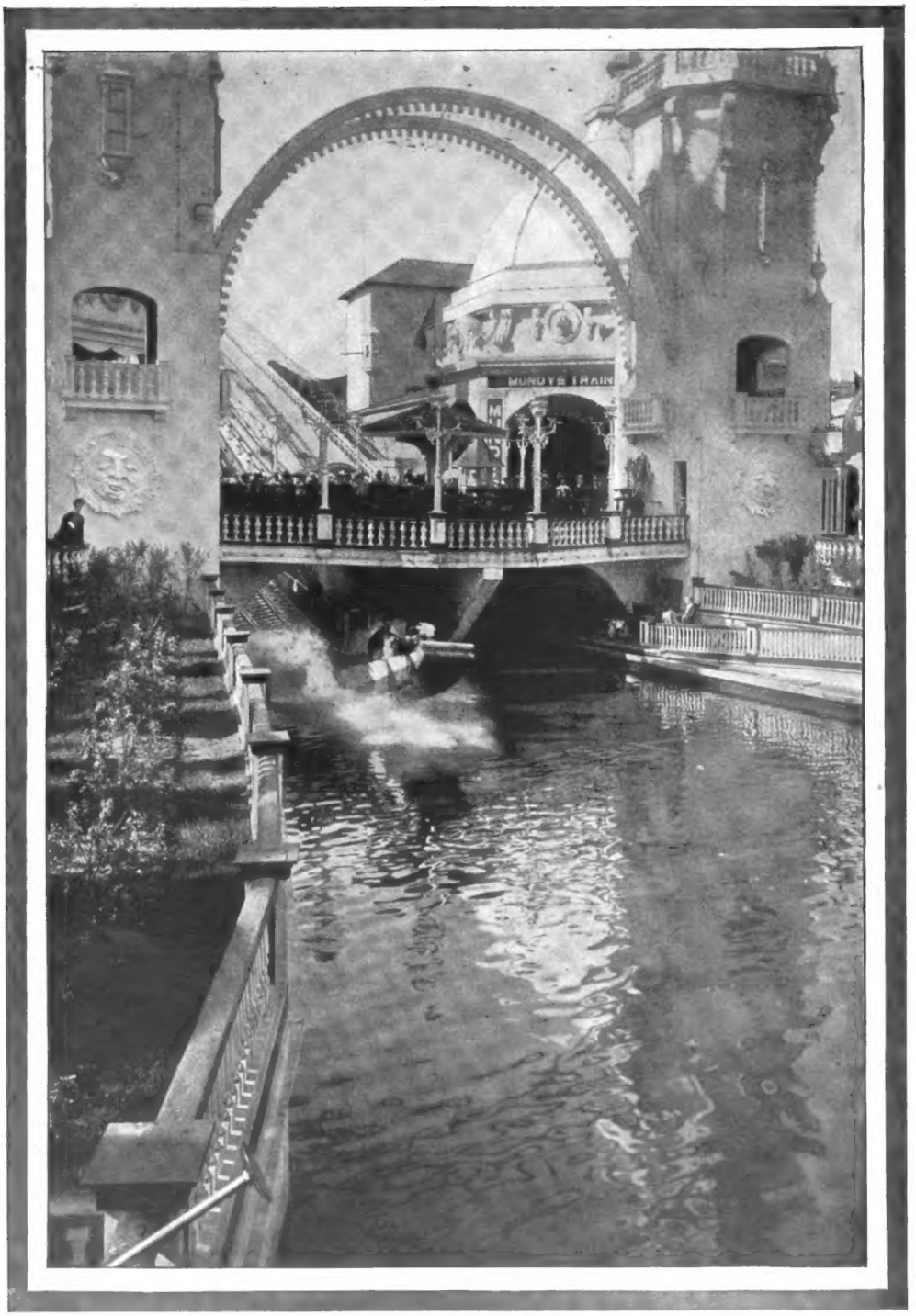

"A LONG WAY FROM THE HUSKING BEE!"

Original Scene at Coney Island.—Page 24.

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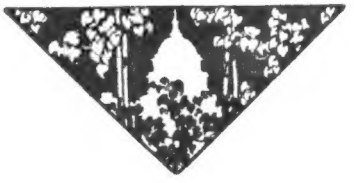
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XIX. JULY, 1908. No. 1.



BRYAN—JOHNSON

on

What the Matter Is In America and What To Do About It

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

Author of "The Shame of the Cities," "The Struggle for Self-Government," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Last month Mr. Steffens, through interviews with the Republican presidential candidates, showed what they really think about our national problems and how, if elected, they would go about solving them. He now undertakes to place the Democratic candidates on record in the same way. Bryan and Johnson explain what they believe to be the matter in the United States, and what they propose to do about it. Every one to whom the destinies of the republic are important should read this article.

WHEN, along in the early nineties, the present revival of democracy began in the United States, neither of the two great political parties represented the people. Hence the Populists.

The Republicans and the Democrats represented the same thing. They had inherited different principles, and their platforms contained planks which did not look alike: on the tariff, for example. But their contests were farces. We used to say, you remember, that they fought only for the "spoils of office"; and now we know that the political spoils were but a small part of their purpose. What they really made us march for in those old torchlight processions was to win for them the privilege of letting privileges to—business. Hence, for example, the Democratic failures with "tariff reform."

Now both parties are beginning to represent us. Hence the fresh promises from both of tariff revision. But beware. It is not the machines that are for us; "organization costs money," and both the old organizations are loyal to the same old non-partisan sources of their equal, bi-partisan corruption. It is only the leaders that are really democratic; a few men who have appeared in about equal numbers in both parties and who have used public opinion (the demagogues!) to force their organizations with about equal difficulty to pay heed in about equally slight degree to a few of the demands of—the whole nation.

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Hence the hard, quiet fight of those same old Interests to beat the new leaders in both the old parties.

And hence the wisdom, especially at this time, of looking askance at the party platforms and listening instead to their leaders; not all the leaders, but those few in both parties who are offering to lead us and their parties out of corruption and trouble. We know who these leaders are. We know they are honest; but that isn't enough. We believe they are loyal, and we have seen them fight; that is much, very, very much; and for awhile it was enough. But it is not enough now. What we want to know now is what they think the matter is; how they propose to fix it, and what they want us to do, all of us, all together, like a nation of intelligent, concerned, sovereign citizens, with ballots in our hands, with good will in our hearts, and in our heads some few ideas of our own.

We heard last month from Roosevelt and Taft and La Follette, the democratic leaders of the Republican party. Now for a couple of the democratic leaders of the Democratic party; and first:

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

It is just twelve years since Mr. Bryan appeared as a national leader. He looked, with his democracy, like a menace, then; he was called dangerous, impossible. Now he is "not so dangerous as Roosevelt" and is regarded as, at least, a possibility. Bryan is, in a sense, a measure of our progress. For it isn't Bryan that has changed. He is more mature, steadier, quieter, but he is surer, too, and his doctrines are, at bottom, the same. And this is a remarkable fact about this man.

From the moment he raised in protest the "cross of gold," Bryan has taken seriously his leadership of the Democratic party. He has had against him the old leaders and their organization, and he has fought them. But —have you ever thought of this?—he has fought the Democratic organization, not with organization methods, but with democracy. He has appealed to the members of it, to the people themselves, and it is their pressure that has counted. Like Roosevelt and Hughes, La Follette and Folk, Bryan has wielded the power of public opinion. To have and to hold this power he has gone up and down this land, day in and day out, year after year, teaching and preaching, pleading, debating, defending; he has been watched; criticised; lauded; but —best test of all—he has been defeated and defeated and defeated.

And he is unchanged. And his organization is unchanged. It hates and it dreads Mr. Bryan as much as the "regular" Republicans hate and fear Mr. Roosevelt. Yet, like Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Bryan is the acknowledged leader of his party, and all the world acknowledges that he is a loyal leader, sincere, simple, true to his principles, courageous, patient, and full of hope.

In brief, there is no doubt whatsoever about the character of the man. But what does he teach? What are his principles? What does he think the matter is, and what does he propose that we shall do about it?

He answered, as he has always answered, easily. Not as Taft did; not forgetting that he was a candidate for the presidency. Mr. Bryan never forgets that; and this is no gibe at him. Mr. Bryan has accepted, with thought, all the responsibilities of his leadership.

"When I first realized," he said once when we were resting, "when I saw that I had an influence upon the minds of men, I pledged myself never to forget that this meant for me a moral responsibility, and I never have forgotten it."

And so it is with his responsibility to his party. He is a partisan; I mean that his partisanship goes to the extent of biasing his mind. He excuses some bad chapters in the ancient history of his party. And, in this interview, his sense of his partisan candidacy stood in the way of that free, full expression of his mind which was so winning in Taft. Mr. Bryan thinks some things which he will not say, because they are "not issues now" and, also, because the people are not ready for them. But what Mr. Bryan had to say he said easily, slowly, and of himself; he was, in an absent-minded way, impatient of questions.

"What the matter is in this country?" he repeated, and his heavily lined face leveled itself in thought. He wasn't puzzled, like Taft; he understood the question, as La Follette did. He had thought about it before.

"But," he began, "there are several ways of answering it." He paused. "It is one problem," he thought aloud, "but several factors enter into it," and, summing them all up, at last, he said:

"There has been a lowering of our ideals of life. The measure of success has been money, and the method by which the money was ac-

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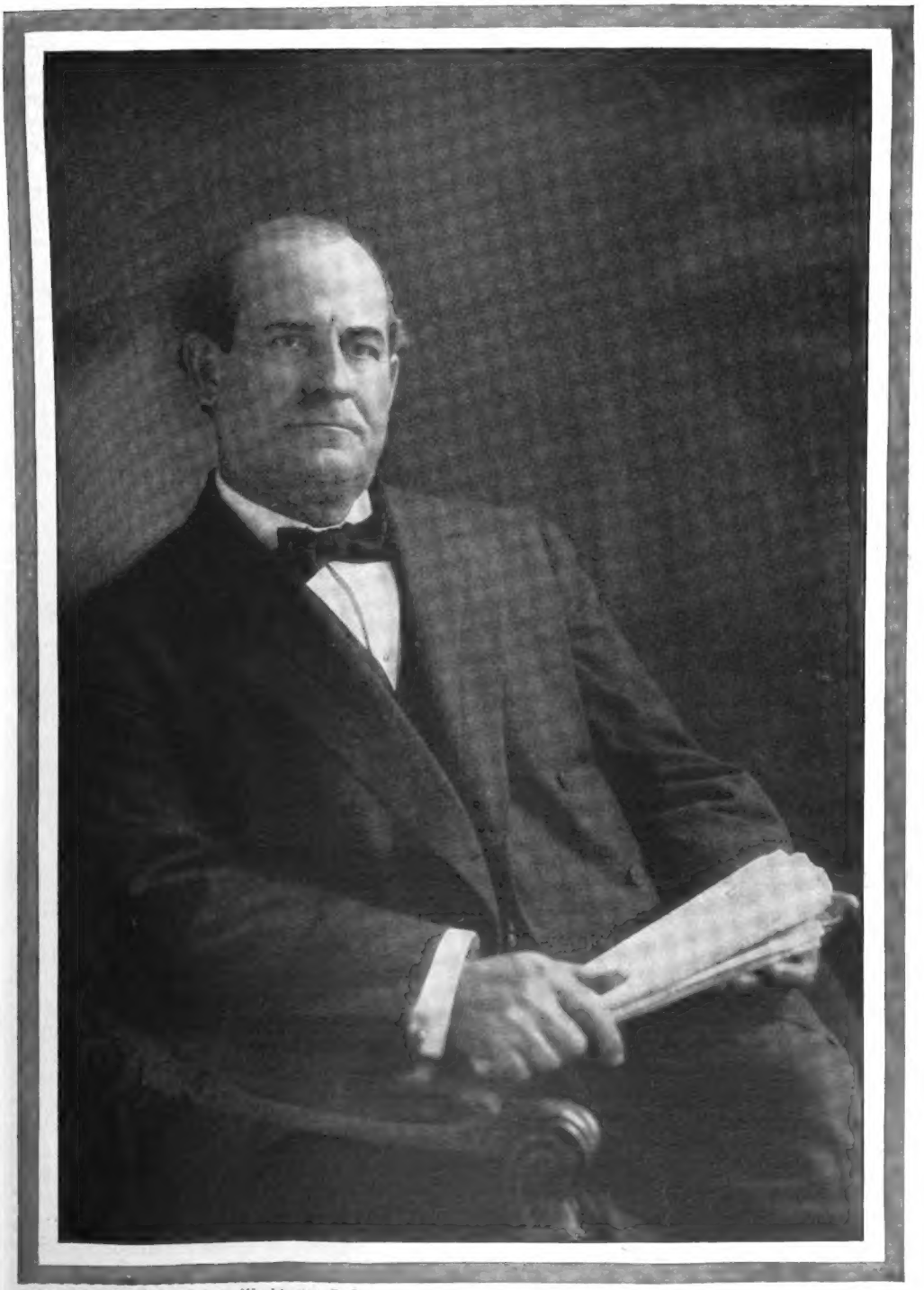

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WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

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quired has not been considered. Hence the lowering of American ideals has led to the debauching of society as well as to the corruption of politics."

"Society in the big sense?"

"Yes. Society in its social, business, and political sense; all the relations of man with man. And, of course, they must be all about equally corrupted, for we cannot separate the political from the social and economic man. If he goes wrong in part, he is apt to go wrong all through.

"Now it is this false ideal which has led to extravagance—in order to keep up appearances; to gambling in business; to disturbing methods in politics; finally to the corruption of government. For the government can be, and it is, used as an asset in business."

"And back of all that?" I asked.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I am speaking now of the evil that can be cured by individual action, and the cure for it; the cure for the lowering of our ideals is to raise our ideals. And that has begun. The tide has turned; the trend to-day is upward. Men and women are looking to higher, better things, and they must be encouraged to look to higher, better lives. Everybody can help in that."

Mr. Bryan is, as he calls himself, an individualist, and he lays always great stress upon the moral responsibility of each man and woman. But he recognizes the influence of the conditions of life, both in causes and in cures, and when I asked him next what was the cause of the bad ideals, his answer was ready:

"The opportunities to make money fast. We have a rich country, rich, I mean, in natural resources, and we have made prizes of them for the few. Business has been converted into a wheel of fortune. There were a few large prizes and many blanks. And these prizes have given us false ideals."

But not only the resources of the country were prizes. No. "Invention has multiplied the productivity of machinery and labor; and the man who owned the machine, not the inventor and not the worker, has profited by the rapid multiplication of wealth."

"But these owners of the machines think that they made their money by their own efforts," I suggested. "Aren't they abler than the inventor and the worker?"

"Not always," said Mr. Bryan soberly. But he wasn't thinking of those men; his mind was intent on the moral effect of their "success" on others.

"Their prize-winnings excited hopes which can be realized only in a few cases," he continued. "Just as a wheel of fortune raises in all who play it hopes which only a few can realize."

It was impossible to stop Mr. Bryan there for further analysis of these economic causes and cures; he was headed straight for political issues.

"The greatest invention of this, our era of opportunities for the few," he said, "is the corporation! That is a great machine, good and useful, but a great cause of evil. I am not speaking now of economic evil, nor industrial, but political. I am seeing its use of the powers of the government. Corporations are created by law. And we have made the mistake of creating corporations without sufficiently controlling or regulating them.

"We have allowed railroads, for example, to incorporate. That is perfectly proper. And we have given them the sovereign power of eminent domain. Perfectly proper. But after granting these corporations a part of the state sovereignty on the theory that they were public enterprises for the public service and good, we have allowed them to be conducted as private businesses. And they have been conducted as private enterprises; as great prizes. They have been managed without regard to the interest of either stockholders or patrons. The directors of railroads have been permitted to water stock and acquire subsidiary corporations, which they bought cheap themselves personally and then sold dear to themselves as controllers or officers of the parent road.

"Why," he said, looking up, "it would take a railroad president fifty years to earn five millions at $100,000 a year. Sometimes he has made that much in a week by juggling the stock of his own road: buying it in low for himself and selling it high to himself as president. And the many pay. These men have added millions to their wealth by the issue of stocks and bonds predicated upon excessive rates to be paid by the coming generations."

"But those men think," I objected, "that they have done so much for the development of the country that they should be paid more than merely high salaries."

"One moment," said Mr. Bryan, sticking to his own line of thought.

He said that railroads were but one phase

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Photograph by Ribble, St. Peter, Minn.

JOHN ALBERT JOHNSON.

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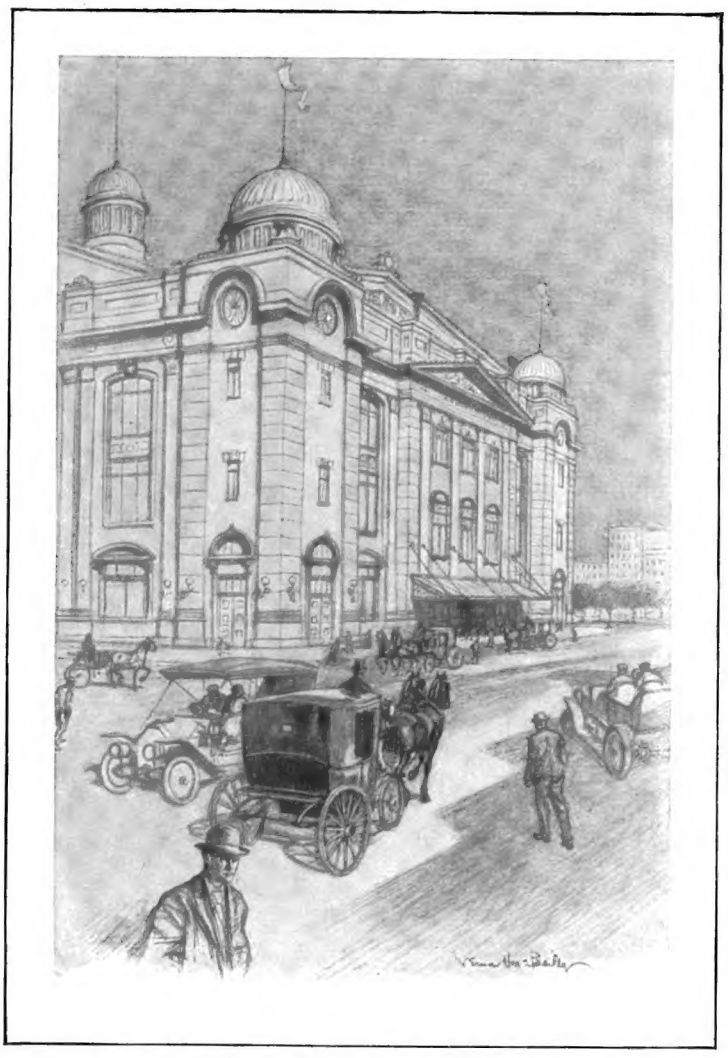

AUDITORIUM BUILDING AT DENVER.

In which the National Democratic Convention of 1908 will be held.

of the subject. They were one kind of corporation, the public-service kind, and, before saying what to do about them, he described the other kind, viz.: "that which controls merchandise; not the transportation of goods, but the goods themselves."

"These are the trusts," he said. "Their object is to suppress competition, corner the market, and exploit the country. They offer a great prize—to the few. Our population is so large that a corporation which can control any necessity can make millions by adding a few cents or even mills to the price to the consumer. The increased cost to the consumer on one item looks too small to notice, but when a large number of these monopolies get to work, the total burden is great."

And, going back to his moral answer to the main question, Mr. Bryan traced the consequences to our ideals.

"The unearned income from such organizations demoralizes those who collect it and" —looking up to drive home the point—"their 'success' excites imitation and extravagance in others, in the people."

So, you see, Mr. Bryan thinks these trusts have corrupted not only government and

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business, but also their directors and the people.

Distinguishing clearly between these moral consequences and the economic cause, Mr. Bryan went on to say:

"The great economic evil to be remedied, then, is the unequal *distribution* of wealth after it is created." He calls the American people the most intelligent producers in the world, and he said we both produce and consume twice as much as any equal population. "But," he feared, "inequality of distribution will finally paralyze production. For it will kill that great stimulus to endeavor: the assurance that the reward will be commensurate with the effort."

Since unequal distribution is the one, fundamental cause of our various evils, what must the remedy be?

"The remedy," Mr. Bryan said, "must be found in an approach to equity." And he took up "two plans that are under discussion," socialism and individualism.

"The Socialist," he said, "proposes to eliminate the employer. The government is to own and operate all instrumentalities of production and distribution.

"The Individualist says that competition is the better regulating force, and he proposes, therefore, to restore and safeguard competition.

"Our action on all political and economic questions depends upon which of these two points of view we take," he proceeded slowly. And he implied that, consciously or unconsciously, we all choose one or the other of these two positions. He used the trusts to illustrate; and he showed how the promoters of these great organizations are making, unwittingly, of course, but certainly, toward socialism.

"The Socialists," Mr. Bryan said truly, "are for the trusts. They believe that competition is wasteful and that there is an economic advantage in monopoly; so they propose that the government, instead of exterminating trusts, should simply take possession, and, by owning and operating them, give to the whole people the benefits of—monopoly."

Mr. Bryan rested a moment, then he proceeded:

"The Individualist believes that the condition, the very principle of private monopoly should be exterminated. Not the industry, of course; on the contrary, the industry should be revived, increased, enlarged, upon a natural, stable foundation."

He was speaking, observe, not now of public-service monopolies: railroads, light, water, and gas. These he wished to leave till later in the interview, and, as we shall see, he proposed to *try* to regulate them. He was thinking now of "merchandise trusts": oil, steel, paper, etc. He wouldn't even try to regulate them; they must be forbidden.

"Those who advocate the government control of such trusts go half-way to socialism. For they are granting the Socialist contention that there is an economic advantage in monopoly. They not only declare against competition as a regulating force; they eliminate all questions but two:

"First: whether the benefits of monopoly shall be enjoyed by all the people or by only a few; and they will hardly contend in the open for the few. So that we come to the

"Second: Whether the state can secure to the people by regulation the benefits of monopoly. And if monopoly is good and it can't be regulated, then public ownership is inevitable.

"And I believe," he decided, "that regulation of monopolies will be found impossible. Their interests are so large, their power is so concentrated, their means so ample to corrupt and to force out competition, that the monopolists will have constantly an advantage over the people at large, who, suffering each only a little bit, can be brought only by great effort to an effective cooperation in opposition. For example, politically, the candidate for office will always favor regulation, if that plan is decided upon, but the trusts can contribute so largely to campaign funds and can exert so powerful an influence over their employees that the man in office is apt to listen to the trusts rather than to the people. This is exactly what has happened, what happens now, and it will happen in the future."

Thus, then, Mr. Bryan came to two clear conclusions:

(1) That the trusts are, and that they must continue to be, the great source of our so-called political corruption.

(2) That the government isn't strong enough to govern (or regulate) trusts.

It is in this second particular, by the way, that Mr. Bryan differs essentially from the President and Mr. Taft, who, believing in the power of the government, would let the trusts grow under the regulation of the law. Mr. Bryan, sceptical of man-made law, would depend upon an economic law, the law of competition.

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"I believe," he said, "that competition is a necessary force, and that competition should be relied upon wherever competition is possible. And competition is possible except where, in the nature of the case, one corporation must have the entire business."

Here is where he returns to his important distinction between the railroads and other such public-service corporations, which are natural, necessary monopolies, and "merchandise" corporations, which are artificial and bad.

"City water is an example," he said, "of natural monopolies. It is not possible to have several water plants in one city. It is better to make water a monopoly. And, one by one, the cities have learned this and taken possession each of its own one plant. They come naturally to it. They find, first, that they can't have competition; then they find that they can't control a water monopoly. The monopoly won't let them; it goes into politics and it neglects the water. And, having taken possession, the cities find that the dangers following public ownership are less than the evils of private ownership. The same experience will bring the people to the same conclusion about any public service which must be a monopoly."

The conversation ran off into a comparison of notes, showing how cities everywhere now are struggling with street-railways, gas, electric light, and other public services, trying hard to regulate in the interest of the public and to stop corruption; how these interests fight regulation and redouble their corruption. But Mr. Bryan believes in letting the people find out for themselves what they can and cannot do in the cities.

"I think," he said, "that the people prefer private ownership wherever private ownership is possible, and it is the refusal of franchise holders to deal fairly and honestly with the public which will finally drive us to ownership of natural monoplies in self-defence."

"Isn't there a conflict of interest there," I asked, "which makes political corruption necessary, economically unavoidable? Take the steam railroads, for an example."

"The steam railroads," he said, "are not so clearly monopolistic as municipal services, but the consolidation of lines and the absorption of competing roads are introducing the monopolistic condition." He cited cases where, in spite of present attempts to "regulate," this merger process was continuing. The natural monopoly is coming naturally, and Mr. Bryan sees it. And as we have seen above, he says in general terms that natural monopolies cannot be regulated. Therefore, the railroads must be publicly owned. Indeed, he spoke his conviction on this point in his speech in Madison Square when he returned from Europe. But he doesn't care to hurry the people in their settlement of the question. He leaves that to the railroads. He will give regulation a fair trial.

"It has failed in all the states except Wisconsin," I suggested.

"And Texas and Oklahoma," he added. "But," he went on, "regulation has not been tried sufficiently to enable the public to pass upon the question whether it can be made effective. The railroads make it ineffective. See how they opposed the Esch-Townsend bill to regulate. They organized their opposition to it, and they were able to prevent the passage of an effective measure. For the law we got was a compromise and unsatisfactory. And the railroads soon learned that they had made a mistake. When the states began to reduce fares and regulate traffic, the roads ran to the federal government for legislation to deprive state legislatures of power to regulate even interstate commerce, and to vest in Congress the exclusive control. And this demand is not in the interest of regulation, of course, but to prevent it. For Congress is not as responsive to the public even as the states are. They are headed, those interests, for the national government, and if they could concentrate all regulative power at Washington, it would simply increase their interest in national politics and make regulation more difficult than it is now."

Mr. Bryan paused, then he referred to the fact that just as the railroads deliver the privileges which corrupt business and facilitate the growth of trusts, so they are the carriers also of most of the big financial and business corruption of politics.

"And," he concluded, "no one who understands the great power and the various uses of the railroad lobby can regard complacently an increase of railroad activity in our national politics."

Regulation is impossible; trying to regulate increases the corruption of government. What, then, are we to do? Mr. Bryan says:

"First, we must strengthen the representative character of the government by electing senators by direct vote of the people.

"Second, as to the railroads and other

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natural monopolies, we must try faithfully and fairly to regulate them till they have taught the people that they cannot be regulated.

"Third, as to the other, the artificial monopolies, we must exterminate them and return to the competitive system. And the ways to exterminate these trusts are several." He gave them.

(1) Enforce the criminal laws.

(2) Tariff reform. "I would put on the free list foreign-made articles in competition with domestic trust-made articles."

(3) "But the most effective way is a national license; not like the President's; his would embarrass legitimate and help illegitimate corporations. It is possible to require a license for corporations controlling, say, twenty-five per cent. This would leave the small corporations untouched. Not more than one in a thousand would be required to take out a license. But a licensed corporation should act under federal supervision till it controls, say, fifty per cent. of the product. Then forbid its further growth."

I was unable to see how the government could regulate such businesses any better than it could railroads, but Mr. Bryan said the government could withdraw the use of the mails, express, telegraph, and railroad facilities from any corporation that is conspiring against the public good. And he proceeded to show how the license system could provide against watering stock and cutting prices to beat competition in one locality. "This method," he concluded, "hits only the man you are after: the monopolist."

Returning to the tariff, Mr. Bryan called it "the great source of privilege and prizes." Manufacturers had been permitted to make the schedules in their own interest and to levy tribute and increase their private fortunes. He would go after the tariff in the public interest: first, making free, as he said above, articles in competition with trusts; then, "cutting materially the tariff on the necessities of life"; and so on down to the revision basis.

Mr. Bryan, unlike the President, does not put the trusts and the labor unions in the same category, nor would he legislate against them together. To Mr. Bryan, unions are associations of men to improve the conditions of labor and living, and they are not at all like combinations to control a commodity. His attitude toward injunctions and other details of the labor question is well known, and I pass that by. What I wanted to know was what we all were to do about this struggle of Labor and Capital, each for a greater share of the profits of production. He said it was a struggle that would never be settled. "We shall gradually approximate to justice."

Certainly this is as bad as Taft's reply, "God knows," when the voice in Cooper Union asked what he proposed to do about the unemployed.

Indeed, these two men—and for that matter all the leaders questioned—do not differ essentially in the final analysis of their programs. They all would return to competition, which socialism and the trusts would abolish. They all want the struggle for survival to go on; it is to be a fair fight, but a fight, and for wealth, too, even between Capital and Labor. Bryan, having had more time to reflect and having lived out West, where the problems of business and politics are clearer and simpler, sees them more definitely than Roosevelt and Taft, who have been men of action always. Bryan sees it more as La Follette does, who, though a man of action, has been occupied also in the West. For example, Bryan goes at the problem of poverty consciously. All his policies are directed, as he himself points out, at excessive wealth, which is, at bottom, the same as excessive poverty. And besides the remedies listed above, he advocates, like the President, an inheritance tax and, more important still, "a tax on incomes as a regular item in our fiscal system." So does Taft advocate these measures; but Bryan sees the relation to other taxes. "An income tax would offset a little the burden of other taxes, which fall most heavily on the poor." The constitutional objection of the Supreme Court Bryan meets with a proposition to amend the Constitution. Taft regards this as unnecessary. Indeed, Taft doesn't want any more legislation than is necessary to make our present laws effective. And there we have a big difference between the two men.

Bryan sees the part privileges play in our system; he sees it clearly as a cause of injustice, and he would legislate and legislate and legislate till he had abolished all the artificial advantages that are granted by government. "Privileges for none, justice for all," he repeats. And he sees how much of our political, commercial, and social corruption would be removed if the government were to cease to be a source of advantages for one man over another.

Taft, a proved executive and a born judge,

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would depend upon the executive and judicial powers of the government to achieve the same end, more vaguely seen. Bryan is not of the executive type, and there is reason to fear that he is no better judge of men than Roosevelt, to say nothing of Taft; but, seeing the end more clearly, he would not depend so much upon the men he appointed and the courts to prevent and punish evil as he would upon legislation to remove the cause. And, unlike Taft, but very much like Roosevelt, Bryan would preach and teach and—lead. For, as he began his talk with our lowered ideals, so he ended it with higher ideals: "We must not only see to it that the government shall take away the prizes that make men pursue a low ideal; we must all of us as individuals strive to live better lives and to inculcate higher ideals in others." Taft should give us better government of things as they are; Bryan, leading us on to change things, should make us a better people.

JOHN ALBERT JOHNSON

JOHN JOHNSON is the newest of those new leaders toward whom the American people are looking with hope. And there is hope in him. He differs from the rest in this, that his loyalty to democracy is questioned. Not by me. It is said in Minnesota that he is "Jim Hill's man." I don't believe it. This Democratic governor of a Republican state has put through his Republican legislature acts too many and too democratic to qualify as any railroad man's man.

He did his work smoothly, and, as I suggested to him, he should explain how he accomplished so much good without a fight; without achieving either the hate of the "low-down" politicians or the execrations of the "high-up" business men.

His wrinkly face wrinkled all over with humor as, with mock seriousness, I went on.

"You are a fit subject for inquiry," I said. "Roosevelt, Folk, and La Follette, Heney, Hughes, Ben Lindsey, and Tom Johnson—they all have to fight, while you—you ought to be investigated."

The Governor enjoyed it. "Well, come on out and investigate," he laughed. "I wish you would."

Refusing to rake any more muck, I asked him to tell me himself how he did it. He tried to. He is a tall, angular figure; not like Lincoln: not too tall; not ungainly; and his face isn't homely. It is long, thin, and wrinkled. Charles Edward Russell said that Governor Johnson looks more like a Yankee than a Swede, and that is pat. But the type is the Yankee of the West. And there is the key to Johnson, inside and out. He is a Northwesterner. His wrinkles are the dry lines of the dry Western air, and the ready, amiable, genuinely humorous smile that rises out of his blue eyes overflows through those wrinkles like water through an irrigation system. And the effect is the same. His thin, plain face becomes fat with humanity. So with his mind. It is strong, but patient; sure of the future, but struggling now, earnestly, pleasantly, and, best of all, candidly.

Sitting on the arm of a great hotel chair, his great, useful hands helping him talk, he proceeded with his apology for doing good without arousing hate. Seriously, yet with a twinkle of the wrinkles, he described his method of dealing with an opposition legislature.

"I used to go up and sit with the members," he said. "The way I did when I was one of them. I made them understand. And I made them understand that I wasn't playing a game. They are all right——"

Other things he had said indicated that the legislature of Minnesota was just like any other legislature. And the Governor meant, evidently, that his legislators are all right only as most men are all right—when they are not tempted and forced to be all wrong. Governor Hughes's legislators also wanted to do right, and they sweated and trembled and got drunk when they were forced to do wrong. But forced they were; and bribed; and corrupted. Why were not Governor Johnson's legislators forced and bribed and corrupted?

He explained, and he illustrated with the stories of particular measures; in vain. He must be a wonderful personality to have done what he did, but, of course, he had to leave himself out, and without himself his account of himself was no account at all. As he must have felt, for, in the midst of his apology, he laughed, and quit.

"You better come out and see for yourself," he said.

And, really, some one should go out there and see how it happens that they do not say of him as they do in the East of Roosevelt and in the West of Heney: "Oh, his purposes

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are good, but his methods—I don't like the way he does things."

They say just the opposite of Johnson. They don't like some of the things he does, but his methods are popular. There is ground for suspicion in the distinction, but I think the doubt about this man is due only to his newness as a national leader; and that is as it should be. A people should not go running after every new and unknown leader so long as the old and proved men are true and willing and able to serve them. But give John Johnson time, and he will make good.

The man has intellectual integrity. He sees what he sees straight; and he sees now the evil consequences of our evil conditions with a vivid clearness which proves that he will see more. His grasp at present is neither broad nor deep; it is the Northwest that he knows, and the rest of the world appears to him from the point of view of the Northwest. Provincialism is a limitation, but his is not a mind made up, like Taft's and Bryan's. He is teachable, and, like Roosevelt, he learns cheerfully and fast, from anybody.

"What the matter is?" he repeated, when I told him what I wanted to ask him. "Hum! What the matter is, and what to do about it? Oh, yes, I understand, and I'll tell you how I see it; but you go 'way and give me a couple of hours to line it out."

That afternoon, in a gloomy hotel bedroom, he stretched himself full length in a big armchair, and—he talked.

"To begin with," he said, "the trouble is due to the indifference of the American citizen to his political power and his political duty. We could do anything with the suffrage, anything; but we vote for a party, not for measures. Some men are even proud to say that they have always voted the Democratic (or the Republican) ticket, and I've heard them say that their family voted for the same party before them!"

Mr. Bryan should have seen the exclamation point Mr. Johnson made with his two wondering eyes.

"Why," said this Democrat, "the allegiance of a citizen is due to his country, not to a party. Political parties are controlled very often by men who are not moved by impulses to give the best possible service for the people, and such men can betray the party and the state and the people, *because* the voters vote for the party, no matter who controls it, whom it nominates, or what it does."

Tracing the party absurdity up through candidates and elections into legislatures, local, state, and national, the Governor showed how the individual sank his individuality in the organization, which betrayed him and the state. It was plain to see that the picture was very clear in his imagination, and incredibly preposterous. His own experience in the legislature kept his mind open sympathetically to the temptation, yes, the force, which carries men along; and he has therefore no contempt for those who sold or gave themselves away. But in a mild, though most convincing manner, he declared that an individual legislator, for example, could defy his party and serve the people with success.

"I did it," he said, not boastfully, but rather in wonder that more men didn't try it. "The combine began by taking me in; surrounding me; working me—you know how. And when the time came and I refused to go into caucus with them, they punished me. But I didn't let that bother me. And, by and by, they let me go my way."

An individualist, Governor Johnson blames individuals for our political troubles, and his remedy is—insistent individuality. He would have the voter be an individual and he would have the man in office be an individual; as he himself is.

"If one individual will fight," he concluded, "others will fight with him."

"But why don't they want to fight?" I asked. "What is it that makes us not want to fight? What is it that doesn't want us to want to fight for the right? What is back of the politics?"

The puzzled expression that had come over his face as he was talking about the men who wouldn't fight passed away, and he rose, relieved and interested.

"I was coming to that," he said, and he seemed to see the world from the top of a hill in the great Northwest. "It is a wonderful country," he began. "It was full of rich resources, open to anybody. Coal, forests, land, gold—fortunes, and few men. But the people came, more and more, and some of them worked and some of them found things. It was great," he reflected, seeing, as he made me see, a population fall upon the wilderness and settle upon what it happened to be their luck to light upon—gold or labor. "But"—he swept away the vision of the pioneers' gamble with a wave of his arm, and, sitting upon the arm of his chair, he went on.

"There's no wilderness now, no resources,

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no more free land; or not much. Everything is claimed, owned. The public domain is practically 'taken up.' No more chances now; no more luck; it's work."

Looking off into space, he saw the workers work. "Eighty millions of us now," he said, by and by. "We are becoming very, very fast a congested population, and there will soon be hardly room enough for all."

"Politics," I suggested, to bring him back, and back he came.

"Yes, politics," he said. "Some men went into farming, some into cattle, some into railroads, gas, electric light." He waved his hand. "These brought improvements. They developed the country, and the people were grateful. The people helped develop the country and the railroads and—the improvements. But they gave the promoters full swing and that, with the gratitude, was political power. The men who own the forests and the mines, the railroads and the—improvements, they had to go into politics to preserve their interests. They put into office their friends. They didn't always bribe and buy, you understand; they picked, they nominated men who were friendly to them, who *represented* them!"

John Johnson turned and looked keenly at me. Concern was on his face. He cared; and that's why I'm sure he will not betray us. He will not represent the railroads; no man will who sees that vision as John Johnson sees it, with regret; no man.

"That," he said, sinking down into his chair, "that is what has broken down our system of representative government. Our government represents the men who own the resources of the country, and they make it represent interests and not men. They make it take the business, not the human point of view."

That was the big idea in his mind.

"The people must earn and pay six per cent. on $12,000,000,000 invested in railroads. They can. The country is rich. But the people aren't getting richer. They are getting poorer. Now, the charges were high, at the start, per capita, but nobody cared; everybody had enough. But as the population increased, the values did not go down, per capita. We each pay about the same—per capita, you understand. For, as the population increases, the capitalization increases, and only the allotments of land diminish. There is competition in farming; the railroads are beating competition. Farmers earn less and less; the railroads earn more and more. They pay always about the same—dividends."

He looked at me to see if I understood, then he explained further:

"The people compete with one another. Monopolies — railroads, land companies, mines, public service corporations, and trusts —they don't compete. Nothing can check them but the government, and the government represents them."

That was perfectly clear, but what of it?

"The monopolies are combining. Railroads and banks, trusts and banks and railroads. The commercial power of the United States is becoming unified."

"Well?"

"They control also the political power. They receive our money as well as our votes on deposit, and—they don't do well with them." He told the story of the panic of 1907 from the point of view of Minnesota. "Our crops were good. We were well-to-do. We owned money. But they were scared in Wall Street and they wouldn't let us have *our* money. They were indignant when we asked for it, and they are indignant when we ask for our political rights."

"That, then, is the condition," I said. "What's the matter?"

"All power, political and commercial, is centralizing, and it is getting more and more of the wealth of the country. The workers as a mass get more, but as individuals ever less and less. And that is going on getting worse and worse. The people increase, the country remains the same; we develop more; we add to our wealth as a nation, but—the division at the bottom becomes less and less."

"There's a condition," I repeated. "What's the matter?"

"We have classes," he persisted. "We have those who control political power and natural resources, and we have the—peasant class."

He paused and he asked: "Do you know what that means? You have been to Europe? Do you know what peasants are? The first American farmer, he who found the land and worked it first, he made his money. He was a farmer; now he is a capitalist. He is moving into town. He rents his land, he, the small squire, to the peasant, who works it for a living wage. The condition will soon be deplorable; not in our day. It will come so gradually that we shall get used to it, we and the peasants."

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"And the workers in town?"

"The same, I guess," he said. The Northwesterner knows the country and the country people best; sees them clearest; feels their troubles most. He wasn't vivid on cities and Labor.

"What is the matter?" I recalled again, and he answered:

"I don't know."

"What are we to do about it?"

"I don't know," he said.

I laughed. "Aren't you ashamed," I said, "to come out offering yourself as a leader of such a people in such a condition, with no idea of what to do?"

He looked ashamed, but he laughed and, with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, he asked about the other candidates.

"Do they know what to do?"

"No," I admitted. "Most of them don't, and it is amazing that they don't. They have remedies——"

"Oh," he interrupted, "I have remedies. There are things I would do." And he told how he would gradually knock out the tariff, the mother of privileges; how he would be for an income tax; an inheritance tax; how he would have the cities own the public service monopolies.

"And the railroads and trusts?"

He balked. He has a stereotyped answer for that. "I wouldn't have the state do anything individuals could do." He is, like the rest, for regulation.

"But you have just shown," I argued, "that the trusts and the railroads regulate the government, which they have filled and corrupted with their friends. And, since those interests plead that they must corrupt the government in self-defense, won't your attempts at regulation stimulate their political activity?" He did not answer. "Why wouldn't you take over anything that hurts us?"

"Oh, I would, if it seemed unavoidable. But," he said, a protesting hand outstretched, "all these remedies are mere palliatives. You asked for a cure. They won't cure, any of them. I know that. But I don't know what will go to the root of the matter, and I don't believe anybody in the world does."

"But we must get at the root of the matter?"

"Yes; and the way to do it is to begin somewhere and feel our way. I would have the people take back their political power and then use it gradually (as they would), fairly, cautiously, but firmly, to save our civilization."

And this is to be noted well of John Johnson. Most of his legislative acts have been in the direction of giving to the people the tools wherewith the more easily to assert their sovereignty in the government and to elect and control representatives who, in their interest, will deal with the "interests that control them commercially, industrially, and financially."

"We *must* make the government represent humanity," he repeated, "instead of interests. But by 'we' I mean 'we, the people,' not me. A democracy is what I believe in; self-government. We must get back to Jefferson, Jackson, Adams, even Hamilton!"

So says Mr. Johnson; and so say they all of them: our leaders are all looking backward for our future. They are striving to return to something that has been; or, worse still, to something which they think has been. For when did we ever have democracy? Or even a truly representative democracy? Not in Jefferson's day, nor in Jackson's. These Democratic leaders looked forward to democracy as an ideal of the future; and that is the way to look. And yet our present-day Jeffersons and Jacksons are all looking behind them!

Hasn't it been a remarkable exhibition, this series of interviews, of political and economic —absent-mindedness? Our leaders—the best of them—don't know much more than we do! Perhaps that is what the matter is with them. They represent us; represent, like the President, not only our interests, but our state of mind. We are a "practical people"; they are "practical men." We haven't been thinking; neither have they. We have been doing things; so have they. They have been fighting, and it has been enough heretofore that they have seen only the eyeballs of the front rank of the foe. But now—now that we and some of them are beginning to see that the war is to last "more than sixty days"; that there is an army behind the skirmishers, and that behind the army is an organized government, which is not ours; now, at length, it would seem to be time for us, and for them, to do some thinking; to consider what the matter is in this country, fundamentally, and to make up our minds, and theirs, what we ought to do about it, fundamentally.

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NO MAN IS A HERO TO HIS SADDLE-HORSE.

THE LAST OF THE TROUBADOURS

By O. HENRY

Illustrations by Will Crawford

INEXORABLY Sam Galloway saddled his pony. He was going away from the Rancho Altito at the end of a three-months' visit. It is not to be expected that a guest should put up with wheat coffee and biscuits yellow-streaked with saleratus for longer than that. Nick Napoleon, the big negro man cook, had never been able to make good biscuits. Once before, when Nick was cooking at the Willow Ranch, Sam had been forced to fly from his *cuisine*, after only a six-weeks' sojourn.

On Sam's face was an expression of sorrow, deepened with regret and slightly tempered by the patient forgiveness of a connoisseur who cannot be understood. But very firmly and inexorably he buckled his saddle-cinches, looped his stake-rope and hung it to his saddle-horn, tied his slicker and coat on the cantle, and looped his quirt on his right wrist. The Merrydews (householders of the Rancho Altito), men, women, children, and servants, vassals, visitors, employés, dogs, and casual callers were groupéd in the "gallery" of the ranch house, all with faces set to the tune of melancholy and grief. For, as the coming of Sam Galloway to any ranch, camp, or cabin between the rivers Frio or Bravo del Norte aroused joy, so his departure caused mourning and distress.

And then, during absolute silence, except for the bumping of a hind elbow of a hound dog as he pursued a wicked flea, Sam tenderly and carefully tied his guitar across his saddle on top of his slicker and coat. The guitar was in a green duck bag; and if you catch the significance of it, it explains Sam.

Sam Galloway was the Last of the Troubadours. Of course you know about the troubadours. The encyclopædia says they flourished between the eleventh and the thirteenth centuries. What they flourished

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doesn't seem clear—you may be pretty sure it wasn't a sword: maybe it was a fiddle-bow, or a forkful of spaghetti, or a lady's scarf. Anyhow, Sam Galloway was one of 'em.

Sam put on a martyred expression as he mounted his pony. But the expression on his face was hilarious compared with the one on his pony's. You see, a pony gets to know his rider mighty well, and it is not unlikely that cow ponies in pastures and at hitching racks had often guyed Sam's pony for being ridden by a guitar player instead of by a rollicking, cussing, all-wool cowboy. No man is a hero to his saddle-horse. And even an escalator in a department store might be excused for tripping up a troubadour.

Oh, I know I'm one; and so are you. You remember the stories you memorize and the card tricks you study and that little piece on the piano—how does it go?—ti-tum-te-tum-ti-tum—those little Arabian Ten Minute Entertainments that you furnish when you go up to call on your rich Aunt Jane. You should know that *omniæ personæ in tres partes divisæ sunt.* Namely: Barons, Troubadours, and Workers. Barons have no inclination to read such folderol as this; and workers have no time: so I know you must be a troubadour and that you will understand Sam Galloway. Whether we sing, act, dance, write, lecture, or paint we are only troubadours; so let us make the worst of it.

The pony with the Dante Alighieri face, guided by the pressure of Sam's knees, bore that wandering minstrel sixteen miles south-eastward. Nature was in her most benignant mood. League after league of delicate, sweet flowerets made fragrant the gently undulating prairie. The east wind tempered the spring warmth; wool-white clouds flying in from the Mexican Gulf hindered the direct rays of the April sun. Sam sang songs as he rode. Under his pony's bridle he had tucked some sprigs of chaparral to keep away the deer flies. Thus crowned, the long-faced quadruped looked more Dantesque than before, and, judging by his countenance, seemed to think of Beatrice.

Straight as topography permitted, Sam rode to the sheep ranch of old man Ellison. A visit to a sheep ranch seemed to him desirable just then. There had been too many people, too much noise, argument, competition, confusion at Rancho Altito. He had never conferred upon old man Ellison the favor of sojourning at his ranch; but he knew he would be welcome. The troubadour is his own passport everywhere. The Workers in the castle let down the drawbridge to him, and the Baron sets him at his left hand at table in the banquet hall. There ladies smile upon him and applaud his songs and stories, while the Workers bring boars' heads and flagons. If the Baron nods once or twice in his carved oaken chair he does not do it maliciously.

Old man Ellison welcomed the troubadour flatteringly. He had often heard praises of Sam Galloway from other ranchmen who had been complimented by his visits, but had never aspired to such an honor for his own humble barony. I say barony because old man Ellison was the Last of the Barons. Of course, Mr. Bulwer-Lytton lived too early to know him or he wouldn't have conferred that sobriquet upon Warwick. In life it is the duty and the function of the Baron to provide work for the Workers and lodging and shelter for the Troubadours.

Old man Ellison was a shrunken old man, with a short, yellow-white beard and a face lined and seamed by past-and-gone smiles. His ranch was a little two-room box house in a grove of hackberry trees in the lonesomest part of the sheep country. His household consisted of a Kiowa Indian man cook, four hounds, a pet sheep, and a half-tamed coyote chained to a fence-post. He owned 3,000 sheep, which he ran on two sections of leased land and many thousands of acres neither leased nor owned. Three or four times a year some one who spoke his language would ride up to his gate and exchange a few bald ideas with him. Those were red-letter days to old man Ellison. Then in what illuminated, embossed, and gorgeously decorated capitals must have been written the day on which a troubadour—a troubadour who, according to the encyclopædia, should have flourished between the eleventh and the thirteenth centuries—drew rein at the gates of his baronial castle!

Old man Ellison's smiles came back and filled his wrinkles when he saw Sam. He hurried out of the house in his shuffling, limping way to greet him.

"Hello, Mr. Ellison," called Sam cheerfully. "Thought I'd drop over and see you a while. Notice you've had fine rains on your range. They ought to make good grazing for your spring lambs."

"Well, well, well," said old man Ellison. "I'm mighty glad to see you, Sam. I never thought you'd take the trouble to ride over to as out-of-the-way an old ranch as this. But

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you're mighty welcome. 'Light. I've got a sack of new oats in the kitchen—shall I bring out a feed for your hoss?"

"Oats for him?" said Sam, derisively. "No, sir-ee. He's as fat as a pig now on grass. He don't get rode enough to keep him in condition. I'll just turn him in the horse pasture with a drag rope on if you don't mind."

I am positive that never during the eleventh and thirteenth centuries did Baron, Troubadour, and Worker amalgamate as harmoniously as their parallels did that evening at old man Ellison's sheep ranch. The Kiowa's biscuits were light and tasty and his coffee strong. Ineradicable hospitality and appreciation glowed on old man Ellison's weather-tanned face. As for the troubadour, he said to himself that he had stumbled upon pleasant places indeed. A well-cooked, abundant meal, a host whom his lightest attempt to entertain seemed to delight far beyond the merits of the exertion, and the reposeful atmosphere that his sensitive soul at that time craved united to confer upon him a satisfaction and luxurious ease that he had seldom found on his tours of the ranches.

After the delectable supper, Sam untied the green duck bag and took out his guitar. Not by way of payment, mind you—neither Sam Galloway nor any other of the true troubadours are lineal descendants of the late Tommy Tucker. You have read of Tommy Tucker in the works of the esteemed but often obscure Mother Goose. Tommy Tucker sang for his supper. No true troubadour would do that. He would have his supper, and then sing for Art's sake.

Sam Galloway's repertoire comprised about fifty funny stories and between thirty and forty songs. He by no means stopped there. He could talk through twenty cigarettes on any topic that you brought up. And he never sat up when he could lie down; and never stood when he could sit. I am strongly disposed to linger with him, for I am drawing a portrait as well as a blunt pencil and a tattered thesaurus will allow.

I wish you could have seen him: he was small and tough and inactive beyond the power of imagination to conceive. He wore an ultramarine-blue woolen shirt laced down the front with a pearl-gray exaggerated sort of shoestring, indestructible brown duck clothes, inevitable high-heeled boots with Mexican spurs, and a Mexican straw sombrero.

That evening Sam and old man Ellison dragged their chairs out under the hackberry trees. They lighted cigarettes; and the troubadour gaily touched his guitar. Many of the songs he sang were the weird, melancholy, minor-keyed *canciones* that he had learned from the Mexican sheep herders and *vaqueros*. One, in particular, charmed and soothed the soul of the lonely baron. It was a favorite song of the sheep herders, beginning: "*Huile, huile, palomita*," which being translated means, "Fly, fly, little dove." Sam sang it for old man Ellison many times that evening.

The troubadour stayed on at the old man's ranch. There was peace and quiet and appreciation there such as he had not found in the noisy camps of the cattle kings. No audience in the world could have crowned the work of poet, musician, or artist with more worshipful and unflagging approval than that bestowed upon his efforts by old man Ellison. No visit by a royal personage to a humble woodchopper or peasant could have been received with more flattering thankfulness and joy.

On a cool, canvas-covered cot in the shade of the hackberry trees Sam Galloway passed the greater part of his time. There he rolled his brown paper cigarettes, read such tedious literature as the ranch afforded, and added to his repertoire of improvisations that he played so expertly on his guitar. To him, as a slave ministering to a great lord, the Kiowa brought cool water from the red jar hanging under the brush shelter, and food when he called for it. The prairie zephyrs fanned him mildly; mocking-birds at morn and eve competed with but scarce equaled the sweet melodies of his lyre; a perfumed stillness seemed to fill all his world. While old man Ellison was pottering among his flocks of sheep on his mile-an-hour pony, and while the Kiowa took his siesta in the burning sunshine at the end of the kitchen, Sam would lie on his cot thinking what a happy world he lived in, and how kind it is to the ones whose mission in life it is to give entertainment and pleasure. Here he had food and lodging as good as he had ever longed for; absolute immunity from care or exertion or strife; an endless welcome, and a host whose delight at the sixteenth repetition of a song or a story was as keen as at its initial giving. Was there ever a troubadour of old who struck upon as royal a castle in his wanderings? While he lay thus meditating upon his blessings little brown cottontails would shyly frolic through the

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THE TROUBADOUR GAILY TOUCHED HIS GUITAR AND CHARMED AND SOOTHED THE SOUL OF THE LONELY BARON.

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yard; a covey of white-topknotted blue quail would run past, in single file, twenty yards away; a *paisano* bird, out hunting for tarantulas, would hop upon the fence and salute him with sweeping flourishes of its long tail. In the eighty-acre horse pasture the pony with the Dantesque face grew fat and almost smiling. The troubadour was at the end of his wanderings.

Old man Ellison was his own *vaciero*. That means that he supplied his sheep camps with wood, water, and rations by his own labors instead of hiring a *vaciero*. On small ranches it is often done.

One morning he started for the camp of Incarnacion Felipe de la Cruz y Monte Piedras (one of his sheep herders) with the week's usual rations of brown beans, coffee, meal, and sugar. Two miles away on the trail from old Fort Ewing he met, face to face, a terrible being called King James, mounted on a fiery, prancing, Kentucky-bred horse.

King James's real name was James King; but people reversed it because it seemed to fit him better, and also because it seemed to please his majesty. King James was the biggest cattleman between the Alamo plaza in San Antone and Bill Hopper's saloon in Brownsville. Also he was the loudest and most offensive bully and braggart and bad man in Southwest Texas. And he always made good whenever he bragged; and the more noise he made the more dangerous he was. In the story papers it is always the quiet, mild-mannered man with light-blue eyes and a low voice who turns out to be really dangerous; but in real life and in this story such is not the case. Give me my choice between assaulting a large, loud-mouthed rough-houser and an inoffensive stranger with blue eyes sitting quietly in a corner, and you will see something doing in the corner every time.

King James, as I intended to say earlier, was a fierce two-hundred-pound sunburned blond man, as pink as an October strawberry, and with two horizontal slits under shaggy red eyebrows for eyes. On that day he wore a flannel shirt that was tan-colored with the exception of certain large areas which were darkened by transudations due to the summer sun. There seemed to be other clothing and garnishings about him, such as brown duck trousers stuffed into immense boots, and red handkerchiefs and revolvers; and a shotgun laid across his saddle and a leather belt with millions of cartridges shining in it—but your mind skidded off such accessories; what held your gaze was just the two little horizontal slits that he used for eyes.

This was the man that old man Ellison met on the trail; and when you count up in the baron's favor that he was sixty-five and weighed ninety-eight pounds and had heard of King James's record and that he (the baron) had a hankering for the *vita simplex* and had no gun with him and wouldn't have used it if he had, you can't censure him if I tell you that the smiles with which the troubadour had filled his wrinkles went out of them and left them plain wrinkles again. But he was not the kind of baron that flies from danger. He reined in the mile-an-hour pony (no difficult feat), and saluted the formidable monarch.

King James expressed himself with royal directness.

"You're that old snoozer that's running sheep on this range, ain't you?" said he. "What right have you got to do it? Do you own any land, or lease any?"

"I have two sections leased from the state," said old man Ellison, mildly.

"Not by no means you haven't," said King James. "Your lease expired yesterday; and I had a man at the land office on the minute to take it up. You don't control a foot of grass in Texas. You sheep men have got to git. Your time's up. It's a cattle country; and there ain't any room in it for snoozers. This range you've got your sheep on is mine. I'm putting up a wire fence, forty by sixty miles; and if there's a sheep inside of it when it's done it'll be a dead one. I'll give you a week to move yours away. If they ain't gone by then, I'll send six men over here with Winchesters to make mutton out of the whole lot. And if I find you here at the same time this is what you'll get."

King James patted the breech of his shotgun warningly.

Old man Ellison rode on to the camp of Incarnacion. He sighed many times, and the wrinkles in his face grew deeper. Rumors that the old order was about to change had reached him before. The end of Free Grass was in sight. Other troubles, too, had been accumulating upon his shoulders. His flocks were decreasing instead of growing; the price of wool was declining at every clip; even Bradshaw, the storekeeper at Frio City, at whose store he bought his ranch supplies, was dunning him for his last six months' bill and threatening to cut him off. And so this last

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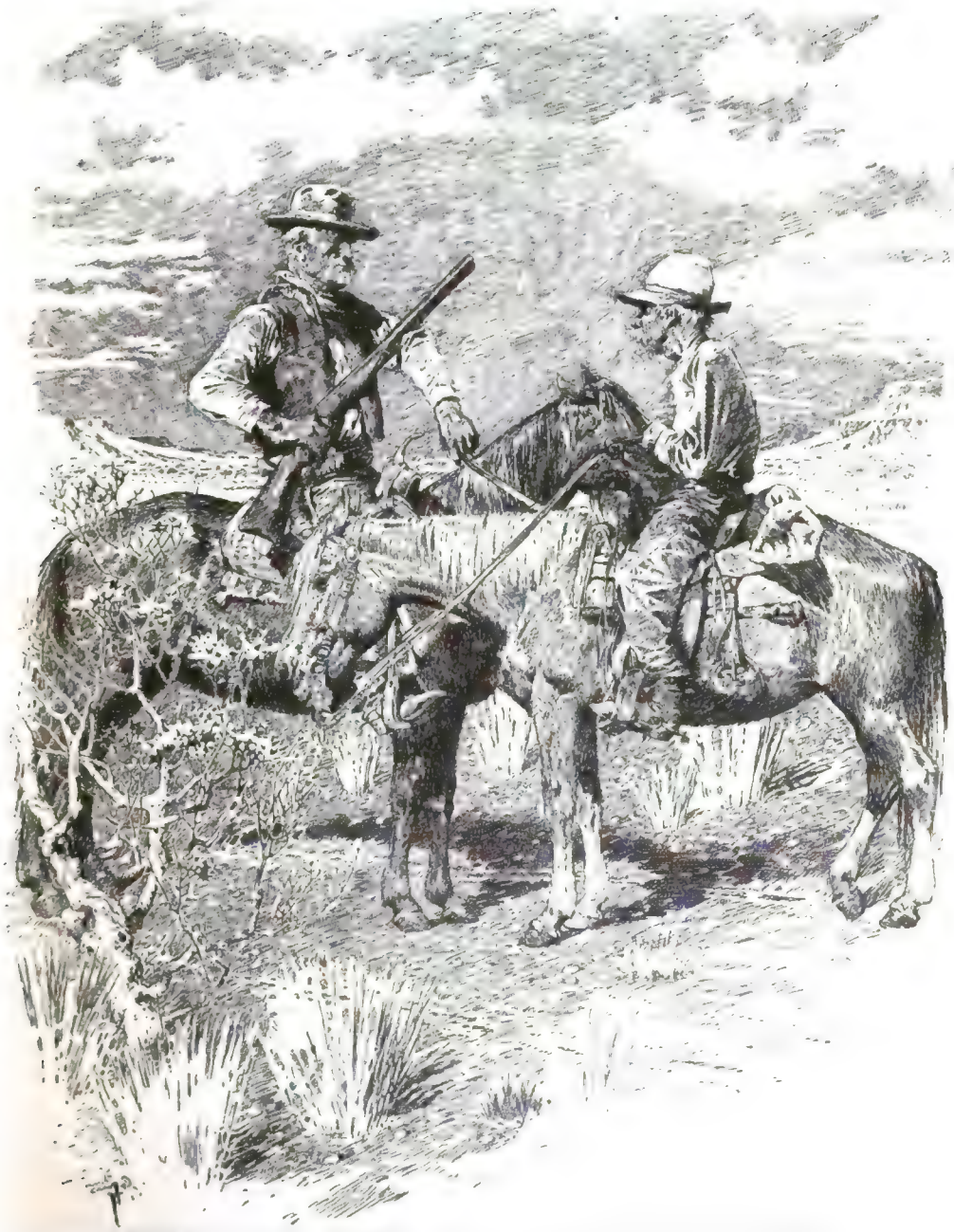

"YOU'RE THAT OLD SNOOZER THAT'S RUNNING SHEEP ON THIS RANGE, AIN'T YOU?" SAID HE.

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greatest calamity suddenly dealt out to him by the terrible King James was a crusher.

When the old man got back to the ranch at sunset he found Sam Galloway lying on his cot, propped against a roll of blankets and wool sacks, fingering his guitar.

"Hello, Uncle Ben," the troubadour called, cheerfully. "You rolled in early this evening. I been trying a new twist on the Spanish Fandango to-day. I just about got it. Here's how she goes—listen."

"That's fine, that's mighty fine," said old man Ellison, sitting on the kitchen step and rubbing his white, Scotch-terrier whiskers. "I reckon you've got all the musicians beat east and west, Sam, as far as the roads are cut out."

"Oh, I don't know," said Sam, reflectively. "But I certainly do get there on variations. I guess I can handle anything in five flats about as well as any of 'em. But you look kind of fagged out, Uncle Ben—ain't you feeling right well this evening?"

"Little tired; that's all, Sam. If you ain't played yourself out, let's have that Mexican piece that starts off with: '*Huile, huile, palomita.*' It seems that that song always kind of soothes and comforts me after I've been riding far or anything bothers me."

"Why, *seguramente, señor,*" said Sam. "I'll hit her up for you as often as you like. And before I forget about it, Uncle Ben, you want to jerk Bradshaw up about them last hams he sent us. They're just a little bit strong."

A man sixty-five years old, living on a sheep ranch and beset by a complication of disasters, cannot successfully and continuously dissemble. Moreover, a troubadour has eyes quick to see unhappiness in others around him—because it disturbs his own ease. So on the next day Sam again questioned the old man about his air of sadness and abstraction. Then old man Ellison told him the story of King James's threats and orders and that pale melancholy and red ruin appeared to have marked him for their own. The troubadour took the news thoughtfully. He had heard much about King James.

On the third day of the seven days of grace allowed him by the autocrat of the range, old man Ellison drove his buckboard to Frio City to fetch some necessary supplies for the ranch. Bradshaw was hard but not implacable. He divided the old man's order by two, and let him have a little more time. One article secured was a new, fine ham for the pleasure of the troubadour.

Five miles out of Frio City on his way home the old man met King James riding into town. His majesty could never look anything but fierce and menacing, but to-day his slits of eyes appeared to be a little wider than they usually were.

"Good day," said the king, gruffly. "I've been wanting to see you. I hear it said by a cowman from Sandy yesterday that you was from Jackson County, Mississippi, originally. I want to know if that's a fact."

"Born there," said old man Ellison, "and raised there till I was twenty-one."

"This man says," went on King James, "that he thinks you was related to the Jackson County Reeveses. Was he right?"

"Aunt Caroline Reeves," said the old man, "was my half-sister.

"She was my aunt," said King James. "I run away from home when I was sixteen. Now, lets re-talk over some things that we discussed a few days ago. They call me a bad man; and they're only half right. There's plenty of room in my pasture for your bunch of sheep and their increase for a long time to come. Aunt Caroline used to cut out sheep in cake dough and bake 'em for me. You keep your sheep where they are, and use all the range you want. How's your finances?"

The old man related his woes in detail, dignifiedly, with restraint and candor.

"She used to smuggle extra grub into my school basket—I'm speaking of Aunt Caroline," said King James. "I'm going over to Frio City to-day, and I'll ride back by your ranch to-morrow. I'll draw $2,000 out of the bank there and bring it over to you; and I'll tell Bradshaw to let you have everything you want on credit. You are bound to have heard the old saying at home, that the Jackson County Reeveses and Kings would stick closer by each other than chestnut burrs. Well, I'm a King yet whenever I run across a Reeves. So you look out for me along about sundown to-morrow, and don't worry about nothing. Shouldn't wonder if the dry spell don't kill out the young grass."

Old man Ellison drove happily ranchward. Once more the smiles filled out his wrinkles. Very suddenly, by the magic of kinship and the good that lies somewhere in all hearts, his troubles had been removed.

On reaching the ranch he found that Sam Galloway was not there. His guitar hung by its buckskin string to a hackberry limb, moaning as the gulf breeze blew across its masterless strings.

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The Kiowa endeavored to explain.

"Sam, he catch pony," said he, "and say he ride to Frio City. What for no can damn sabe. Say he come back to-night. Maybe so. That all."

As the first stars came out the troubadour rode back to his haven. He pastured his pony and went into the house, his spurs jingling martially.

Old man Ellison sat at the kitchen table, having a tin cup of before-supper coffee. He looked contented and pleased.

"Hello, Sam," said he, "I'm darned glad to see ye back. I don't know how I managed to get along on this ranch, anyhow, before ye dropped in to cheer things up. I'll bet ye've been skylarking around with some of them Frio City gals, now, that's kept ye so late."

And then old man Ellison took another look at Sam's face and saw that the minstrel had changed to the man of action.

And while Sam is unbuckling from his waist old man Ellison's six-shooter, that the latter had left behind when he drove to town, we may well pause to remark that anywhere and whenever a troubadour lays down the guitar and takes up the sword trouble is sure to follow. It is not the expert thrust of Athos nor the cold skill of Aramis nor the iron wrist of Porthos that we have to fear—it is the Gascon's fury—the wild and unacademic attack of the troubadour—the sword of D'Artagnan.

"I done it," said Sam. "I went over to Frio City to do it. I couldn't let him put the skibunk on you, Uncle Ben. I met him in Summers's saloon. I knowed what to do. I said a few things to him that nobody else heard. He reached for his gun first—half a dozen fellows saw him do it—but I got mine unlimbered first. Three doses I gave him—right around the lungs, and a saucer could have covered up all of 'em. He won't bother you no more."

"This—is—King—James—you speak—of?" asked old man Ellison, while he sipped his coffee.

"You bet it was. And they took me before the county judge; and the witnesses what saw him draw his gun first was all there. Well, of course they put me under $300 bond to appear before the court, but there was four or five boys on the spot ready to sign the bail. He won't bother you no more, Uncle Ben. You ought to have seen how close them bullet holes was together. I reckon playing a guitar as much as I do must kind of limber a fellow's trigger finger up a little, don't you think, Uncle Ben?"

Then there was a little silence in the castle except for the spluttering of a venison steak that the Kiowa was cooking.

"Sam," said old man Ellison, stroking his white whiskers with a tremulous hand, "would you mind getting the guitar and playing that '*Huile, huile, palomita*' piece once or twice? It always seems to be kind of soothing and comforting when a man's tired and fagged out."

There is no more to be said, except that the title of the story is wrong. It should have been called "The Last of the Barons." There never will be an end to the troubadours; and now and then it does seem that the jingle of their guitars will drown the sound of the muffled blows of the pickaxes and trip-hammers of all the Workers in the world.

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The Day of Rest at Coney Island

By ELMER BLANEY HARRIS

Illustrated with Photographs

THE little camp-stool steamer, flags flying, made fast at the wharf, and from the Sabbath quietude of the sea, with its occasional winging note of a bell-buoy, we were plunged into a pudding of people.

"Guess your weight! Guess you within three pounds!"

Up the pier was a parade of eating-booths, each with its own inviting odor: Vienna rolls, choking with hot frankfurters in their mouths and drooling mustard; snow-torrents of fresh-popped corn; boas of chewing taffy; sea-food from a boat-shaped counter. Came next a huge brindle bossy cow, her swelling udder fitted with brass stop-cocks, "giving" lemonade.

"Pipe the heifer!" exclaimed a kid to his kiddo, pinching her elbow. "Handed a lemon, what?"

She cuffed him.

The beach was embroidered with varicolored canopies, among which trudged a swarthy Italian lugging a stem of bananas and a basket of macaroons. Babies, with and without bottles, nestled in the laps of squatting, gossiping mothers who nursed and fanned and fumbled for sandwiches. Little girls, thin as willows, their hair in pigtails, their skirts in a pug, poked fun at the waves and pattered to safety. In the deep water was a thicket of men diving; nearer shore were ropes to which clung chattering women, thick as blackbirds on a wire.

Mingling with the screams and laughter and the distant charivari of Surf Avenue was the thunder-roll of the waves breaking upon the beach and spreading swiftly like fans. Just beyond their reach crouched a little maid in wet, diaphanous green, combing her hair, her nether limbs part buried in the sand with which she had dried them. I stopped, fascinated by the grace of her hands as they smoothed and twisted the cable of ruddy gold.

My shadow fell upon her and she, with a question on her tongue, looked up as if, like Diogenes, to demand by what right I obstructed her sunshine. I doffed my hat and apologized. She, smiling faintly, arched her head in ever so slight an inclination and went on with her combing. Her eyes were as blue as the cloudless summer sky above us, the bath-dress she wore was as translucent as sea-water when it leaps against the sun—a little image of jade and gold and ivory perched imperiously upon the sand. With regret I left her, wondering to what harness of life she belonged and whether chance would throw me in her way again.

The hotel, whither I climbed, my shoes full of sand, displayed its name in a tiara of man-high letters on the roof. In its lap was a white-coated orchestra whooping it up literally to beat the band across the street, both playing a medley of national hymns. Every table on the veranda was taken. The manager was refereeing the dinner on the porch and could not be disturbed. The clerk pointed him out:

"See him? Gray Prince Albert coat and straw hat."

I cornered the manager and speared him with my card.

"We don't advertise," he declared quickly, trying to push by. "Don't have to. Turnin' 'em away. Racin' week, an' we're chock-a-block—full up to here!" He dabbed his Adam's apple with one fin. "'Scuse me a minute—! Hel-lo, Dolly! I'm much obliged to meet yuh! When yuh goin' to bring 'er down, Sam? August? Good boy! Say, she's lookin' fine—like to kiss 'er!—Hey, waiter, scrape the butter off that chair!—Goin',

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Sam? So long! Be good! Keep 'im away from the nose paint, Dolly!" Then to me, his eyes following the mushroom hat and its plume lingeringly: "No, sir, we don't advertise."

I suggested that I might pay——

"Oh, I kin make yuh a rate all right. Come in—I want yuh to meet my cashier. Charley, give this gentleman the best yuh got in the house—with a bed in it." To me: "We been usin' cots. 'Scuse me a minute," he added, reaching up and patting me on the shoulder. "Fix 'im up, Charley. See yuh later, sir." Off he rushed, and through the window I saw him waylay a waiter who had dropped an armful of dishes, plant his feet, shove back his hat, and ask the trembling, perspiring menial, "Now, what the hell—!" etc.

Charley fixed me up: scratched a number after my name, tossed out a key with a metal tag, and said: "Four bucks a day, à la carte,

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DOMES AND SPIRES WERE SKETCHED IN FLAME AGAINST THE BLUE.

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pay in advance." While waiting for me to "come through," he stood on one foot, looked wearily at his diamond ring and then off left, where he presumably saw some one he knew, for he winked like a "perfect devil."

The Judge, as the manager was called, found me a place on the veranda and left me to the mercies of the waiter who dealt the butter.

Under my chair, as I hitched up to the table, I found three wads of chewing-gum. I changed chairs and found two more. Down at the other end of the porch I tried again—four, this time, two on each side. Had they been left there, I wondered, through economy, charity, or malice aforethought?

Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

"HOLD YOUR HATS!" WARNED THE GUARD.

Night came, and with it the tumult and clangor doubled. Autos streamed down from the city. Electric cars sagged by, heads protruding from windows like pins from a cushion. Out of the vegetable gardens and fireflies of the Borough of Brooklyn came the "L," one train after another, a procession of luminous snakes, laden to the gates. Kites began ripping the sky with Bostock's advertisements, under the silver wand of the searchlight. The tower of Dreamland sprang up like a geyser of fire. All along the western horizon domes and spires were sketched in flame against the blue.

Down Surf Avenue, opposite the chariots and red-jacketed gate-keepers of Luna Park, is an electric sign—"Ziz!" If you dodge across the street and push your way through the meandering, munching multitude, you will catch a glimpse of green and the twinkle of colored lights beyond the acre of heads dining. Further exploration will reveal that "Ziz" is an electric "scenic" that gallops out to the sea and back, while the green is a Deutscher-Garten under low-swinging boughs of maple in full leaf and containing at the far end a Tyrolese band, fat, comfortable women in velvet bodices, and men with white stockings and a feather in their hats. There is a multitude of tables and chairs on the gravel under the trees, and a great commotion in which the orchestra, a near-by merry-go-round, the scenic, and the waiters with their glasses and dishes join. There is one thing at Coney Island that you can get for nothing, and that is Noise.

Here I again found her, the maid of the golden hair and sea-green bathing suit. She was sitting alone, entirely preoccupied with

Photograph by Phelan, New York.

A PUDDING OF PEOPLE.

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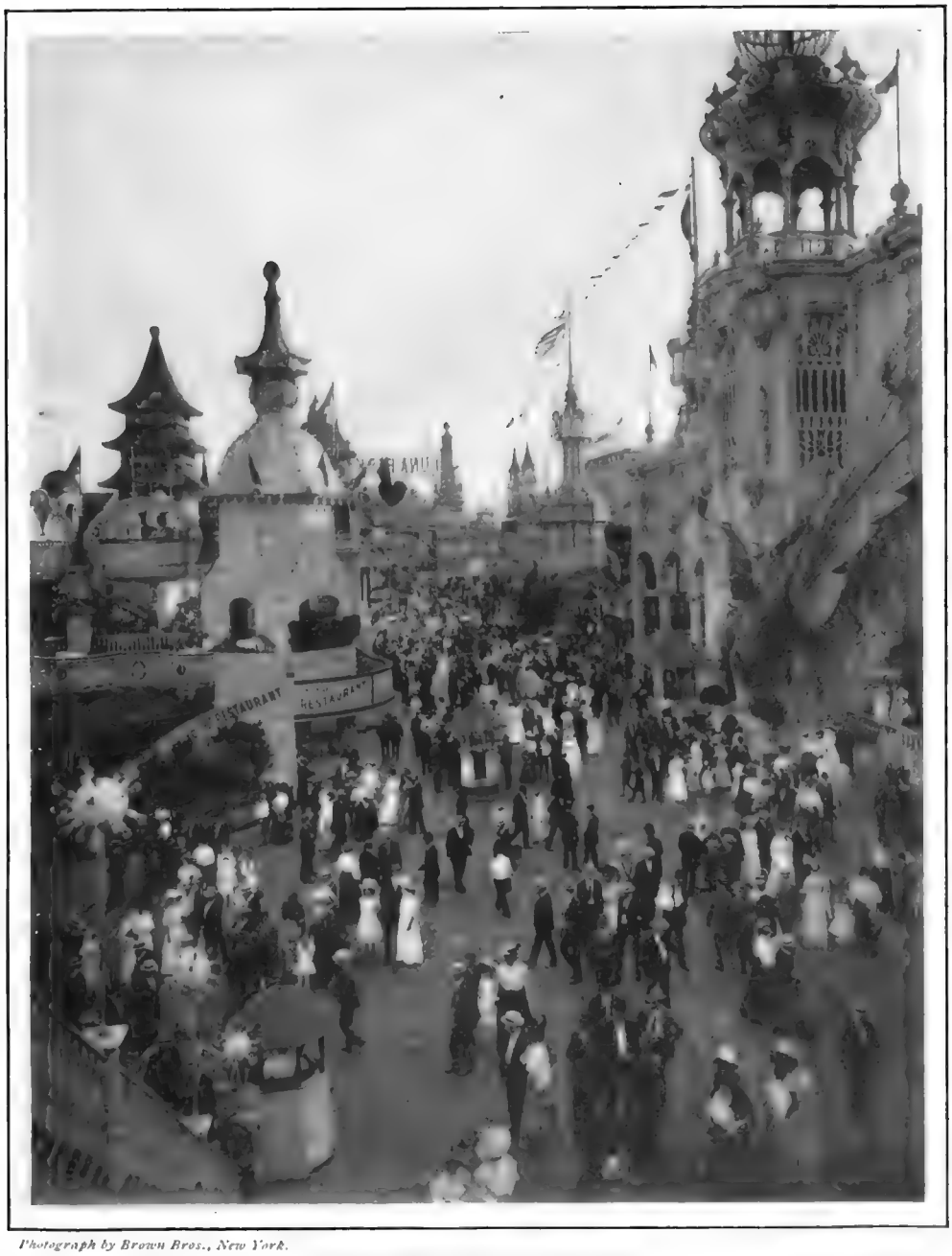

Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

IN THE CITY OF LATH AND BURLAP.

eating a bit of sandwich, and I had ample time to note the faded roses on her last year's hat and the characteristic grace of her hands before she looked up and saw me. Man is naturally a gregarious animal, but there is no place quite so lonely as a crowd when one is a stranger, and I had already formed for this *piquante* little water-sprite, with her pointed chin and eyes that slanted to an impish nose, a predilection that my neighborhood only intensified.

Now, at the table next but one a lone

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young father was feeding a cherub of five or six some frankfurters and sauerkraut and losing his patience because the child persisted in using her fingers. Above his head: "*Mensch, aergere Dich nicht!*"—"Don't fuss!"—But he had no eye for mottoes: he kept growing more and more exasperated until finally: "*Um Gotteswillen!*" he exclaimed, and threw down his napkin. The child rolled up a pair of mildly reproachful, meek gray eyes:

"Well, papa, how'd jew like it if the knife was larger than your mouf?"

I caught Dora's eye (her name was Dora, if I may announce it without being anti-climactic), and in the freemasonry of the crowd we laughed simultaneously. At her table was the only unoccupied chair in the garden, and I asked her if I might sit there.

"Sure, you can sit there!" said she, still smiling. "Anyone can sit there with a laugh like that. I'm never afraid of a man if he laughs loud."

"Are you alone?"

"Of course I'm alone!" She folded her hands under her chin. "You *have* kept me waiting!"

"Waiting?"

"Yes. I thought you were coming back."

"Back?"

"This afternoon—on the beach. Oh, you needn't think I'm alone because I have to be, or because I like it. I s'pose there's thousands of men in this crowd I'd like, but—well, most of 'em—you know how it is—always the third rail—see?"

I told her I saw perfectly, and that, if she pleased, we'd walk between the tracks.

"When my mother was alive, I didn't have to think of the three dollars board," she explained naïvely, "and I never learned anything but the harp. I like the harp—it's so graceful and reminds you of Cleopatra. Then when I had to earn my own living, I took up manicure. There wasn't anybody I wanted to marry, and manicure, if you take care of the hair and figger, especially in a barber-shop, pays well. A fellow comes in and says: 'My Lord, here's something pretty nice! I'll take a chance!' And one day I made twenty-nine dollars."

"That's going some!" I assured her comfortingly.

"Oh, but it don't keep up, dearie! And now they've tore down the building, and I have to find another barber-shop.

Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

THE TOWER IN DREAMLAND.

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Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

THE HUMAN TOBOGGAN GIVES THE CELLAR DOOR CARDS AND SPADES.

That's why I came down here. But, my gracious, they're so dirty! I'd sooner act. Wasn't the sea lovely to-day! I was in twice. If ever I marry a man I want him to be like that—not too rough, you know, but so big you just can't help yourself! What's your ideal for a woman?"

I held the mirror up to nature, allowing Dora to eclipse the entire landscape, for never, it seemed to me, was there a more happy combination of the time, the place, and the girl; and the thought flashed through my mind that here perhaps was the best possible guide I could have for Coney.

"What do you say to showing me around the Island?" I asked. "This is my first visit."

She jumped up, gave her skirt a little shove down in front, shrugging her shoulders, and with a mischievous sparkle of teeth: "Ain't we devils!"

At the gate crouched a pretzel vender, pinching her coppers

Photograph by Byron, New York.

"R-R-R-RIDE? R-R-R-RIDE ON HOLY MOSES?"

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into one bony claw. Dora gave her a penny.

"That's just the way I am," she explained, apologetically. "I can't stand to see anyone suffer."

Impressions come quick at Coney, as in that brief moment at the gate of the German Garden. Here was Dora, rosy with energy and hope and confidence; here an oyster-eyed female with kangaroo arms furtively dropping a coin into a box painted with moons and stars and comets, and getting her "fortune"; here a man in a celluloid collar dragging a step-ladder of tired infants; here the pretzel vender, her life over, all but the wheezing; and here was I in one of those convex mirrors, with a face that had a grin on it a foot and a half wide. To be sure, it was an infinitely sad grin, but it set us both to laughing and we fled from the tombstones with which our mouths seemed filled. Behind us in the garden a man lifted a seidel of Coburger to the tilted hat opposite: "*Es lebe das Leben!*"

"Me for the camels," said Dora. "They're in Dreamland."

The camels we had come to see were squatted in a row on mats, chewing complacently, like the people who watched them.

Poor beasts!—relics of ancient philosophies, enduring Americanitis with supercilious patience.

"R-r-r-ride? R-r-r-ride on Holy Moses?"

"Going up!" said Dora.

She got perched, taking a firm hold, and then winked back. Up got Holy Moses, tail first, and off they paraded. While waiting, I dropped in on Bostock.

The performance was under way. Silence. The bravest of Bostock's protégés was in the arena, driving Baltimore to his perch against the bars. Nine other tawny noblemen of the jungle sat round, licking their chops. Inch by inch the man-eater gave way before the lash that spat into his eye. Now and then, as the whip bit closer, there came a flash of fangs, a sidewise crouch, and a blur as the lion threatened the trainer with his fist. He turned once and delivered—the nine others pointed their heads—but he missed. Baffled, humiliated, still muttering his defiance, he deliberately took his place—and the man had won. In the audience women relaxed and fanned; men dried the palms of their hands and shook a smile at one another.

When I returned, Dora was nowhere in sight.

Photograph by Phelan, New York.

READY FOR A FROLIC IN THE SEA.

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"Gee, lend us your cigarette!" signaled a barker hoarsely. "I'm dying fer an inhale!"

He drew a half-burned butt from his pocket, ignited it, and, crouching down in his pulpit, filled his lungs once or twice with smoke.

"This way fer the Feast of Belshazzar! One hundred and fifty Oriental beauties! The warmest spectacle on earth! Anywhere else but in the ocean breezes of Dreamland it would be consumed by its own fire! Get your tickets here!—Thank you, Miss!"

I searched the park—no Dora. Then it occurred to me to look up. There she was in the Air Ship, a whole car to herself, her face lifted into the wind and smoothed by the rush of it. On the third return she saw me and smiled faintly, without loosing her hold or relaxing her pose of a little Tanagra. She came down floating.

"How love-ly!" she cried, her arms outstretched. "I'm flying! What a heavenly sensation! Oh!" She wobbled and sank into a chair. "It don't do a thing to your knees!"

"Have you been giving me the slip?"

"No, dearie, but you didn't come, and there was a man there looking at me as if about to spring, so I thought I'd beat it." She preened her hair in a near-by mirror. "I think I'll take this glass home: I look so nice in it!"

There was a long queue at the rustic box-office of the Great Divide, and we had to wait our turn. At the mouth of the tunnel hung a collection of scalps—wrecked headgear, a switch, some back combs. Above them: "Hold your hats!" Another sign: "No skylarking!"

Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

THERE WAS A MOUNTAIN TORRENT DOWN WHICH WE WOUND IN A BOAT.

Formerly, in the development of the scenic railway the ride alone sufficed. Now scenery has been added. Across the park is Switzerland with chalets, frozen torrents, and the alpen glow, the cars sleigh-shaped and laden with bells; elsewhere, on the Bowery and Surf Avenue, are tableaux from the Spanish War, with the attendants in Rough Rider's costume, or scenes from a mining camp, showing picturesque wax figures at work over derrick or cradle by the side of a running stream; a ride through the Dragon's

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Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

HOT FRANKFURTERS ON THE GRILL.

Gorge in Luna Park shows you the Arctic Regions, the Bottom of the Sea, and other familiar pictures from the dime geography. Also each year the tunnels are growing longer and darker!

There are, of course, rides where both scenery and tunnels are omitted, but these are of the open-air, sensational variety, like Loop the Loop or Dip the Drop, from which one emerges drunk of a new drug, the thrill of falling. To whistle while head downward at the crest of the circle in Loop the Loop is the test of the true Coneyite.

Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

BEST OF ALL—THE TICKLER.

Our turn came, and Dora quickly packed herself into a back seat and made room for me.

"Hold your hats and keep your arms inside!" warned the guard. "Ride!" And the toy train of two cars started.

The Great Divide combines a third rail with gravity, and no time is lost. We were whisked into a tunnel and out into the Rocky Mountains before we knew it, churning up grade through pine forests and steep cliffs, with now and then a glimpse of lake or river as we serpentined through tunnels and colonnades. Up and up, our nerves tightening like the strings of an instrument. Now we caught sight for an instant of the lighted park below, squirming with straw hats; now had a gleam of sea, tinseled by moonlight. At last we balanced on the brow of the summit.

I looked at Dora. She was biting her lip, as she clutched the swaying car and me.

"Whee!" she cried ecstatically, and caught her breath.

We swung free of the cliffs and faced the lights of the park and the straight, narrow, parallel drop of the tracks, sagging like tight-ropes. In the cañons below, cars seemed to be shooting in all directions, in and out of tunnels and around sharp curves or over trestles. We braced ourselves, and our little dwarf of a train shot over. A prolonged, lifting cry broke from the women in the seats in front of us, a cry not of fear, not of joy, not of pain; a cry peculiar, even uncanny, having all of these things blended with something delicious and startling—the Coney Island cry! Quicker than I can describe it, we swooped bird-like into the trough of the wave, the cry swelling. Dora, her grip tightening, shrank together and swooned forward with a groan. We reached bottom, and immediately the strain relaxed as we shot heavenward and were pillowed on the air.

"Lordy, what a feeling!" she panted, weakly. A man in front turned round laughing and wiped his forehead.

Hardly had we got our breath before down we went again. Up

Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

A DENIZEN OF DREAMLAND.

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and out, circling round and catching a comet glimpse of another train doing the big dip above our heads, the same cry reaching us sharply before choked by a turn; then a third plunge, then a fourth—this last into pitch blackness!

Neither Dora nor I was ready to alight when the car, deciding finally to come back to earth, glided impassively out into the brilliancy of the park and halted; and I noticed that few of the others, though they responded quickly enough to the command, "Step lively!" did so with any degree of assurance that their feet would stay put.

"A long way from the husking bee!" remarked one old fox.

A million rides a day at ten cents per is the average record on the mechanical riding devices of Coney Island, when the season is good. People stand in line an hour for a ride that is "over" in two minutes. They ride before eating to stir up an appetite, they ride after eating to soothe the "hot dogs," they ride when exuberant for the fun of riding, they ride when jaded to buck themselves up. Like any other excitant, the scenic has become a habit.

Behind us in the waiting pen at Jackman's Flyer we heard:

"Get the scenic bee in your bonnet and it's worse than hops!"

"Oh, sneeze, kid: your brain's dusty!"—this from the girl. "How many tickets you get?"

"A dollar's worth. Will that do you?"

Jackman's Flyer is the fastest ride on the Coney Island Bowery. After the destruction by fire of the Dip the Drop, it was the champion thriller of the world, for nowhere on God's earth could be found its equal. The speed is so great, the turns are so swift, the undulations so violent as it porpoises through the trestles, that the guard-rail alone saves the necks of the passengers. This rail, a bit of iron pipe locked across one's chest, is all that stands between life and death. At the exit is placed a bench, and here frequently a girl, her hair down, will drop in a faint, the laughter still on her lips; while outside the fence the crowd guys her discomfiture. As we emerged, Dora caught her hands against her breast:

"Oh, goodness, how it makes your nerves jump!"

She tucked one arm under mine, and we headed for the Human Roulette Wheel at the end of the alley. It was only two blocks away, but they were busy blocks—eating booths, hot frankfurters on the grill, beef dripping on the spit, wash-boilers of green corn steaming in the center of hungry groups who gnawed the ears as if playing harmonicas; photograph galleries, the sitters ghastly in the charnel-house glare of the Cooper-Hewitt; open-faced moving-picture shows with shades dropped so that passers-by could not steal a glimpse without stooping down, which ignoble attitude never failed to invite effrontery from the jocose crowd; chop suey joints, fez-topped palmists, strength tests; dance halls and continuous song-and-dance entertainments, the girls in white, according to the regulation that obliges them to lay off their tights and spangles out of respect for the Sabbath. Bands, orchestras, pianos, at war with gramophones, hand-organs, calliopes; overhead, a roar of wheels in a deathlock with shrieks and screams; whistles, gongs, rifles all busy; the smell of candy, popcorn, meats, beer, tobacco, blended with the odor of the crowd redolent now and then of patchouli; a streaming river of people arched over by electric signs—this is the Bowery at Coney Island.

We took a peek in at Stauch's dance hall. The place reeked of beer, and above the oblong of dancers, some *gauche*, some graceful, all cheek to cheek, very business-like, hung a cloud of cigarette smoke. The small tables beyond the railing were deserted during the dance, but filled as the music ended after a perfunctory encore, and waiters, sweat-marked and sullen, began the harvest that supports the place, counting their tips between whiles as a dog guards a bone.

Luna Park was a repetition of Dreamland. The noise was deafening and we had to shout. The Biblical shows were replaced by the Trip to the Moon, a Kansas Cyclone, the Mirror Maze. There was a Mountain Torrent down which we wound in a boat and from which we emerged drenched with spray so that Dora's shirt-waist looked like a polka-dot; continuous vaudeville on the bridge over the lake—acrobats, trained dogs and ponies; a Wild West Show; and the Tickler.

We stood for a time on an eminence above the multitude, watching the Human Toboggan. This game is always amusing. The passengers are lifted on an automatic stairway to the top of the high tower, where an attendant gives each a door mat. The mat is welcome, whether it says so or not. This they adjust under them and down the slide they go, head first or heels first, as it

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pleases them. It gives the cellar door cards and spades. No nails, no knots, no splinters —which is something. The element of danger becomes purely esthetic. The descent itself is about fifty feet, with high sides, like a bath-tub, and it twists and turns suddenly, a man standing guard at the bottom to pick up the passengers. A fat woman came to a standstill at one of the turns, and it required the combined impetus of the next four to dislodge her. Dora's only comment was:

"I'm never going to eat another potato!"

Best of all—the Tickler. This unique device is the most surprising, the most disconcerting, speaking from the inside, of any on the Island. We laughed at the tubfuls of unfortunates until Dora, catching the fever, tightened her hairpins and declared she would try her luck. No sooner said than done. Before we had time to reconsider, we were seated in the tub and on our way up, facing half a dozen others all getting a strangle hold. The tubs are on casters, allowing them to play the deuce with direction. You no doubt have seen that game on a species of billiard-table where the ball is shot up an incline and allowed to fall by gravity through an arrangement of pegs. This is the principle of the Tickler. We reached the top and away we went. As one soon finds, unless the neck is kept rigid one's head may be snapped from one's shoulders. We descended with a sort of reverse English, hanging on for dear life. As usual, Dora was the star performer. She early lost her grip, and in my efforts to keep her in the seat I lost mine. Like a couple of shuttlecocks we were battered around in the bottom of the car, submerged under a plump young lady who held her mouth to keep her teeth in, screaming through her fingers.

"Come on, now, dance!" commanded Dora, as we alighted and untied the knots in our limbs, and away she skipped to the pavilion, where a policeman cleared the floor after each number.

Although prepared for much, I was surprised at the grace with which she danced. She didn't wish to be held in the prevailing fashion, tight and affectionately; nor was the slow half-time at all to her liking. She gave me but the tips of her fingers, and, eyes half closed, lips parted, allowed herself to be wafted away on the wings of the music. Her color heightened and her breath quickened in an ecstasy that, so to speak, suffused and etherealized her being. She succeeded in making me feel that I was in no wise necessary, merely useful as an escort. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when, at the close of the encore, she suddenly, with a little purr, flung both arms around my neck and kissed me lightly on the cheek.

"Oh, look!" she cried, pointing over my shoulder.

I looked. And when I turned back—she was gone—swallowed up in that impenetrable crowd. I laughed at her ruse, both amused and chagrined at her impromptu good-by—or was it premeditated? While still revolving it in my mind, I reached the gates of the Park. An "L" was just pulling out from the station. And there, hands folded on the window ledge, was Dora, her hat off, looking at the lights of the Park in a kind of serene indifference to it, to me, and to all else about her. The train increased its speed, turned a corner—and that was the last of Dora, with her last year's hat, her harp, and her notions of Cleopatra. Good hunting, Dora!

I drifted back into the full tide of the Coney Island Bowery. All evening long the exits had been draining the Island, until now there was little left but scum. Midnight sounded. The parks shut down. The Tower in Dreamland closed its fifty thousand eyes. The fun in the lesser resorts became diseased. Piano playing and tipsy laughter flooded the concert halls magnetized by a horseshoe of tired females trading jests with a masculine audience. Here and there, a few steps off the beaten path encumbered with ruins of celebration—corncobs gnawed clean like bones, trampled rind of watermelon, muddied candy bags, and refuse from a day's dishwashing upon the curb—were snap-shots in low doorways of disheveled women and men in shirt sleeves, a gray-helmeted policeman, club swinging, alert in the shadow. In the flood of the early evening this machinery for "taking the gold out of your teeth" by painless extraction was concealed from view. Now, as the waters subsided, it filled the whole horizon.

From somewhere: "Love me-e-e-e an' th' wor-r-r-ruld izz mi-i-ine!"

It was too late for bed and too early for anything but a bath, so I strolled across the city of lath and burlap, forded the beach with its sleeping couples locked in each other's arms, like birds in a snare, donned the simple simple—and had a swim!

The Day of Rest at Coney?

There ain't none!

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THE SURRENDERS OF CORNWALLIS

By ANNE WARNER

Author of "Susan Clegg," "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," "Seeing England with Uncle John," etc.

Illustrations by Ethel Farnsworth

CORNWALLIS, JR., was six years old. His full name was Cornwallis General—a conjunction of names which any reader will admit to be most trying. It was so trying, in fact, that when the mother of Cornwallis had—at a period antedating my story by about eight years—first met the man named General, she had remarked to her bosom friend that *there* was one man whom she *never* in *any* circumstances should even *dream* of marrying, because of their two names.

But she had changed her mind and married the man a year after—a way that young ladies have of doing—and young Cornwallis General had appeared later and taken the burden of the inevitable at the baptismal font. Young Cornwallis didn't mind being the bearer of his reversed title, though; *his* trials in regard to nomenclature were of quite another sort; it was not that his name savored of too much and too unique a dignity that he rebelled—it was because he was almost altogether denied the use of it, such as it was.

Young Cornwallis was a person of great distinction; at two he had become an individual with one paramount object in life—not to be treated longer as a baby. It is difficult at two years of age to overawe one's superiors, and Cornwallis had a hard time, even though he made it an invariable rule to refer to himself only as either "he" or "Tunwattis." "Tunwattis" merged into "Tornwally" a year later, and when he was four he pronounced every syllable with an emphasis that should have shamed his father, who said "Major Trot," his nurse, who called him "Toddy Butterball," his grandmother, who cried out "Oh, my itty Blessin'," whenever she saw him, and his grandfather, who would stop anywhere on the avenue and inquire, with a cheerful smile that added insult to injury, "Well, how's Skiddy-winks to-day?" But although all these were bad—very bad—it was his mother, his dear, sweet mother, who was the very most awfully cruel person of them all, for in all the interminably long existence that they had shared together, she had never yet mentioned him by any other name than the one which he detested worst of all—"Baby."

Oh, how he did hate to be called "Baby"—his small teeth and hands used to clinch, in spite of himself, whenever he heard it. He had hoped that when his curls went she would stop—but she didn't. Then he hoped that when he graduated into knickerbockers she would stop—but she didn't. And then he

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thought that when Santa Claus brought another baby she would surely stop—but—but that is the story.

I must digress here to explain that Grandpapa and Grandmamma Cornwallis lived away out on the avenue in a huge, white marble house, and had three motors, a garden, chickens in the latticed yard, and ever so many maids and men, and that Papa and Mamma General lived much nearer town and just had Norah and Nellie and Mrs. Tray (who came and went spasmodically) and Lotty, who cooked, and the runabout, and Star to drive. There was a telephone between the two houses, and a system of inter-domestic dining and lunching far too intricate for me to elucidate, and Grandpapa always came at six o'clock and took Mamma out in the motor, and Cornwallis went regularly on his velocipede to see Grandmamma every day at ten in the morning, and again after his nap at half-past three in the afternoon. It was during one of the latter calls that his grandmother asked him his ideas as to Santa Claus's bringing a baby. Cornwallis's face fairly radiated at the suggestion—not because he wanted a baby, but because he thought that the baby would surely absorb all the nicknames.

"You would love a baby dearly, wouldn't you, you Sugar-plum, you?" said Grandmamma.

Cornwallis's radiance turned dark. "No one would call *me* 'Baby' then," he said, coldly, not quite liking to be so pointed as to mention the offensive "Sugar-plum" to a grandmother whose cook made cakes full of them.

Grandmother laughed a great deal over this and went at once and wrote it down on her pad, so as to be sure to remember to tell Grandpapa how clever their only grandson was becoming. Then she ordered out the biggest automobile—the dark-blue one—and took Cornwallis and Nellie and the velocipede home in state.

When they all three went up to Mamma's room they found Mamma rocking idly and Mrs. Tray trimming a clothes-basket. Grandmamma whispered Cornwallis's brilliant remark in Mamma's ear, while that young man walked around Mrs. Tray and her task. It was quite a novelty to him, for he had never seen such a clothes-basket before. It was not only that they had quilted the inside with pink silk, but Mrs. Tray was sewing a great flounce of the same silk around the outside, and draping white lace and big knots of ribbon over that.

"Well, Babykin," said Mamma, smiling, and holding out her hand to the small boy whose face was so full of curiosity, "what do you think of it?"

Cornwallis ignored the hand, knowing that it would drag him to a long and smothering kissing-siege.

"I suppose that it is for your dresses," he said.

"Not so," said Mrs. Tray, threading her needle with wonderful ease, "this is a baby-catcher."

"A baby-catcher!" repeated Cornwallis.

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Tray. "All you have to do is to set this basket by the chimney every night when you go to bed, and some fine morning you'll find a baby in it."

"Do you believe that?" Cornwallis asked, turning to his grandmother.

"Of course I do, Master Snips," said his grandmother.

Cornwallis winced slightly and went to his mother.

"Do you believe it?" he asked her.

"Of course—of course—" she cried, laughing. And then he found to his anguish that he had gone too near, for she had him pulled tight up against her chair and was kissing him ferociously, and saying, "But no matter how many other babies come, darling, you'll always be *my* baby, my first, my dearest, my——"

Just there he managed to free himself, and with a red face and much-tumbled hair, resumed his examination of the basket.

"When will it be done?" he asked Mrs. Tray.

"To-night," replied Mrs. Tray, sewing very fast.

"We will set it to-night, then," promulgated Cornwallis, and Grandmamma ran to Mamma's desk and made a note on an envelope so that she would not forget to repeat that clever speech to Grandpapa, either.

And so that night the baby-catcher was carefully baited with a little pillow and a love of a quilt, and set by the fireplace to snap up any errant baby.

The night was very short, like most of Cornwallis's nights, but when he woke he was wild to see if he had caught a baby. He tore off to his mother's room at once, and found things most painfully as usual. His mother was in bed, his father was shaving in his dressing-room, the basket was as pink and as empty as on the night before.

"Well, Tom Thumb," said his father, pleasantly.

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"Tum into bed wiz me," said his mother.

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with great stress upon the lofty politeness of his diction. "Nellie must be waiting to bath me."

And he left his parents and their drivel in disgust.

After breakfast his father wanted to take him down to the office with him.

"You can ride back with Peter," he said.

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis. "I think that I will play in my mother's room and watch the basket."

"Oh, you'd better come on with me, Captain Jinks," urged his father.

(Captain Jinks!)

"I don't want the baby alone with Peter; suppose the horse runs away," said his mother.

(The baby!)

"But I don't want the little one to bother you," said his father.

(The little one!)

"He isn't going to bother anyone," said Mrs. Tray. "I'll look out for Buster Brown."

(Buster Brown!)

So his father went away, leaving Cornwallis with tears of real rage in his eyes at the way they all made a fool of him.

Twenty minutes later Nellie came in and took him off to see Grandmamma. They hadn't gotten a block away from home before they met Grandmamma going down-town in the motor with Grandpapa, and they were taken prisoner, velocipede and all, and carried right along. Grandmamma insisted on Cornwallis's sitting in between them for safety's sake, and kept her arm around him at that, and Grandpapa said:

"Well, Snoddy-boggins, how goes it?"

Cornwallis stood it as best he could, but the arm around him was most humiliating.

"Now, Skeeziks," said Grandpapa, presently, "have you forgotten what I told you about this car yesterday?"

"No, sir," said Cornwallis.

"What is the name?"

"It's a—" Cornwallis hesitated, "—it's a Fearless Kerosene," he announced triumphantly.

"Oh, give me a pencil, quick—I *must* write that right down," squealed Grandmamma, and as no one else had a pencil, they had to stop while the chauffeur lent her his.

"You know, he really is *too* bright," she whispered audibly to Grandpapa, and Grandpapa gave him a dollar and called him "Tiddledy-winks" in commendation.

They took a long drive in the country later and had lunch at the Race Club, and then when they went home Cornwallis was so dead with sleep that he did not resist when his grandmother called him "Piggy-wiggy" and Nellie carried him up-stairs. But he did not forget to set the basket out again when he went to bed that night, and the next morning his disappointment was again keen when he found that no baby had been trapped.

"Santa Claus doesn't come in the summer, anyhow," he said, wrathfully, to Nellie.

"Quite right, Tommy Tucker," said Mrs. Tray.

Cornwallis could have slapped her.

The next afternoon the baby came—when the basket wasn't set out at all!

Cornwallis was up at Grandmamma's, adjusting a marvelous new railway system all over the billiard-room rug, when Grandpapa marched in, looking uncommonly beaming, even for him, and said:

"Hooray, Snooks, there's another girl in the family!"

If there was one epithet more especially and superlatively detestable to Cornwallis's ears than any other, it was "Snooks"; but he swallowed his wrath and rose, with a locomotive in one hand and its tender in the other, to repeat:

"Another girl, Grandpapa?"

"Yes; you've got a little sister."

"But I'm not a girl," said Cornwallis, indignantly.

"Your mother is, though, isn't she, young Winkum-Wankum?" replied Grandfather. "Come on; you and I are invited to go and have a look at the baby."

Cornwallis's spirit suddenly turned to joy indescribable. "The baby"—here she was, the individual who would get all the names now. Oh, bliss! Oh, ecstasy!

"What shall you call her, Grandpapa?" Cornwallis asked, ravenous to see whether he was to be that instant quit of "Skiddy-winks" forever henceforth.

"For her mother, Skiddy-winks, for her mother, *of* course," said Grandpapa, and then he snatched him up in his arms and called him "Snooks" and "Snoddy-boggins" all the way to the motor.

They fairly flew down the avenue, and Norah was in the drawing-room window watching for them. Cornwallis wondered what could be up when Norah was watching

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"WELL, BABYKIN, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"

for them from the drawing-room window. Papa must have been watching, too, for he opened the door before Norah could get to it, and the first thing he said was:

"Eyes just like Elaine's," which seemed silly to Cornwallis, but not so silly as the way Grandpapa sat down at once and hid his face in his handkerchief.

"Well, Johnny Jump-up," said Papa to Cornwallis then, "the fairies have been pretty good to us all to-day—do you know it?"

"They told me there's a baby come," said Cornwallis, wondering what he should be called next.

Grandpapa revived just then, put up his handkerchief, and said:

"I suppose the Chipmunk and I will be allowed a peep."

Cornwallis looked at his grandparent with displeasure unutterable at this, but Papa was saying:

"Come right up," and leading the way to

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the staircase, where they found Nellie standing, whispering:

"Sh-h-h!"

They went softly up, and at the turning they found Grandmamma, also saying, "Sh-h-h!" and with a scratch-block all ready to perpetuate Cornwallis's first remark after seeing the baby—only she had forgotten the pencil again.

"In here," said Grandmamma, and they all went into the corner room. "Wait here," added Grandmamma very importantly, and slipped away.

"Of course she will be called Elaine?" said Grandpapa, suddenly getting out his pocket-handkerchief again.

"Well, I should say so," said Papa, and then he suddenly and irrelevantly exclaimed, "What do you say, Paws-and-Claws?" to Cornwallis.

Cornwallis felt fairly blue over the downfall of his recent hopes, and was preparing to go and look out of the window, when Grandmamma suddenly entered and said, "Sh-h-h!" worse than ever.

Right behind her was Mrs. Tray with the pink clothes-basket in her hands. She put it on the big divan, and Papa took Cornwallis up just as if he *were* another baby, and Grandpapa and Grandmamma took hold of hands as if they were children, too, and everyone gathered around the basket.

Mrs. Tray lifted a veil, and a quilt, and a shawl, and another thing, and turned back the corner of something else, and Cornwallis, looking close, saw a little round, dark head and a little pink fist, and then—why, then Mrs. Tray began to cover it over again, and the next minute she was gone, baby, basket, and all.

"A very nice little baby!" said Grandpapa, emphatically.

Papa tossed Cornwallis down on the divan and began to tousle him in a fearfully foolish manner.

"Sh-h-h!" said Grandmamma.

"Well, Major Trot, what did *you* think of her?" Papa asked.

"That's it," said Grandpapa; "what does Puss-in-Boots think?"

Grandmamma began to feel for the pencil that should be with the scratch-block.

But Cornwallis said not a word. He was disappointed and outraged. The baby had come when he wasn't prepared, had relieved him of none of the awful odium and ignominy to which he was continually subjected, and appeared most unpromising as a social proposition.

Escaping out of the clutches of his fond relatives, Cornwallis fled the room.

That evening, a wonder far greater than the coming of any mere baby took place in Cornwallis's existence—he went to Grandpapa's to sleep! He had never slept outside of his papa's house before—except at the cottage by the sea which Papa bought some summers—and so he was all excitement when Nellie told him. They had asked Nellie to come, too; Grandmamma was going to let them have the room next to the billiard-room. It was most pleasantly important to pack up, and bundle the velocipede into the tonneau of the Fearless Kerosene, and Nellie liked it, too. Grandpapa and Grandmamma went home at the same time, and Grandmamma's Nellie helped Cornwallis's Nellie to unpack, and called Cornwallis "Lambie" whenever she tripped over him in so doing. By nine o'clock he was all in bed, and Grandmamma came in and felt of his feet, and Grandpapa came in and asked him how more track and another switch would suit him in the morning, and if it was worth saying "Peter Piper" for. It was one of Grandpapa's favorite bargains with Cornwallis, this trading new toys for the recitation of "Peter Piper," but Grandmamma interfered and said it might give her Sweetest Sugar-plum brain-fever if he recited "Peter Piper" at that hour; so they each kissed him twice, and after cautioning Nellie about draughts, matches, extra covering, and other matters of which Nellie, at thirty-five, was presumably ignorant, they went away.

The next day, the next, and the next were one halcyon dream of undiluted bliss to Cornwallis. He almost forgot his trials in the avalanche of his joys. Tracks, switches, elevators, dump-cars; his Nellie and Grandmamma's Nellie both to help operate them all day long; convenient lunches of ginger-bread and milk and apples forever on tap. Grandmamma was away a good deal; Grandpapa, too; his father and mother he never saw; the baby he almost forgot. The realities of life were the railroad and the fascination of sending the little trains careering around the track, the opening and shutting of the wee signals, and the hoisting and lowering of freight before the elevators.

When Sunday came, Papa appeared suddenly in the door of the billiard-room, nodded to Cornwallis without saying anything—and went away again. This was such unprecedented behavior on the part of his father that

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Cornwallis abandoned a sort of stoppage from over-loaded traffic which he was just then engaged in disentangling, and hurried after him.

But he was gone!

The next day there was a great bustle, and Grandmamma's Nellie and his Nellie conversed mainly in whispers. Strange people came and went, new curtains were put up somewhere, furniture was moved, and then about four o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Tray and the baby arrived to visit Grandmamma also. They had the lovely pink and white bedrooms and bath right opposite Grandmamma's own rooms, and Cornwallis went down to have a second look at his sister. There seemed to him a great change of sentiment in regard to the baby, no one manifesting any particular enthusiasm over her now.

"I suppose that my mother will come to-morrow," he said, half in question, to Mrs. Tray.

But Mrs. Tray only murmured something inaudible in reply.

His mother did not come on the morrow, nor on the next day, nor all the week. When Sunday came again, Cornwallis went to his grandmother, whom he found sitting in her room, looking out of the window.

"I'm about ready to go back to my own house," he announced, abruptly.

Grandmamma turned her head and looked at him as if he were a fly or any other very little thing.

"Yes, yes, Pettie, run away," she said—not unkindly, but as if he didn't matter much—and turned to the window again.

Cornwallis had never had anyone treat him like this before; he went up to his grandmother's side and stood at her knee, and looked up in her face.

"What do you mean, Grandmamma?" he asked in a kind but slightly severe tone. His grandmother contorted her features most singularly.

"Are you going to sneeze?" he asked with curiosity.

Then she rose quickly, took him by the hand, led him out into the hall and across into the baby's room, and abandoned him without one word. He would have feared that his one and only grandmother had gone suddenly out of her senses, had it not been for Mrs. Tray and the baby. Mrs. Tray and the baby were sufficiently interesting at that minute to divert anyone's mind from anything under the sun. Mrs. Tray was sitting on a low chair before the open grate, and in front of her was something like the stool Nellie carried down by the water at the sea, only the part which held Nellie up was gone. They put a kind of bath-tub in there, and in that funny bath-tub was the baby, her little ball of a black head held up by Mrs. Tray's hand.

Cornwallis stood and grinned foolishly at the sight.

"Well, Hop-o'-my-Thumb," said Mrs. Tray, "can you think how I held you just this same way six long years back?"

"She looks so silly," said Cornwallis.

Mrs. Tray laughed, and just as she laughed she scooped the whole little bit of a dripping, wiggling sister up in her two hands, and rolled her up out of sight,—completely out of sight.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Cornwallis.

And just then Nellie appeared in the door and told him that there were two white goats and a wagon down on the back lawn, and if he liked them— Cornwallis forgot his sister as easily as he had forgotten his grandmother just previously, and he and Nellie rushed away.

The days went on and on. The baby cried a great deal. Grandpapa became very silent. Grandmamma he rarely saw, Papa almost never. He and Nellie went to matinées and dime-museums galore, the gardener made him a garden, he had rabbits bought for him, white mice, too; also a squirrel. Life was apparently one orgy of bewildering novelties.

Then the baby began to be cunning. If Cornwallis knelt close by Mrs. Tray and put his head closer yet, the baby's little hands would flap against his face and delight his very soul. One day when he was enjoying the feeble little blows, he suddenly made a remark which drove Mrs. Tray to give his sister to Nellie and rush from the room. The remark was a very simple one, but it told a long story—it showed that Cornwallis had not been as completely distracted by his new life as those older and wiser had hoped and believed. This is what he said as he huddled himself up close to his little sister's little, aimless hands:

"I should think that even if Mamma doesn't care ever to see me again, she would like to see Elaine—Elaine is so dear, and little, and funny."

He had always called the baby "Elaine" from the moment when Grandpapa had made that speech to Papa on the day of her coming, and no one had been able to make him change. Mrs. Tray had tried to tell him that

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the name was too big for so small a young lady, but Cornwallis was firm.

"I do not believe in nicknames," he said, looking into Mrs. Tray's face, with powerful and biting innuendo in his tone. And the morning after, being in his grandmother's room, he had thought to give her her dose also and had said:

"I think that Elaine will enjoy her ride on the veranda to-day."

Whereupon his grandmother had also risen abruptly and left him alone forthwith.

You can see that life was fast becoming a very mysterious affair at Grandpapa's and Grandmamma's house.

The weeks went on and on. The baby was beginning to make little gurgles in her throat, and to have quite a good deal of strength in her bits of fingers. And she was crazy over Cornwallis; when he came in, she quivered all over like a bird that is making the twig shake, too, as it sings. Cornwallis thought it was too wonderful, just to be allowed to be with her.

"She does not make up for my mother," he said one day to Nellie, "but I am very glad to have her and for her to have me."

Nellie started to speak and then stopped. It had been decided that any statement to Cornwallis regarding his mother would be worse than futile in existing circumstances.

The next day was another of what Cornwallis had named to himself "the new kind of Sundays," because they were so widely different from the happy Sundays of other-time,—those Sundays when his mamma and papa and he used to frolic together and laugh out loud over how silly they were. The new Sundays were almost exactly like week-days, only still more so. His papa came sometimes in the afternoon and looked at Elaine, and patted her brother's cheek, but he hardly spoke and almost never smiled. Mrs. Tray did the talking, and Elaine was afraid of her own father, and cried.

Elaine was almost three months old now, and all her black hair had rubbed off, and she had funny little yellow duck-tails turning up all over her funny little yellow head. She could shake a rattle, too, and when she was displeased the way that she could scream was awful. She screamed just that way upon this particular Sunday, screamed right in Papa's face, screamed so fearfully that Mrs. Tray had to carry her out of the room.

"You see, she doesn't hardly know you," Cornwallis said in apology for the little sister whom he was learning to love more valorously every day. "She cried just so hard at the man who brought her bed. You see, I learned to know you when I used to live with Mamma before she came, but she's never had a chance to know you, and I guess she's never going to see Mamma ever." He sighed heavily as he terminated his brief explanation, for he did sorely long to know what had really become of his mother; but as all his questions brought only the vaguest sort of answers, he had ceased repeating them.

Papa arose and began to walk up and down the room; Cornwallis remained quietly seated on the little stool by the chair that Mrs. Tray had just quitted; he still held in his hands a toy with which he had been amusing the baby before his father came in.

"See here, Captain," his father said suddenly, "would you like to go and see Mamma again?"

The woolly man fell out of Cornwallis's hands. The woolly man fell because the small hands had become suddenly palsied—suddenly palsied because all the blood in the child's body was pouring into his face.

"*Can* I—ever—see her again?" he stammered.

"I'll take you to-morrow," said his father, and left the room in the same sudden way in which everyone seemed given to rushing away, these days.

The next morning, just after Elaine had gone for her nap, Papa came for Cornwallis. Papa was in the runabout with Peter. Nellie brought Cornwallis out to them, and they drove away—a long, long drive.

"Doesn't Mamma live in our house any more?" the boy asked in surprise, when they were far outside of the city.

"No," said Papa, and said no more.

Then they came to a most beautiful park, and well within it was a great white house, with countless windows and balconies. There were a good many people all about, either sitting down or lying in long chairs, and ever so many gentlemen and ladies all in white, with white caps, walking around. Cornwallis was deeply interested.

They drove to a side door, and he and Papa got down and went inside.

"Now, Major, listen to me," said Papa, not exactly crossly, but in such a way that Cornwallis felt he must be obeyed, whatever came. "Your mamma is ill. She has been ill a long time. She may not know you; she hasn't known anyone for all the long time; she doesn't know that there is a baby—any baby

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except you. You mustn't mind what she says, and you mustn't mind if she says nothing."

Papa paused.

"I sha'n't mind anything," said Cornwallis stoutly. "I'll be too glad to see her again. She can kiss me all she likes, you can call me Captain Jinks, and Grandpapa can say Snoddy-boggins—I won't mind one bit, because I'll be just so glad to see her again—" He had to stop right there, partly because Papa was staring so, and partly because the biggest lump he had ever had, had come up in his throat all of a sudden.

Papa held out his hand.

"Come, Cornwallis," he said, calling the boy by his right name for the first time in his life, and then they went through a great many sweet, quiet, white halls and so came to the most wonderfully beautiful room of which Cornwallis had ever dreamed.

It was not the delicate blue and cream of its walls and ceiling, nor the soft green of its floor, nor the pretty brass bed, nor the lovely flowers, nor the yellow canary singing in the window—it was the mother on the bed, the thin, changed mother, the same, unchanged mother, for whom a childish heart had sorrowed so.

Cornwallis approached the bed on tiptoe. A lady in white had risen and stood still by the head of the bed, and Papa stood still at its foot. A door opened softly, and a gentleman whom Cornwallis had never seen slipped in behind a screen, and the gentleman stood still, too. It was all strange, but the strangest of all was the mother on the bed. She did not seem to pay any attention to anything, just lay there, looking straight up at the bed-draperies, and her son saw how very big and hollow her eyes were, and what pitiful, thin, bony things her soft white hands had become.

But still it was his mother, the mother of the old Sundays and the time before Elaine came.

"May I kiss her?" he asked Papa, looking backward.

Papa just nodded.

Then Cornwallis climbed up on the white bed—he was all in white himself, even to the white bows on his new white canvas pumps—and put his arms around her and kissed her. She looked up at him with the same curious, wide-eyed stare, and then she frowned. Cornwallis didn't see the frown, because his face was down close to hers, and he was hugging her with all the strength not needed to keep down the lump in his throat. But Papa saw it and saw her move her poor, bony hands, and saw her lips tremble.

"Speak, Cornwallis," he said in a low, sharp voice. "Say whatever you please, but say something."

"Mamma!" he cried loudly, "it's your baby!"

It was his second surrender. He had just dropped his shackles, apparently—at least, so far as one parent was concerned—and now he slipped them on again for the pleasure of the other. Something heroic in that action—for a six-year-old!

There was a hush like death in the room. Even Cornwallis felt it. Everyone was waiting for something.

"Mamma," he cried again, "please call me 'baby' just as you always do."

Then his mother's eyelids fell over her eyes, which had stared steadily so long, and a little smile chased the frown from her face.

"Oh, yes," she said, in a queer sort of whisper, "he'll sleep here to-night—the baby—" and she turned her face in upon Cornwallis's clean white blouse exactly as Elaine always turned hers in upon Mrs. Tray's bosom, and drew a funny little gasp exactly as Elaine always did—and went to sleep.

Papa laid his finger on his lip, and Cornwallis kept perfectly still. They brought ever so many pillows, big and little, and poked them in around him so skilfully that he was quite easy in his queer position. His mother put one of her hands up just as Elaine always put hers up when she slept—her hand made him think of Elaine's as it had been when she first came—like a thin little claw. He looked down at her face on his shoulder and thought how like the baby she looked in ever so many odd ways.

Papa stood at the foot of the bed and smiled. The tears came into his eyes sometimes as he looked at the two on the bed. The gentleman who had gone behind the screen slipped away and presently returned with two huge portfolios full of pictures. He gave them to the lady in white, and she set them up one at a time where Cornwallis could see them. It was as good as a picture-book, and he looked at them with interest until—until he fell asleep himself.

I don't know how they ever managed it, but when he woke up he was on the bed in his own room at Grandmamma's, and Grandmamma was sitting weeping beside him.

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IT WAS ALL STRANGE, BUT THE STRANGEST OF ALL WAS THE MOTHER ON THE BED.

"Oh, Sugar-pl—I mean Cornwallis," she said, "you have saved her—she will come back to us now."

"Saved who?" asked Cornwallis, wondering if he were still dreaming.

"Your mamma, your precious mamma," said Grandmamma, and then before she could say more Grandpapa came in, with the biggest smile Cornwallis had ever seen.

"Well, Skiddy—I mean Cornwallis," said Grandfather, "I don't think much of goats; let's have a pony—two ponies—ten, if you like—twenty—forty!"

Cornwallis stared at him, and before he could speak, there was Papa, too.

"Well, Captain Ji—I mean Cornwallis," said Papa, jovially, in quite his old way, "what shall it be—chocolate cigarettes or lemon drops?" and he took both of these articles (which were so rare and difficult to procure in the place of which I write, that often they could not be bought between Christmas and

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Fourth of July) out of his pocket and gave them to the small boy.

"Is Mamma come home?" he asked.

"No, Major—I mean Cornwallis," said Papa, blithely, "not yet, but you are to go to see her every morning from now on and put her to sleep just as you did to-day—how's that?"

Cornwallis did not even notice the candies; he clasped his hands tightly.

"Oh," he said, "I will do *anything* if just I may see her every day again. I will be quite still, and you don't need to put the pillows around me, thank you."

"Oh, bless the Sug—Cornwallis!" cried Grandmamma, and then she burst into more tears.

"Never mind, Snooks—I mean Cornwallis," said Grandpapa, lifting him off the bed and carrying him over by the window; "let's have a little carriage for the ponies, one big enough for you to drive Nellie and the baby out in!"

Cornwallis's eyes flashed, but his attention being attracted back to Grandmamma at that second, he could not reply. Grandmamma was weeping still and repeating—much louder than she realized—"To think that she knew him—to think that she knew him!" He struggled down out of his grandfather's arms and went back to his grandmother's side and laid his hand upon her knee.

"Doesn't she know you?" he asked, wide-eyed.

"No, not me—not anyone—since, oh, since about the time the baby came."

Cornwallis stared fixedly ahead, considering.

"That is why no one ever spoke of her," he said slowly, working his big problem out as fast as his little brain would permit.

"I thought that I should never see her again," he said after a little pause, deciding to take them all into his confidence.

"I thought for a long time that she was gone away just as Nellie's mother went away," he said, looking around at them all, his mouth quivering as he spoke. "Nellie cried, but I did not cry. I shouldn't think that you would have minded her not knowing you," he went on, very slowly; "you knew she was there and you could go and look at her—I haven't known where she was. I've wondered and wondered and wondered. I've thought about it when I woke up in the dark, I've thought about it when I was running my cars, I've thought about it all the time when I was playing with Elaine, because after Elaine got her eyes open her eyes were just like Mamma's. It wasn't any use my asking about—about Mamma, because no one would tell me. Everyone always thinks I am so little—and—and calls me names—but—but I don't mind names now—and *I* wouldn't mind if she hadn't known me, either, I would have loved her and talked about her just the same. If she doesn't know me, I will go just the same every day, and put her to sleep—I'll be so glad just to be with her again—I—" He stopped abruptly, and started to walk out of the room, but in the little armchair just at Grandmother's door he fell, head forward, and burst into tears more tumultuous than even Grandmamma's own.

His father went to him and gathered him close in his arms.

"Oh, why didn't you take me to her before?" Cornwallis sobbed. "I was what she wanted—I'm her baby; I always was what she wanted. I used to run away from her because she wanted me so tight always. I've thought how I used to run away every one of these days. That's why I let Elaine pull my hair. She's never had Mamma hug her—she's only just had Mrs. Tray—and I let her pull as hard as she could because I was always thinking how was she going to—to live—without any mamma——"

"Cornwallis, stop," said his father, very gently but very firmly; "grown-up people make mistakes often, but we are trying to do right just as much as you are. No one could tell you anything about Mamma except what would have made you very unhappy, and you had to stay bright for little sister. We couldn't smile and we could hardly speak—it was better to keep you so that you could. Don't you understand?" and then he carried him away to a quiet, dark room, where Cornwallis was soothed back to calmness, and became fit to go and see his mother again.

A week or so later he was so accustomed to the daily visit and to beginning his own nap there and ending it at Grandmother's that life merged completely out of tragedy and became a sweet, happy routine again. When his mother began to watch for his coming, when she began to speak little phrases, when she knew Papa, and wanted him to sit on the other side of the bed and hold her other hand—all these were the events of that summer.

Grandmamma became as cheerful as she had been in the long ago time; Grandpapa whistled and was always starting to say

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"Snooks" and then stopping himself short; Elaine was usually down on the floor trying to eat up the embroidery on the hem of her dress, and giving little shrieks of joy whenever she saw Cornwallis, just on the mere chance that he *might* be bringing his hair to her to be pulled. They were all very happy.

And then, at last, one day the telephone bell rang, and it was Mamma, and she asked for Grandpapa and said to him, "I'm at home!" and nothing else. Grandpapa came up-stairs and told them all, and that afternoon everyone but Elaine and Mrs. Tray went down and had tea at Cornwallis's own house, and the next day Cornwallis and Nellie went back there to live.

The queer part was that little Elaine could not go, and that, while *en route* in the Fearless Kerosene, both Grandpapa and Grandmamma told Cornwallis all over again for the hundred and fiftieth time how Mamma did *not* know that there was any Elaine, and must *not* be told of the fact.

"Won't she ever know?" he said wistfully. "Won't I ever have Elaine and Mamma both at once?"

"Perhaps—after a while," said Grandmamma, vaguely.

So now, instead of going every day to see his mother, Cornwallis had to go twice a day to see his sister. Elaine was becoming absolutely irresistible. She talked with her forefinger most intelligibly, and laughed with two dimples and eight little white teeth.

"What do you do up at Grandmamma's?" Mamma asked Cornwallis one day when he came in to kiss her good-by.

"I play with my things," he said.

"Come here, Baby," said Mamma fondly, and he went straight to her and snuggled close to her side. "You are a real comfort now," she said, smiling; "you used to be such a horrid, struggling little fellow, never liking to be loved," and then she loved him with her soft cheek and both her hands, that had ceased to be bony, and were white and pretty again. "You are my own, ownest baby," she said, over and over again, and he entered no demur, but merely kissed her in return.

"Do you remember," she said, "how you used to hate to be called a baby?"

Cornwallis laughed.

"But you don't mind now?"

"I like it," he said, looking merrily into her eyes.

And then she hugged him once more in a peculiarly choking manner that had always seemed to give her a special satisfaction, and he went away to the cunning motherless little sister who was big enough now to clap her hands and bat her little blue kid heels against the rug when she saw him enter her room.

"Elaine is going to have a birthday next week," Mrs. Tray told him this morning.

"How old will she be?" he asked with interest. Elaine was trying to chew up his thumb as he spoke, but he didn't mind her little ways—she was always wanting to bite something or somebody.

"She will be a year old," replied Mrs. Tray.

"Won't you give Mamma to her for her present?" said Cornwallis.

"We don't know just what to do," said Mrs. Tray, wrinkling her forehead thoughtfully. "You see, generally when a new baby comes it is so little that it really doesn't matter much; but Elaine is so big, she matters a good deal."

"Well, I should say so," said Cornwallis. Elaine had climbed to her feet and was clinging to his collar for support, and screaming to attract everyone's attention to the fact that she was standing up just like other people.

"And your mamma is almost too weak yet," began Mrs. Tray, but just then Elaine, in a fervor of womanly independence, let go of her brother, and instantly sat down with such violence that all other subjects dropped with her.

Nevertheless, the grown-up people adopted Cornwallis's suggestion, and decided to celebrate Elaine's first birthday by introducing her to her mother. Mamma was walking about up-stairs now, and talking and laughing quite like her old self. The lady in white who had lived there so long spent most of her time reading in her own room—she didn't seem to have any business in the house any more.

On the morning of Elaine's birthday Cornwallis went into his mother's room. He was in a very fresh white sailor-suit, and he let his mother muss the collar without a murmur. Presently Papa came in, and they all three sat on the sofa together and played Three Bears, just as they used to play long ago.

"But I'm too big to be a Baby Bear now," Cornwallis said, when the crease was almost entirely out of his trousers and Mamma was still tumbling his blouse.

"If we only had a real little Baby Bear!" said Papa.

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Mamma put both arms suddenly around Cornwallis.

"Oh, *don't!*" she cried, in a queer voice, "don't remind me. Do you think I don't know and remember? Why, if the little thing had lived it would have been big enough to play here with us now!"

Cornwallis felt his father start; he slipped out from between them instantly, and stood up and spoke:

"I don't think this has been a very well-managed family this year!" he said, indignantly, comprehending perfectly that his mother had thought of Elaine just as he had thought of his mother, and sympathizing with her from the keen standpoint of an equal sorrow.

"Now don't cry," he said sternly; "nobody has done anything without they cried for ever so long," and then he wiped his eyes hard with his two hands and ran out of the room, for he and Papa both knew that Elaine was asleep in her little carriage out by the side door, waiting for a good chance to meet her mamma.

A little later she woke, and Mrs. Tray and Nellie and Grandmamma took her into the sunshine-room off of the back hall and tied a bow on her shoulder, and fluffed up some of her hair and smoothed down some, and gave her a drink of milk. And then they carried her up to Mamma, who was quite white with expecting her.

Cornwallis's heart beat very fast; he stepped behind his mother's chair, and bit his lips.

Elaine was dreadfully frightened; she didn't seem to know that she was in her own house at all. She looked at even Mrs. Tray with a most dubious expression, and her chin quivered awfully. Papa had his arm about Mamma, and Mamma said, "Ah, but she's a very pretty little thing," and then, "I wonder if she could sit on my lap for a minute," and then, "My little daughter!"

It looked as if everyone was surely going to cry *now*, and then all of a sudden Cornwallis saved the situation. He just peeped around the back of Mamma's chair, and Elaine saw him.

She fairly shrieked for joy! Mrs. Tray put her on Mamma's lap, and Cornwallis went down on his knees before her, and she grabbed the sailor collar just where the bright stripe ran, and began stuffing it into her mouth, while her little feet danced so wildly that Cornwallis had to catch them in his hands to keep her from maybe hurting Mamma.

Everyone began at once to laugh, Papa and Grandmamma first of all. Grandpapa had gotten there also, somehow, and Cornwallis heard him laughing, too, right behind him. When Elaine saw them all laughing, she laughed with them, and burying her fingers in Cornwallis's hair, just screamed in ecstasy.

It was all very silly—and nice.

Cornwallis was the first to become sober.

"Well, it's no wonder we feel happy," he said; "we all know we're all right here today, and all this year we've been crying because everybody thought somebody wasn't. I don't think that's right in a family."

Mamma put out her hand and pulled him closer yet (by that same unfortunate collar).

"Oh, Baby," she said, "you always knew more than all the rest of us put together."

"I do when I'm told things I ask," he replied with dignity.

Just then Norah came in with Elaine's cunning little birthday cake on a silver tray.

"Just like Sug—I mean Cornwallis's, when *he* was a baby," said Grandmamma.

"He's my baby yet," said Mamma, pulling him up to the place from which Mrs. Tray had just lifted Elaine.

"Yes, I am," said Cornwallis, meekly. His surrender was most complete, and as soul-satisfying as only the yielding of love can be.

Norah had brought up a bottle of champagne, and Papa opened it while Grandmamma cut the cake. No one ate or drank anything, because it wasn't a cake or champagne hour of the day, but they each took a sip to Elaine's health, and to Mamma's happiness. And then Grandpapa began, "And now we'll drink to Sn—" but he was arrested right there by the steadiness of his grandson's eye, and corrected his language to "Cornwallis."

Cornwallis drew a deep breath. His sweet little sister was never to be tortured with "Butterball" and "Was-a-Wee"—she was Elaine, and forever Elaine, and that through his own efforts and his efforts alone. And he was Cornwallis to everyone but Mamma, but still to be "Baby" to a mamma was better than being "Cornwallis" to a world.

So the young General marched forth, head up, flags flying, his little heart drumming the best music in all the world, and his soul serenely conscious that out of the jaws of victory he had snatched a final and most glorious defeat.

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The Tenements of Trinity Church

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "Soldiers of the Common Good," "Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?" etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Corporation of Trinity Church, New York City, a very large and wealthy landowner, possesses many tenement-houses that by reformers, philanthropists, and health-officers have often been made the subject of bitter criticism. This article aims to describe the actual condition of some of these Trinity tenements and to give an idea of their relation to the health and security of the city It also raises a very great and interesting question: whether the good wrought by the charitable and philanthropic enterprises of Trinity equals the evil wrought by the tenements that finance the charities.

ON the lower West Side of New York City, in the old Eighth Ward and not far from the docks, is a place called Hudson Park, where in certain poor piles of sand the little children of the tenements sometimes come to play.

It is not much of a park; a little slice of rescued city space, a mere glimpse of open sky, a part of a city block without the usual hideous city houses and set with weary trees, uncertain grass, some rigid benches—no more than that. In the center, a curious and unreasonable depression adorned with some doubtful classicism, and at the rear the sand piles where the chalk-faced children play. That is all.

And yet you, looking upon it, poor and forlorn as it is, feel in your heart an impulse to fall upon your knees there in the reek of the filthy street and utter gratitude for even so much. All about you to the south blink the frowsy, scaly, slatternly, bleary, decayed, and crumbling old houses, leering from dirty windows like old drunkards through bloodshot eyes; the broken shutters awry like deformities, the doors agape like old, toothless mouths. All about is the hell of the West Side tenement-house region, and compared with its outward and visible signs, this maidenhood of Hudson Park, albeit ill-clad and gawky, is something sweet. You think back upon the years of dreary struggle and contest and argument and travail that were required to secure this little island of sanity in the mad region around you, and wonder to yourself if we are all perfectly crazy that we tolerate such things.

Drunken, disreputable, decayed, topsy-turvy old houses, the homes of thousands of families and the breeding-places for so many children that are to carry on the world's work—who owns these terrible places? Who draws the wretched profit of their existence?

Trinity Church, holder of one of the greatest estates in New York or in the country, owns many of them. This is the heart of her possessions: street after street is lined with her properties. Here is Clarkson Street, on the south of the tiny park—she owns a dozen tenement properties there; Varick Street, crossing Clarkson at right angles—she owns sixty-six tenement properties there; West Houston, noisome and dilapidated—she owns fifty-one tenement properties there; upper Greenwich Street—she owns sixty-five tenement properties there; Charlton Street, a dreary place—she owns twenty-six tenement properties there; Canal Street toward the North River—she owns forty-seven tenement properties there; Hudson Street—she owns 138 tenement properties there. You do not think well of the appearance of Vandam Street; Trinity owns forty-one tenement properties there. You think Barrow Street down here looks ancient and seedy; Trinity owns twenty-two tenement properties there. Wherever you walk in this dreadful region, you find something that Trinity owns, and, as a rule, it is something that you know she ought not to own.

For this is the state to which have come

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certain cabbage-fields and swamp-lands once (in the earliest days of New York) bestowed upon the church by the careless hand of the good Queen Anne; this is the Jans farm of the ancient days; this is the wealth that the sheer growth of New York has made for Trinity; and this is the fortune that by the managers of this remarkable church is guarded with a strange secrecy and care. It owns in the city property worth, according to different estimators, from $39,000,000 to $100,000,000, from which it draws an enormous revenue, the amount of which is never made public. For many years no investigator has been able to obtain any more definite knowledge of these matters than that this is the wealth of Trinity which she holds for good purposes.

What? Expressed in wretched, rotten, old tenement-houses? Yes. Expressed in hundreds of such tenement-houses.

I have before me the testimony of a very eminent authority about tenement-houses, and she says that confirmed tenement-house dwellers are as a class sickly, anemic, lethargic, and show unmistakable tendencies toward constitutional weakness. Tuberculosis has a strong hold upon them; the effect of tenement-house life is such that the third generation of tenement-house dwellers (if you can conceive of a third generation) is usually of an inferior mentality, without intelligent interest in anything, leads dull and vacant lives, and furnishes recruits for the reformatory and the state prison.

It appears, therefore, that while the charities established by Trinity since 1857* are trying to lead men upward, the Trinity tenements, with an irresistible force, are crushing men downward; and we are therefore presented at once with a very memorable spectacle of the contradictions and inconsistencies of this our mortal state.

Because if the tenement, speaking generally, works ill, Trinity's tenements must be a matter of grave concern to us all, Trinity's tenements must work more than common ill, for they are the worst tenements in New York.

One reason why they are the worst is that they were never designed for tenements at all.

They are the residences that a century ago began to show from St. John's Park northward the growth of the young city. Two-story and basement houses, most of them, they were planned in every case to be the homes each of a single family. You can imagine, then, the results when, with an amazing parsimony in repairs and alterations, these same houses are made to shelter five or six families. But unless you have been there, you cannot possibly imagine the horrible dirt and neglect and slovenliness that are spread over so many of these places.

Is it not strange? No, it is not strange; it is only a part of a yellow wizardry that in many ways gives to the management of Trinity Corporation an aspect furtive and mysterious, that seems to impel it to many courses inconsistent with candor and to bewitch many good men engaged in the conduct of its affairs. Profit, much profit, very great profit, lies in property of this sort; it yields much to the golden stream. These are houses that old-time tenants built on land had from Trinity on short leases. When the leases expired, Trinity, following a consistent and profitable policy, refused to grant renewals—to the late tenants. It also refused to purchase the house that the tenant had built. The tenant, therefore, was confronted with this situation: he could tear his house down brick by brick and cart it away to the dump or the river; or he could abandon it (as it stood) to Trinity, sometimes for nothing, sometimes for a nominal sum. These are houses, therefore, in which the investment of Trinity was almost nothing, possibly an average of $200 each, and now from these same houses she gathers $40 or $50 a month for rent, paying out nothing for repairs.

Some of these houses are brick, some are wooden. Very few of them are fit under any circumstances for any human habitation. Not one of them is fit for human habitation as at present it is inhabited.

Tastes differ. I know that the vestry of Trinity would be terribly shocked at a suggestion that the corporation should make money by administering arsenic to people, or carbolic acid, or deadly nightshade. But the vestry or the standing committee that represents it in these matters has no objection whatever to making money for the corporation by maintaining poisonous tenements.

As between tuberculosis and arsenic, where lies the choice?

Suppose now we turn us from these reflections (which may be supposed to threaten the sacred basis of the social edifice) and see how the facts stand. We will imagine

*Trinity was investigated in 1857 by a Committee of the State Senate. One result was a report severely condemning the church for its apparent indifference to charitable enterprises and religious benevolence.

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that we guide a party of inquiring and well-fed tourists to whom the tenement-house is merely a name, comfortable and genial tourists, that sleep o' nights. We take you first into one of the tenement-houses that blink out disreputably about the little park and gather much income for Trinity, a tenement-house in Clarkson Street near Hudson. It presents to the street a dirty brick front, scaly, like its fellows, and long demanding paint. Come inside and see how you like it. Four floors there are, three of them made into dwellings for families, two dwellings on a floor. An old house, very old, very poorly built, very flimsy, very ramshackle. Everything about it seems going to decay. The halls are narrow, dark, dirty, and smell abominably. The stairways are narrow, wooden, and insecure. On the second and third floors are interior bedrooms that have no natural light nor ventilation, and must therefore, according to the Board of Health, be a prolific breeding-place for the germs of tuberculosis. A horrible, mephitic odor and the dampness that clings about old cellars and sunless courts seem to strike against you with a physical impact. You know that in this heavy and sickly air is no place to rear men and women.*

The only sanitation for the families dwelling in this dreadful house is to be found in wooden sheds in the back yard. It is of a nature that one might expect to see in Chinese cities, but never in the foremost city of America. The back yard is a horror into which you set your foot with an uncontrollable physical revulsion against the loathsome contamination. It has much rubbish, it is vilely unkempt, it seems to exude vileness. The water-supply in the house consists of one common tap for each floor, placed in the hall. Formerly even these primitive conveniences did not exist, and the overwrought women that live in these houses were obliged to carry in pails up the steep stairs the water-supply, each for her household. The water-tap on each floor was commanded by the new Tene-

*I am pleased to state that this particular building has now been sold to the city and is about to be demolished.

HUDSON PARK—A LITTLE BREATHING-PLACE FOR WEST SIDE CHILDREN, WON AFTER A LONG CONTEST.

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A VACANT LOT WHERE THE OWNER TORE DOWN HIS HOUSE RATHER THAN LET IT PASS INTO THE HANDS OF TRINITY.

ment-House Law, and it was this feature of the law that Trinity most opposed.

In the rear, reached by a narrow passage, is another tenement-house, a four-story brick building, occupied, when I was there, by seven families. If the front tenement is bad, what shall we say of the tenement in the rear? Whatever is abominable in the one is more abominable in the other. The gloom is worse, the ventilation is worse, the aspect of dreary decay and neglect is worse. Some of the dwellers in the front house can get air and light; most of the dwellers in the rear house can get very little of either. When the building was new and clean, it might have been a tolerable place in which to house horses—temporarily; say for a day. It was never, at any time, a tolerable place in which to house human beings. For fifty or sixty years it has been unfit for anything except burning. How would you like to draw an income from the maintaining of such a place? You would want to have the money disinfected before it touched your hand, would you not? Lest into your presence it bear some odor of the rear tenement, or some bacteria from the interior bedrooms, or from the filthy courts.

Come, then, into the filthy little back yards at the rear of No. 20 Clarkson Street, and, looking over the rotting fences, you may discover a peculiarity of many of the houses in this region. The front walls are of brick; the rear and side walls are wooden. On the wooden walls the clapboards sag and sway and are falling off, the ancient laths and plaster are exposed beneath. Window panes are broken out. On one of the days when I was there, a bitter day in December, an icy wind blew through these apertures. I went into some of the living-rooms. There were women and children around the fire in the one stove that cooked for them and gave them heat. They were trying to keep warm—with coal they bought by the pailful at the rate of $16 a ton. They paid $5.50 a month for the two miserable rooms—one with light, the other without.

And what kind of people are these that dwell in such quarters? "Foreigners, likely, only lately recruited from the hives of Naples or Palermo, and finding even these habitations not much worse than those to which they have been accustomed." So you think. But these are not foreigners. These are Americans; respectable and industrious Americans. They are old-time residents of the

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Eighth Ward, most of them; their fathers lived there, they were born there; with that fatuity that is so common and still so hard to explain, they cling to the familiar regions of their youth. And not the least pathetic part of the unfortunate situation is the struggle they make against their environment, the painful effort to keep their poor little rooms neat and tidy; the cherished old pictures on the dismal walls, and the handful of ornaments on the shelf. You cannot crush out the instincts of the race by two decades in a tenement-house; but you can in four, or five, good gentlemen of the vestry.

The good gentlemen of the vestry have strong and steady nerves; they are not easily worried; they are not likely ever to die of heart-failure. I know that they have large and well-grounded philosophies and rest steadfastly upon the belief that a Special Providence watches over the tenement-house region. I know this must be so because otherwise they would never be able to sleep, under the terror that the condition of their tenement-houses must inspire. Of all the tinder-boxes in New York these houses are the worst. If some of them had been designed for the express purpose of trapping and destroying human beings, by no possibility could they have been more ably arranged to that end.

The old wooden walls, the old wooden stairways, the old wooden floors, dry as powder, inflammable as oil, are only a part of the peril. The one access to, the one exit from, the rear tenement is usually through a narrow passage, or a tunnel, maybe three feet wide, sometimes with wooden sides and top; sometimes above it is part of the front house.

In the event of a fire, these tunnels would become almost at once impassable. Thereupon the people in the overcrowded rear tenements would have no conceivable chance to escape. Many of them could not even get down to the ground floor, because some of the houses have no fire-escapes. Yes, I know the law provides that there shall be such things, but here are houses on Trinity property to which this law seems never to have been applied. There are no fire-escapes on the houses at Nos. 32, 34, and 36 Clarkson Street, for instance. I suppose that technically this is not Trinity's fault; but narrow old wooden stairs, dry old tinder walls, an overcrowded building, and no fire-escapes! Yes, I think the vestrymen have good nerves; they cannot be susceptible to carking care.

And how about the rest of us that are not obliged to lead our lives in such sur-

REAR OF 293 GREENWICH STREET, A FAIR SAMPLE OF A TRINITY BACK YARD.

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roundings, but are still our brothers' keepers? I know that there is a belief more or less widespread among us that tenement-house dwellers do not have feelings like ours. They are differently constituted, their fibers are different, their ganglia are of another material; so by a merciful provision they do not feel the pangs of poverty nor mind dirt, darkness, and squalor. We should mind such things, but these people do not, because of some great difference in their physical and mental make-up. In fact, they are said to be very happy in the station to which Providence has assigned them, and we really should let them live on in their cellars and back rooms so long as tuberculosis and typhoid will allow.

I know this view must be correct, because I have heard it urged by very learned and wise persons, and I make a point of not disputing eminent authority. Still, I should think that even to persons of a very different fiber indeed the sensation of burning to death would be painful, and most of us would prefer not to derive an income from tinder-box houses that are without fire-escapes.

I can only suppose, therefore, that about this matter Trinity Corporation has implicit faith in the idea of a Special Providence.

The Special Providence went off watch on the night of March 29, 1896, and the tinder-box at No. 374 Hudson Street exploded into flame; for it seems an inaccuracy of speech to say that one of these places merely takes fire. Of course the wooden stairway was unusable, and the unfortunate and trapped inhabitants were driven to throw themselves from the windows. Four of them, two men and two women, were killed; about a dozen were badly injured. I gather from this that while the fiber of people that live in tenements is different from the fiber of the rest of us, it is not sufficiently different to prevent such people from being burned, nor from having their bones broken if they fall far enough.

It was also not different enough to prevent some of the survivors from grieving over the loss of their relatives and from suing Trinity as the responsible cause of that loss. So the whole story was turned up in the courts. But I have been unable to find that anything ever came of these actions. Somehow, nothing usually comes of a suit against Trinity.

Bearing in mind what happened at No. 374 Hudson Street, I should think the vestry might at times feel a slight uneasiness. No. 374 Hudson Street was a fire-proof structure compared with some of the other properties. At Nos. 192½ and 192¾ Varick Street, for instance, is an ancient, sorry-looking structure of wood, three stories high, and there is no fire-escape at either number. What the inmates would do in case that tinder-box were fired, I do not know; burn with the tinder, I suppose. The fire-escapes that exist on some of the other houses are makeshifts. Perhaps an adult man or a woman of average weight could get upon one without fetching the whole thing away, but I do not see how. Why worry? The houses have never burned. Hence let us conclude that they never will burn.

But we tourists of the well-fed and bett orders resume our excursion among t habitations of the lowly, and here are son of the places we enter; no better and no worse than others. Human beings actually live in these places; many human beings; and pay for the privilege.

No. 265 West Houston Street. Brick, three stories and basement, four families, rear fire-escape, dirty back yard, sanitation in two wooden sheds in the yard, water in halls. An interior bedroom on top floor, where an old woman says, "That's all right; we get too much air in the winter."

No. 368 Hudson Street. Brick, three stories, fire-escapes in rear, small yard, sanitation in wooden sheds, interior bedroom.

No. 342 Hudson Street. Three stories, rotten wood in front, half wood, half brick in rear; a dilapidated old shack. Fire-escape in front, house occupied by three families and two stores. Dirty little yard heaped with rubbish, sanitation in old wooden sheds.

No. 344 Hudson Street, corner of Charlton. Three stories, wooden, old, side fire-escapes, three families, water in halls.

No. 85 King Street. Two and a half stories and basement, brick front, wooden rear, eight families, including one in basement, fire-escapes, wooden sheds for sanitation, water in halls, no gas in halls, law being thereby violated. Tenant says halls are very dark and that because of the darkness an old woman fell down the stairs and died of fractured skull. In basement is interior bedroom, also one on first floor. Very dirty and repulsive place.

No. 84 Charlton Street. Two and a half stories with basement, wooden, very old, fire-escape, four families, water in halls, wooden sheds in yard for sanitation, much rubbish. The basement is at present unoccupied.

No. 196 Varick Street. Two and a half

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stories with basement, frame, front fire-escape, four families, one family in the basement consisting of ten members. Interior bedrooms of worst kind on first and second floors. Two wooden sheds in back yard for sanitation.

No. 198 Varick Street. Same as above. Four families, front fire-escape.

No. 200 Varick Street. No fire-escape.

No. 202 Varick Street. Same as No. 196, four families, fire escapes.

No. 204 Varick Street. Similar to No. 198, but yard taken up with sheds.

Nos. 192½ and 192¾ Varick Street. Three stories, wooden, very old, in last stages of disrepair, no fire-escapes. Old, rotting, wooden porch hanging out from rear of second floor. House most unsafe in case of fire. Three families in No. 192¾, two families in No. 192½, one old wooden shed for sanitation in rear of each house, dirty little yards, water in halls.

No. 190 Varick Street. Two and a half stories, wooden with brick front, no fire-escape.

No. 39 Clarkson Street. Brick front, remainder of wood, three stories, three families. In rear, wooden tenement, three stories, three families, dirty yard, four rotten sheds for sanitation. This house is very old and rotten, stairway is out of plumb and looks as if it might fall. No gas in rear tenement, no fire-escapes. Owner of the buildings says, "Oh, yes, there are fire-escapes. There is a wire ladder kept on each floor." She pays Trinity $400 a year ground-rent.

No. 41 Clarkson Street. Brick, three stories and basement. No gas. Interior bedrooms on second and third floors. Yard in very bad state, sanitation sheds very bad. Another tenement in rear, very old and dilapidated. Both have fire-escapes.

No. 32 Clarkson Street. Brick, three stories and basement, no fire-escapes. A tenant says that the hatch on the roof was nailed down, so that there was no possible escape that way. Tenants, therefore, neatly trapped. One wooden shed in yard.

No. 38 Clarkson Street. Brick, sheathed in wood, three stories, wooden extension in

ALL ABOUT IS THE HELL OF THE WEST SIDE TENEMENT-HOUSE REGION.

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ROTTEN STAIRS IN THE REAR OF 591 GREENWICH STREET, SHOWING TYPICAL ALLEY BY WHICH A REAR TENEMENT IS REACHED.

rear, seven families, no gas, rusty old ladders in rear for fire-escapes, dirty yard, sheds.

Almost indefinitely I might extend this gruesome list. Indeed, decay and neglect, misery and squalor seem to brood wherever Trinity is an owner. Gladly I would give to such a charitable and benevolent institution all possible credit for a spirit of improvement manifested anywhere, but I can find no such manifestation. I have tramped the Eighth Ward day after day with a list of Trinity properties in my hand, and of all the tenement-houses that stand there on Trinity land I have not found one that is not a disgrace to civilization and to the city of New York.

I need not be told, as with much virtuous indignation I shall be told, that of the instances I have cited not all the buildings are technically owned by Trinity. I know that well enough. And I need not be told that according to the Trinity leases the lessee is responsible for repairs upon the property. I know that well enough. And I need not be told that Trinity is not technically responsible for the dirt and the misery, the poverty and squalor. I know that well enough. But the land is owned by Trinity, wherever the bricks in the building are not, and from the moral responsibility for these conditions there is no escape on any plea I have been able to think of. To rent property and permit it to become a breeding-place for tuberculosis is exactly as bad as to rent it for immoral purposes. Whatever distinction, therefore, the good vestrymen may draw between the buildings that stand in the name of Trinity and the buildings that stand on Trinity's ground in the name of this person or that, is a technical, and no moral, defense. For, however the title deeds may say, it is from this property so conducted and so crying out against civilization that there is drawn the income that year after year pours into the mysterious coffers of the corporation.

It seemed to me after a time that I had no need for the list of Trinity holdings; I could pick them out unaided, I could tell them as far as I could see them, tell them by indubitable signs. Whenever I saw a house that looked as if it were about to fall down, one that looked in every way rotten and weary and dirty and disreputable, I found that it was owned by Trinity or stood upon Trinity ground. Frequently other owners

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AN INSIDE ROOM AT 12 CLARKSON STREET—NO LIGHT, NO AIR.

seemed to make some effort to improve their property, or at least to keep it from desperate decay. Trinity seemed to make none. You can see side by side in some of these streets a tumbling and forlorn old hovel and a modern apartment-house, and if you have any familiarity with the ward, you know at once that the hovel has something to do with Trinity and the apartment-house is owned by some one that is struggling hard against the conditions that Trinity fosters.

To be sure, all tenement-houses are bad, I know that; all tenement-houses are terrific indictments of the conditions of grab and gain and splendor and shame that we tolerate. But how comes it that on the East Side of New York have been built in recent years all these bright, clean, fire-proof, and sanitary flats, in such numbers that certain regions have been transformed by them, and life for those that dwell in them has been changed from direst misery to something almost suggestive of decency, while Trinity has done nothing of the kind?

How comes it that the Astor Estate, owner of hundreds of tenements, has pursued for years one settled policy of improvement for the benefit of the tenants, and the Trinity tenants have been left to shift for themselves? The Astor Estate maintains no charities; it has no missions, no hospitals, no beds, and no Sunday-school excursions; yet I am perfectly certain that the balance of actual good in the world is in its favor; I am perfectly certain that to obliterate one court that breeds tuberculosis is better than to spend $70,000 a year on organ music, and that to provide a tenement with fire-escapes is better than to preach a sermon of remote and genteel theology. The management of the Astor tenements indicates what even a small measure of civilization can do in the midst of barbarous conditions; the management of the Trinity tenements shows what callous neglect can do to further and aggravate barbarous conditions.

But the owners of the Astor property can see at any time every book and every document or paper that relates to any part of their property. They know what the property is, and what it yields, and what is done with the revenue, and who is in charge of it. For ninety-four years the owners of Trinity have known nothing whatever about it. There is no growth from secrecy except some form of trouble, and the crop of trouble in the case of Trinity is large and various enough to overflow into all original lands.

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Yet I do not see why the crop should be reaped by the tenants of Trinity. What have they done? It is not their fault that the houses are damp and dark and old, that the stairways fall from the walls, that bacteria thrive in the unlighted rooms, that the hallways are rank and reeking, that the basements are full of horrible smells, that they dwell exposed to the most frightful forms of death. What have they done? They are not responsible for the vestry and standing committee of Trinity Church; they have not created the mysterious methods of Trinity once investigated and denounced by a Committee of the Senate of the State of New York; it is not their fault that Trinity is a bad citizen, and will not improve its property.

You say, why don't they move elsewhere? Yes, to Staten Island maybe, or to Yonkers or Poughkeepsie, all admirably adapted to be places of residence. Dear soul, so long as Trinity offers a tenement at $5.50 a month somebody (in the conditions of life that we create and maintain) is certain to live in it. But how does that excuse Trinity? In what way does that clear her of the moral responsibility for the chalk-faced children that are growing up in the terrible places she owns?

REAR OF A TUMBLE-DOWN HOUSE IN VANDAM STREET.

The children! Ah, well, I was coming to them. I have now in mind some pictures that stand out above the others of the horrible things I saw in my wanderings here. I remember one place: a tiny and scantily stocked store in front, the living-room of the family next, and beyond that a wretched wooden shed used as a bedroom. A little girl lay sick on a bed against the further side of the shed. The old mattress she lay upon was filthy, the old blanket that covered her was filthy, the floor was filthy, the walls were bare, the room was a cold, cheerless hole, almost dark for the one window that opened upon the filthy back yard admitted hardly any light. The child lay close by the thin wooden wall of that shed, and on the other side of that wall were the reeking back yard and things I must not speak about. She lay there in that choking and fetid atmosphere, and a constitution enfeebled by years of such existence was still battling for her life.

What kind of children do you think will develop in such an atmosphere, supposing them to escape the mercy of death? The only times in their lives when they can breathe anything but mephitis is when they can get into the roaring streets, and when they get into the roaring streets the trucks and cabs run them down or the police chase them off the block. Imagine the eighteen growing years of a life spent among the damp and dripping walls of some of these places, with the nauseating rubbish of the neglected back yard for a prospect and the darkness of filthy halls and stairways for a companion. Do you think it in any way wonderful that some lives thus led and thus trained should turn to crime? If you wished to rear a criminal, do you think you could devise a better training place?

Five children, two boys and three girls, came out of one of these rear tenement halls as I entered the dirty court that separates the front building from the other. They were not going out to play—the children in this perdition do not play very much—they were going out on various errands. Of the five there was not one that did not bear some sure stamp of the tenement-house curse. One of the girls had a running sore at her ear; all of them looked unwholesome and abnormal. They were dirty, for how could you expect them to be clean in the midst of all this filth? They were pale, of course, for they slept in

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rear rooms and inhaled poison; they were dull, for they reflected a dreary environment; and they were obviously of an inferior vitality, for they had been stupefied by the crushing misery in which they lived.

What do you think the five will be twenty years hence, providing they escape the tinder-box, tuberculosis, and cholera infantum?

But is Trinity, which draws hence so much mysterious revenue and disposes of it as mysteriously, indifferent to its duty as a benevolent institution? Not at all. Look in the year-book of the parish. You will see there that Trinity maintains trade-schools, parochial schools, Sunday-schools, missions, many kinds of philanthropy. It teaches girls to cook and sew and gives military training to boys. Every summer it gives to the children of its Sunday-school an excursion, up the Hudson, for instance, and I am assured that these excursions are delightful occasions, and the children are very happy, and it would do one good to see how they enjoy the fresh air and the sunshine. Every chapel in the Trinity organization has its guilds and associations for charitable work; every one of its clergy is thoroughly impressed with the idea of doing good in the world. But the fact from which I have found no escape is that the money for these excellent excursions is produced from a living inferno, and the greatest of all the mysteries seems to be this: that even for the religious and benevolent purposes specified by Trinity's charter the means should come in this way.

The crushing influence of the tenement-house! I saw its perfect product in one old woman that came to the door in answer to my knock. She was sixty-five or seventy, with silver hair, and she looked respectable and decent in spite of her surroundings; but the last vestige of the human spirit had long been crushed out of her. She looked about her with a vague, senseless terror, and she cringed and fawned so pitiably at every question it would have made you sorry and ashamed to see her.

In her vision there was nothing left but disaster; the coming of some stranger, the asking of the simplest question, foreboded trouble. She would not believe that anyone could come to her except with evil intent, and yet she had no idea of resenting anything, but only of trying in some blind way to propitiate misfortune. She had lived in tenement-houses all her life, and not being of the kind that finds refuge in drink, the utter dreariness of her surroundings had shriveled away the soul of humanity in her until there was nothing left but this shape of perpetual fear. Grand triumph of our civilization! You should see her; she would make you feel so comfortable and warm and full of content. She was dressed in rags, she was gaunt and bent, and in her eyes was an unspeakable terror of you and of me and of all the world that had brought her down to this.

Ah, yes, blessings on the Sunday-school excursions, blessings on the trade-schools, blessings on the parochial schools, blessings on the fruit and flower missions, blessings on the organ music, blessings on the chapel guilds, blessings on the contributions for the poor of St. John's. Beautiful, indeed, are all these things. But while they keep their wonted way, the mill of the tenement-house goes on crushing, and the products of the crushing stare us in the face with ugly questions, not to be answered with Sunday-school excursions.

So runs this extraordinary story. Many strange features pertain to it. The managing forces of Trinity control a very great property. The real owners of that property are the communicants of the church. For ninety-four years none of the owners has known the extent of the property, nor the amount of the revenue therefrom, nor what is done with the money. Every attempt to learn even the simplest fact about these matters has been baffled. The management is a self-perpetuating body, without responsibility and without supervision. All these are strange conditions. But stranger than all is this: that a Christian church should be willing to take money from such tenements as Trinity owns in the old Eighth Ward.

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The Arrival of Cornelia

By HARRISON RHODES

Illustrations by F. Vaux Wilson

BY the end of the season, which began with his meeting Mrs. Morpont, Mr. John Fairchild was on the friendliest terms with a good part of New York society. If you are a pleasant, good looking, nice mannered, rich young man, this is the almost inevitable process of destiny—provided, of course, that you meet Mrs. Morpont. At Mrs. Morpont's Johnny met Mrs. Van Holterman, who liked him. At Mrs. Van Holterman's he met Mrs. Hart-Winthrop, who liked him. At Mrs. Hart-Winthrop's he met old Miss Elizabeth Lacey, who liked him. At old Miss Elizabeth's he met — ——, etc., etc. The reader can fill in more names at his leisure from the society columns of his own favorite New York newspaper. And, since Johnny's history is meant to be a cheerful one, no mention will be made of those who did not like him—happily they were, after all, very few.

This was the natural course of events. But at the very outset of his career, Johnny had acquired a taste for prodding destiny when it seemed a laggard, and a distaste for the commonplace fashion in which events—left to themselves—took place. His mother and sister are, of course, not the only Western ladies who have entered the fashionable circles of the metropolis, but they arrived in not quite the usual way—were they not *Johnny's* mother and sister?

Naturally, there had been curiosity felt about our young man's family. Naturally, the name of Fairchild was often mentioned at the Colony Club as fashionable women lounged in the smoking-room. But since, as everyone knows, the tradition is of the strictest that ladies must not introduce the names of gentlemen into club conversation, it was inevitable that talk should turn oftenest upon Mrs. and Miss Fairchild.

"People are constantly asking me about them just because, as a girl, I lived in Pittsburg. But one knows so little about those little Western towns. I think Johnny Fairchild himself is charming—" it was Mrs. Dickie Burdick who was speaking, thus transgressing the letter of the law—"he is dining with us, of course, on Tuesday, when you come, Eva, darling," turning to Mrs. Morpont. "But his people may be horrors, for all we know."

(As a bit of the secret history of the West, it may be set down that Helen Burdick, when she was a girl of sixteen and before the Elliman family made their money, had visited a school friend named Mamie Mattison in Akron, who was not—at any rate, Helen never met the Fairchilds. However, perhaps one ought not to infer that this early humiliation of simple Nelly Elliman could influence smart Mrs. Dickie Burdick.)

"For all we know?" plaintively echoed Mrs. Sanger, a dear little mouse of a woman. "Why, I thought Eva must have known them for years. Or how was it, Eva, dear, that you got to know Mr. Fairchild so well?"

It was a question which Mrs. Morpont had already parried in a thousand ways. She had lately been reading the works of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and she now took a hint from his idea of the relation of the sexes.

"How should I have met him?" she laughingly exclaimed. "I saw him at the opera, admired him, pursued him. A note, a statement that I would be at the entrance to the park in a blue dress, with a hat covered with cherries and pale mauve ribbons——"

"I remember the hat," said Mrs. Sanger. "Virot, wasn't it?"

"Yes. So you see, of course, the story is true."

Then, with an instinct to gain some solid

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advantage from this fantastic tale, to retreat to a point of safety:

"So, you see, I don't know the Fairchild family. They are probably vulgar Western women, as Helen, who should know the West, suggests. Let's hope Johnny doesn't bring them on here and raise any horrid problems. I think we ought all to set our faces against it firmly."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dickie; "Johnny is all very well, but if he tries to force a mother and a sister down our throats, I don't believe it will ever do."

The reader, who knows about social climbers from the West and about Mrs. Fairchild, can perhaps see reasons for believing there was something in what she said.

With her usual frankness, Mrs. Morpont tackled Johnny.

"Your mother and sister will be wanting to come on here next winter, I suppose."

It was the day after the conversation at the club, and Johnny had dropped in late for tea.

"I don't know," replied Johnny, with a shade of anxiety, one might have imagined. "Of course, I want them to——"

"Well, *I* don't know," the lady interrupted. "It's a risk. Of course we all adore you. You've almost come between me and old Miss Elizabeth Lacey, I may as well confess it. You've been the only new young man fit to talk to that anyone's discovered this season, and I'm proud of you. But a mother and a sister, too—well, I don't know. People make it very hard for Western women here."

"Mother is perhaps just a little difficult," conceded the young man.

"Don't, Johnny," Mrs. Morpont fired back at him. "Don't. It's not worthy of you, and it's far from being in the best taste. Whatever your mother may be like—and goodness knows that here in America nothing need ever surprise one—you mustn't forget that she's——"

"Good heavens!" cried Johnny, and the tone of his voice really made Mrs. Morpont sit up. "Surely you didn't think— Listen. Of course, I adore you all, and I can scarcely choose between you and old Miss Elizabeth—well, perhaps I can just choose. I like your being gay and fashionable. Perhaps I'm a snob. I like you for being the smartest woman in America, as well as the greatest dear in the world. But my mother—you see, I didn't inherit my taste for this kind of life from her. She's the sort of thing you read about, but don't see. Perhaps you used to here in New York in the old days; but money and the newspapers have spoiled all that. Mother's the old school. What I'm afraid of is that she'll come as she always does, just to do a little shopping, to see a few pictures, to hear a little music, and then go home without being willing to meet anyone, or to get caught in this whirl of society here. Of course I tell her she ought to do it for Cornelia's sake. And then she threatens to put the poor girl's début off another year. I think—" Johnny went on to explain at greater length just what he thought of his mother's incurable tendency toward seclusion from the world.

The reader, who knows Mrs. Fairchild of old, may find difficulty in recognizing this picture of aristocratic and inaccessible refinement, this figure, as it were, of some distinguished *emigrée* from the Faubourg St.-Germain preserving upon the hill of Akron, Ohio, the sacred flame on the altar of exclusiveness. (The reader must admit, however, that nowhere has servile submission to the demands of truthfulness been claimed for Johnny as his distinguishing characteristic.)

Mrs. Morpont's astonishment at what she heard of Mrs. Fairchild almost equaled the reader's, and had greater results. For immediate proof, we must again install ourselves in the club smoking-room, where a day or two afterward Helen Burdick again stated her fears as to the Fairchild ladies.

Mrs. Morpont spoke at once.

"I hear they are charming," she said, a little coldly.

"But, Eva, dear, only the other day—" began Mrs. Burdick, staring in surprise.

"I can scarcely think I did. I've known about them for years. Naturally, without that I shouldn't have done what I have for Johnny."

This silenced Mrs. Burdick, though later, when Eva had gone, Helen wondered lightly just what Eva had done for Johnny and whether—but over ladies' club smoking-room conversations a male author must, in decency, draw a veil.

Another incident in which Johnny's methods will perhaps repay study was his reception of Mrs. Morpont's suggestion that he should join a party she was taking out to Tuxedo over Decoration Day.

For just the twinkling of an eye he hesitated. And if one were to interrupt the narrative here to philosophize, one would say that young and

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"MOTHER IS PERHAPS JUST A LITTLE DIFFICULT," CONCEDED THE YOUNG MAN.

socially ambitious people are too apt to think Tuxedo in the hand is worth Newport in its lovely bush.

"Do ask me to the country later," Johnny pleaded. "I've arranged to go to Akron for three or four days Decoration Day time. Of course, they would let me break it, but it is so charming and delightful there, and I'm so fond of it and of them. You know—don't you?—that I'd love to come with you, only—" He stopped in very becoming boyish embarrassment.

"You shall come to us at Newport later. It's really more amusing there. It's quite right for you to be fond of your family!"

"You *are* nice to me!" answered Johnny. "And it's so nice of you to understand how a man feels when he has a family like mine."

"You make me long to know them!" exclaimed Mrs. Morpont; a result, we may mention, not remote from what Johnny had planned.

So much preliminary spring ploughing of the field he did. His harvest, however, he meant to reap in the crisp cold months of the winter to come, when the metropolis would be again alive and gay, glitteringly and triumphantly fashionable.

Some part of the summer young Mr. Fairchild spent in the East. But its effete pleasures could not altogether withdraw him from Akron and the family "summer home" at St. Clair flats. We pass quickly over these sojourns. Charming though they may have been to Johnny, we suspect the reader will prefer the more fashionable atmosphere of the East. The front porch by the hurrying blue river, however, gave an opportunity for meditating more profoundly a plan of campaign. Johnny appeared to assume that after Christmas his mother and sister would come East, and that in due time his friends in New York would be theirs. But with a touch almost of hauteur he failed to explain to his mother and Cornelia just how soon and how he could land them by Mrs. Morpont's side. (If one likes Johnny, it is hard to criticize him, but—this, as will be seen, was perhaps a mistake on his part.)

Let us delay a moment to consider what

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ammunition of war Johnny found to hand for his siege of New York.

Mrs. Fairchild we know: good hearted, but a little pushing, a little vulgar, a generation, in short, behind her charming children. Even with memories of her son's interesting descriptions of her lingering in the mind, it is impossible not to feel that she was something of a handicap.

But there remained Cornelia, a somewhat amazing product of a small Ohio town. Johnny himself was, as has been hinted, nice looking; Cornelia was growing to be almost, if not quite, a beauty. Tall, slender, with masses of gold hair piled upon her head in a strange *coiffure* evolved by the girl in the seclusion of Akron—a great crown of heavy plaits such as a German princess in a picture might wear—Cornelia had, in the mysterious manner of the occasional American woman, caught for herself some suggestion of a distinction almost foreign. Her brother was too intelligent not to know that from acquaintance with parents one cannot postulate the qualities of their offspring. He would have admitted that in himself unexplained new talents had flowered. With affectionate delight he thought he discerned in Cornelia, as well, some hint of unexpected genius. One asks the reader from now on to observe Cornelia.

January found Mrs. Fairchild in New York, but in a New York so changed for her that she scarcely recognized it. Baffled, confused, almost broken in spirit, she lived in a mysterious atmosphere which at once depressed and enraged her. For example, she had expected to enjoy the accustomed luxury and excitement of her favorite Waldorf-Astoria. Her son, almost by *force majeure*, precipitated her into the black walnut solemnity of a hotel unknown to her—the Bettingham—muttering darkly to the frightened woman something about her having gone there for so many years. Perhaps Johnny had given some faint hint to Cornelia; at any rate, that young woman somewhat inscrutably declared the hotel charming, and behaved as if she had trod its corridors since childhood.

What followed was, from poor Mrs. Fairchild's point of view, too heart-breaking. All the shimmering visions of delight which had for months enraptured her, now vanished into cold, thin air. There were no lunches at Sherry's, no dinners at Martin's. Instead, stodgy, English-tasting meals appeared upon the table of their own sitting-room at the hotel, and were partaken of in this strange seclusion. She went scarcely at all to the theatres, except to see Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, in solemn Shakespearean revivals. The opera was allowed, but only in stalls under the heavy shadow of the overhanging boxes, a vile position which could satisfy no one—unless, perhaps, a person fond of music. She drove up Fifth Avenue and through the park in a discreet brougham. Even the pleasant hurly-burly of the big stores was denied her; soft-voiced tradespeople came with samples to her own hotel, or she was attended to in small shops in quiet side streets. Not that it much mattered, for her smartest clothes hung neglected in their wardrobe, Cornelia joining with Johnny in urging upon her half-forgotten black garments. Johnny once even suggested that she would look well in a bonnet!

But this was too much for a woman who had often lunched amid the clattering vulgarity of Recmart's, in a hat loaded with six heavy ostrich plumes, and been seen, arrayed in pale blue, in a prominent box at Weber's Music Hall, with a jolly crowd of Chicago people. Bonnet, indeed! Mrs. Fairchild gathered her strength for rebellion.

In vain her son, in hushed and mysterious tones, endeavored to calm her by the assurance that quietness and old-fashioned habits were the only smart things now. All this might have been very well had fashionable New York sat by and held her hand, as it were, during all this dispiriting quietness. But New York did nothing, and Johnny, to all appearance, did nothing. No one called, she was allowed to call on no one. She put the case to her son, but as it is unpleasant to record family broils, only her last, solemn, exasperated speech shall be set down.

"I've made up my mind about you," she said to him. "You're ashamed of us, Johnny. You don't intend to let us know any of your friends. I think you're a snob, and I'm afraid I think you're——"

Johnny flushed and rose to his feet.

"I know it's difficult to understand, mother, but I'm not any of those things. I really have a plan."

"Yes," assented his mother sarcastically.

"You watch——"

"And wait."

"Perhaps, dear, we'd really do better than you think." Cornelia spoke with great gentleness.

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"By the first of February," cried Johnny, "I guarantee you a dinner-party of the very smartest people going."

But Mrs. Fairchild was already too far on the road to tears to be recalled so easily.

"I may be dead by that time," she prophesied gloomily.

"Let's make a beginning now. Don't you want to come to tea to-morrow at old Miss Elizabeth Lacey's?"

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Fairchild was still angry and red in the face; "I'm going to a matinée with Mrs. Shoewalker. They're on from Akron, at the Holland House. I'm sorry to have an engagement, but of course I couldn't expect that you had planned anything for me."

"I'll go, Johnny, if you like," murmured Cornelia.

So the next day Cornelia sat by old Miss Elizabeth's tea-table in the famous, shabby house on the sunny side of Washington Square, and old Miss Elizabeth soon called her a dear, and she called old Miss Elizabeth the same.

"I'm almost discouraged about my family," remarked Johnny, heaving a sigh a few nights afterward. It was after a dinner at the Foster Markintowns', and they had finished their bridge. "Mother simply will go nowhere. She says she can't become caught up in this New York gaiety. And although it's quite time Cornelia came out, she is almost as bad. She goes to see old Miss Elizabeth and adores her. But even there she will only go quietly and alone."

"I mean to ask old Elizabeth about it. She's my cousin, you know." This from Rollie Delafield. "I don't much believe you have a family, Fairchild. I don't at all believe you have a sister. My opinion is that you're an orphan."

They laughed.

Johnny gravely took from his pocket a small, seal-brown morocco case, with gold corners. He opened it to display a photograph.

"My sister," he announced.

Mrs. Morpont, who happened, oddly enough, to be there at his elbow, took one look.

"You don't for one moment expect us to believe that," she said, as she handed it on for inspection. "I quite understand your carrying this photograph. She's too lovely, and somebody's sister, no doubt. But that you're such an affectionate brother as to——"

"Oh, it's Cornelia all right," interrupted Johnny, "and I'm quite in love with her myself."

Rollie Delafield drew a long breath and reluctantly handed on the seal-brown morocco case to Mrs. Markintown.

"I can believe it," he muttered.

The photograph went the rounds, and soon the room was full of the light, gay, perpetual chatter of the fashionable American woman.

"She's too lovely—A dear!—Such a success she'd be—Really, Mr. Fairchild, you must—Really, Johnny, you will—" and so on and so forth.

"I can't do anything," remarked Mrs. Morpont; "I left cards, and they left cards, and I told Johnny to ask them to lunch, and they couldn't come."

"They are too tiresome!" exclaimed Johnny in exasperation.

If you had asked Mrs. Fairchild about the matter, she would have said that she had never received Mrs. Morpont's cards. Yet the clerk at the Bettingham could swear that he had given them to young Mr. Fairchild. And if the ladies' cards had been left at Mrs. Morpont's, it was not they who left them, nor had they ever heard of any invitation to lunch.

"I'll leave cards on them to-morrow," exclaimed Mrs. Monty Rivers, "and do see if they'll lunch on Thursday, Mr. Fairchild."

"Yes, Mrs. Monty," meditated Rollie Delafield, "I *could* lunch Thursday."

"Were you asked, Rollie?" retorted the lady. "Well, you may come, if I can get Miss Fairchild—Mrs. and Miss Fairchild, I mean."

Need one suggest that Mrs. Morpont's unsuccessful experience as to lunch was repeated? Need one hint, to the reader who begins, we hope, to know Johnny, how it all happened?

Several other ladies made advances, with similar results. The clerk at the Bettingham is perhaps the only one who could have told much about it all. The thing became ridiculous. These were the strangest Westerners New York had ever seen. By the oddest turn, advertisement, which in their distinguished refinement they so much disliked, was just what they obtained. To some, its uses are sweet—but happily these sensitive souls did not know to what extent they had become celebrities.

Excitement was stimulated by one brief vision which the town had. At the opera one evening, toward the middle of the last act, as

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SHE SWAYED TOWARD HER BROTHER AND KISSED HIM ON THE CHEEK.

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people began to turn up in the boxes, Johnny was seen in a box well forward, with an elderly woman in black, discreetly hidden in the shadow, and a lovely girl, whose graceful head drooped like a flower under its weight of heavy golden hair. She was intent upon the music, and seemed to notice nobody, though a hundred glasses were leveled at her. Impatiently people waited for the curtain's fall. The final leisured wait for carriages promised to afford opportunity for—closer examination, shall we say? But just before the end, when a high E of Caruso's held the house enthralled, some faithful watchers observed the Fairchild party, with nervous haste, make preparations for departure. When the lights flooded the house again, Cornelia, like Cinderella, had stolen away, having been seen for only a scant quarter of an hour.

Johnny, next day, reported a headache of his mother's. Here again the reader must try to find the truth for himself. Certainly Mrs. Fairchild had urged her son to see a physician, saying that such sudden and painful attacks as had driven him home from the opera the evening before must require attention.

Johnny now at last ventured to issue invitations to a selected dozen for a little dinner in a very private room at Delmonico's to meet his family. People were glad to come, although Mrs. Dickie Burdick rather sarcastically said that she had always imagined that this period of pretended unwillingness to meet New York's rank and fashion would be short. And, in a kind of a way, curiosity about the ladies Fairchild did decrease a trifle. Still, the period was one of expectation.

The dinner took place in a very, very private room, and was as gay and pleasant and up-to-date as can be imagined. Four more or less degraded negroes, who ordinarily sang rag-time melodies at the back end of a saloon in Sixth Avenue, now entertained the loveliest and most fastidious women in New York, as was the fashion that winter. The host had spared neither thought nor expense, but alas! Mrs. Fairchild had had another of her terrible headaches, and the devoted Cornelia had insisted upon staying behind, in all her loveliness, to assuage her mother's pain. So Johnny said.

The day after, it cannot be denied, fashionable New York was in a condition of tension.

"It has been a long time," said Mrs. Monty Rivers, at a moment during the opera when the music was soft enough to allow comfortable talk—"a long time since there was anyone in New York I was willing to meet whom I couldn't."

Everyone in the box confessed to feeling somewhat the same. The Fairchilds had now been in town six weeks, and no one could be discovered in New York who had met the fair Cornelia, with the exception of Miss Elizabeth, who was singularly reticent. Many were now curious to meet her, except perhaps Rollie Delafield, who seemed doubtful, and a discourager of enthusiasm in others, though it was he originally who had seemed so struck with the young lady's photograph.

It was shortly after this that our young gentleman, after dining with his family at the Bettingham—friendly relations had been reestablished—permitted himself a moment of expansion and self-congratulation.

"I think by this time we've convinced them that you're not the ordinary pushing Westerners."

"Pushing!" exclaimed Mrs. Fairchild. "I go nowhere, and Cornelia goes only to that Miss Lacey's."

"Where she meets no one," said Johnny.

"No one," murmured Cornelia, with a sigh. We hope the reader's eye is still on Cornelia.

"Now we'll strike while the iron is hot. I'm giving a dinner for you, really giving one this time."

"This time?" Mrs. Fairchild seemed confused. One might almost have thought she knew nothing of the other.

He told them the list of acceptances. It was impressive. Johnny had taken pains, and this second affair represented quite two hundred and fifty millions more than the earlier dinner party. On the side of fashion it was absolutely authoritative. The names of the guests, disseminated, as they would be, by the press, to the obscurest hamlets of our great country, would convince everyone that Mr. John Fairchild was "in New York society," and that he had now landed his family there. Johnny, ordinarily, as it is hoped has been made clear, took no very serious view of the importance of social position; now for a moment it is to be feared that even he rather rolled the names under his tongue. In a chair near by, his mother fairly languished at their delicious music. Then Cornelia spoke.

"Would it be asking too much, Johnny, to know the date?"

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"Next week—Thursday."

Cornelia's face fell, but, oddly enough, there remained a kind of twinkle in her eye.

"I'm so sorry, Johnny, dear," she said ever so gently, "but we're engaged."

"Engaged!" screamed Johnny, bounding from his seat.

"Engaged?" cried Mrs. Fairchild.

"I am, at least," protested Cornelia, blushing a little at the excitement. "And," she went on, "as to this dinner, I accepted for mother. Oh, I forgot to tell you, dear, and I sha'n't now, just in order not to satisfy Johnny's curiosity. But we can't go."

There was rather a scene, while Mrs. Fairchild, weeping softly in her chair, lamented that a mother nowadays was helpless in her children's hands. Johnny indulged himself in a tirade. He sketched his subtle schemes and painted in dark colors their final downfall. He threw doubts upon the genuineness of Cornelia's sense of humor, if this were her idea of a joke. His temper was severely tried. It is to be feared that it almost went.

"All right, it's off. I'll tell everyone that you're going back to Akron. I don't really see why you shouldn't. You can find as good an insane asylum there for Cornelia as here."

"Dear old Johnny." His sister laughed softly.

"As for me, I can at least go to Rollie Delafield's dinner that night. I'll telephone him now and see if he'll let me come after refusing once."

He went with an air of determination to the instrument on the wall, and there, as if to exasperate him further, Cornelia put her arms around him and laid her soft cheek against his endearingly. Laughing and vexed simultaneously, he hung up the receiver and dashed away. Below, in the hotel office, he got Rollie on the telephone and arranged to dine on Thursday. And in his confusion and despair at Cornelia's behavior, he kept his eye on Rollie's party as the one bright spot on a dark horizon. Cornelia, and to his astonishment his mother, gave no explanations, and for several days Johnny limited his attentions to telephoned inquiries as to the health of the ladies of his family. A strained, awkward situation for us to contemplate. Let us, too, cheer ourselves with the thought of young Mr. Delafield's dinner.

It would have been a pity, anyhow, to have Johnny miss it. For it was one of a rather celebrated series. It may be remembered that society that winter had seemed to go in for eccentricity in entertaining. Johnny himself had given an odd dinner, where Mrs. Morpont, deliciously flushed, had basted a duck over the fire in the kitchen at Sherry's. And the reader cannot have forgotten the stir made by Mrs. Vanbrugh Swish's party, where three trained monkeys from Huber's Museum and an educated pig assisted her corps of faultless English servants in serving dinner to thirty "of their peers," so some harsh critic in the London *Times* said.

Quiet little Mrs. Sanger's Roman dinner, served on the marble steps leading down to her swimming-pool, helped on the pace, though there were stories that the costumes were perhaps just a little too—but it does not matter now. One only wishes to recall to the reader how that winter, at almost any invitation from the really fashionable, one experienced a thrill of nervous expectation. Of course, it was impossible to invent something new for every evening, so many dinners even that year were eaten in comparative peace. And Rollie Delafield was actually committed to nothing beyond feeding his guests. But he was alleged to have hinted darkly at surprises in store, and it was felt, perhaps, that from him were the maddest and strangest things to be hoped. Johnny took a kind of lugubrious pleasure in the prospect of this party, since his own had so ignominiously fallen through.

It was about 8.15 of the clock as Johnny approached Sherry's that evening. He was in ordinary, though of course very elegant, evening dress. Part of the novelty of Rollie's party was that it required no special costumes for the guests. Johnny, divested of his overcoat, entered the room. His first observation was that Rollie had secured most of the guests Johnny himself had originally had for this same night. The second was that in the center of the room, obscuring Rollie, who was doubtless at the other end of it, stood old Miss Elizabeth Lacey. Old Miss Elizabeth! who never dined in restaurants, who hated all modern eccentricities. For one instant of aberration it came across Johnny that she was probably going to black her face and sing vulgar coon songs; at least, that some such thing as this was Rollie's surprise. Then he saw that, as she perceived his entrance, old Miss Elizabeth was moving forward, obviously to greet him, and he suddenly realized that everyone in the room had stopped talking and that he himself was the object of every-

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one's curiosity. For an instant, a chill of apprehension ran over him. He wondered whether he had forgotten to wear a tie, or to brush his hair, or to put on his trousers.

"You'll have to forgive me," was the amazing way old Miss Elizabeth began. "Rollie made me do it, and keep it a secret, too. And, of course, he's my cousin."

Johnny stared at her uncomprehendingly.

"But you like him, don't you?"

"Who? Rollie?" stammered Johnny. "Yes, of course."

Then the people in the room moved aside a little and at the farther end he saw his host. By him stood, of all people, Cornelia, Johnny's own Cornelia, in a lovely pale-blue frock he had never seen nor heard of, blushing a little, and looking at Rollie with the strangest intimate kind of air. Near by, Mrs. Fairchild, still in discreet black, but wearing her pearls, was shaking various fashionable ladies by the hand with all the air of one receiving compliments and congratulations.

As one in a dream, Johnny continued to advance. What Cornelia did was certainly odd at a large dinner party. She swayed toward her brother with that lovely poetic grace for which she is still famous, and kissed him on the cheek. Her eyes were soft with tears, yet happier than he had ever seen them.

"I've known her almost a month, old man—seen her almost every day at Cousin Elizabeth's," said Rollie. "So you can't blame me. I hope it's all right."

"It was the only way," interrupted Mrs. Dickie Burdick. "If Rollie doesn't marry her, we sha'n't see anything of her. You're so stingy with her, and your mother's such a delightful, old-fashioned, retiring, aristocratic woman. It's delightful to me, Johnny, to feel that we Middle-Westerners can surprise these New Yorkers in that way."

Mrs. Fairchild had moved nearer.

"Yes," she interrupted, and now it was apparent that she at last understood something of her gifted son's original scheme and was even herself touched with something of Johnny's and Cornelia's genius. "Yes," she went on, "I'm always telling Johnny that the only possible thing socially is to make no effort, but to let things come as they will."

"Isn't mother wonderful?" whispered Cornelia in her brother's ear. "And you invented her. And me, too. And bless you for it. You won't mind too much, dear, if this *is* a joke on you?"

Thus Rollie Delafield's dinner was the most eccentric and successful of the winter. And the joke, even if you like Johnny, was not on him much more than he deserved.

Telling Her

By CHARLES BUXTON GOING

WHEN the hedge blows,
Sparrow and linnet
Through the green cover
Warble: "Begin it!
Tell her (oh, haste to her!), tell her you love her!
Tell her this minute!"

When the leaf glows
And the haws soften,
Robins call gaily:
"Tell it her often!
Tell her (oh, stand by her!), tell it her daily,
Over and often!"

Then, when it snows,
Wrens, growing bolder,
Urge it: "Caress her!
Hold her, man, hold her!
Tell her (oh, cling to her!), tell her—God bless her!—
Love grows no colder!"

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"'NAME O' HEAVEN, SLIPPY!' SAYS I, 'WHAT'S THAT?'"

Patsy Moran and the Trappings of Chivalry

By ARTHUR SULLIVANT HOFFMAN

Illustrations by Emlen McConnell

"LISTEN, thin," said Patsy, comfortably ensconced with his friend Tim in his own room on Avenue A, "if ye would hear of a umbrageous evenin', and incidental why I've got it in for Slippy Johnson—the sin-faced omadhaun—and bad scran to him!

"To begin with, he was knowin' no more of the insides of the house we was to make our haul from, up on Riverside Drive, than ye know about nursin'-bottles, which ain't more than would be good for the baby. With all his philanderin' with wan of the maids, all Slippy knowed was this—and do ye mark it well yoursilf so ye can follow me easy—that they was three in the family—old man Pettenby, what run to books, his sister, and a young girl—Miss Howard—what was a ward to him. Visitin' thim and courtin' the girl was wan of thim English lords. Be the same token, they was also the old gintleman's nephew, who wasn't stayin' at the house but come pretty close to it on account of the girl bein' there. Fix thim points in your mind, and I'll be addin' some facts as I go on to keep thim from rattlin' round.

"We wint Winsday because of they bein' a dinner-party on thin, and we was to slip in with the dark of early evenin', whin the rear of the house was open and the servants havin' natural troubles of their own, and lay quiet till the feed begun gittin' noisy. Did iver ye

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hear the like of that for any wan with a brain harder than a fresh egg?

"But we done it, thanks to me seein' it through—leastways as far as the hidin'. Ye might almost as well 'a' tried to find a hidin'-place on the outside of a pool-ball, and be the time we reached the third floor I was feelin' a bit nervous, though the fam'ly was all wan flight down on the sicond floor, drissin' thimsilves. We wint into the libr'y room, and starin' at me as we come in the door was the most outrageous and bediviled human image I iver seen, with the light glintin' off it scarey.

"'Name o' heaven, Slippy!' says I, husky, and grabbin' him. 'What's that?'

"'Bah,' says he, 'it's a suit of arr-more, ye fool,' says he, like as if he'd growed up with thim things. 'It's just a ornymint.'

"'It's a mighty bad wan,' says I. 'What did ye say it was?'

"'Suit of arr-more,' he says. 'They used to wear thim afore ye was born, whin they was no guns or fool sons of them,' says he, insultin', and wint over and comminced lookin' at it. Thin I raymimbered how wanct they used to wear thim iron clothes so ye couldn't be shootin' thim, because they wasn't annything to do it with, and ye had to crack a man open with a axe like he was a nut afore ye could attract his attintion.

"'They've been usin' it,' says Slippy. 'They's new straps and buckles on it. Wan of thim masquerades, most like,' he says, and goes on examinin' of it.

"They ain't no use dwellin' on it, but what come of his lookin' was another of thim plans of his. It was for one of us to go on up in the attic, which was safe but far off, and the other wan of us to git inside that tin suit of hand-me-downs, and stand up there on its box listenin' till the guests come and the fam'ly wint down to dinner, an' then to give the signal, the point bein' that even if they come into the libr'y-room they couldn't notice nothin'. They ain't but wan piece of advice worth takin' and that's not to take anny, but Slippy had so many argymints on the glib tongue of him that I give in just to hear him quit talkin'. Of course it was me was to put on thim warship clothes, he bein' three sizes too big for thim and me not more than wan; but of course it was only for a bit of a while.

"He begun takin' it apart, quiet-like, and puttin' all thim pieces of it on me, wan be wan, and strappin' thim there. Few of thim they was that wasn't too tight for the likes of me, so off come some of me clothes. Be the time they was all on but the gas-range me head was to go into, I could feel me feet makin' dints in the top of the box from the weight of me. And they wasn't annything soft on the inside of that hardware.

"'Slippy,' says I, 'this ain't no hammock. I'm fearin' I can't be no canned human for longer than till nixt leap-year,' I says.

"'Sh!' says he. 'Don't be movin' anny! The noise of it will bring the whole house up here. It's proud ye should be to be wearin' that arr-more. Kings have wore it,' he says.

"'Yis,' says I, 'and they're all dead, ivry wan of thim. Kings has had boils,' I says, 'but that ain't anny reason for me havin' thim.'

"'There,' says he, slippin' the gas-range over me ears and bucklin' some more straps, and I begun seein' through a row of slits in the front of me cook-stove and breathin' through another row of thim lower down. Thin he comes out in front where I could see him through the bars, pickin' up me coat and trousies and hookin' his finger through the straps of me shoes.

"'Suppose,' he says, grinnin' like the spalpeen he is, 'suppose I left ye here for the cops to take off on a truck, hilpless, and wint to comfort that lady frind of yours whilst ye was livin' up the river?'

"'Sure,' says I, me voice soundin' like a roll of thunder in me iron kittle, 'and I'd have ye sint up after me, expeditious and quicker than that. Is it a fool ye think I am?'

"'Ye was fool enough to come on this job without preparin' anny alibi, and—*I wasn't!*' says he, grinnin' another inch into the cheeks of him.

"Me blood run cold at thim words, and I was just figurin' if I could fall off me box so as some of me'd drop on him and squash the black life out of him, whin all to wanct there come the sound of some wan on the stairs! Out wint Slippy, me clothes with him!

"'That's the last of *him*,' says I. 'And the saints hilp *me!* They ain't but wan chanct and that's to stay still on me box like I was growed here, and maybe I am,' I says, feelin' like I was all wan piece and weighed a ton.

"The steps come right up to the door, and in walked the blatherin'est Englishman that iver squeezed a rent, in his dress-suit and a eye-glass and lookin' like a whole herd of sheep.

"He give no more heed to me than to the sofy—me bein' just a ornymint now and glad of it. He wint wanderin' about, puttin' his

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tie to rights as careful as if it was made of glass, with me tryin' not to breathe at all, for the air goin' through thim slits in the can on me head sounded in me ears like a windstorm.

"I begun tryin' faith-cures on mesilf, makin' believe I was just a bone, though the idges of thim parts of arr-more was dintin' into me all over ferocious, whin all to wanct me knee wabbled, makin' a noise like droppin' a skillet, and me stummick with the fright of it comminced feelin' like it was air and bein' stirred.

"Ye could fair hear the breath come out of him, and his eyes come with it like ye was pullin' corks. Me quick wit saved me, and I stuck out wan arm straight at him, pointin', and '*Hoo!*' says I, '*Hoo!*'

"It scairt him so bad it made me scairt mesilf. They wasn't no more left of him than whin ye drop a wet shirt on the floor.

"'This is a warnin' to ye,' I says. 'It's wan of your ancistors I'm afther bein'. Ye're to go back to England without waitin' to pack,' says I.

"He begun comin' to, cautious-like, and the fingers of him comminced movin' round amongst thimsilves like he was still livin'.

"'Your voice betrays ye, me good man, it betrays ye,' says he, still shaky. 'Now what is it ye really want? I think none of me ancisters was Irish,' he says.

"'God save Ireland!' says I. 'But I'll tell ye the truth,' I says, startin' in on a lie so big it made me believe all other wans mesilf. 'I'm a detective,' I says, proud-like. 'There's a dangerous man in this house the night, and I'm here be request of wan of the family, and now the house is borderin' on bein' saved if ye'll just be hilpin' me off with all this arr-more so I can be more discommodious in movin' round. Ye might be beginnin' on this manhole I have me head into,' I says.

"'H'm!' says he, lookin' a bit like a man with brains would. 'So ye come for wan of the fam'ly, ye says? And was it Mr. Pettenby's nephew employed ye?'

"'Oh, no, it wasn't him,' I says, positive,

"I STUCK OUT WAN ARM STRAIGHT AT HIM, AND '*HOO!*' SAYS I, '*HOO!*'"

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pickin' at a buckle with wan of me fingers what might as well have been feet.

"'It wasn't Mr. Pettenby, thin?' says he.

"'Well,' says I, 'it's after bein' a delicate matter for discussin' and me niver introduced to ye. But ye're a good guesser, though ye don't look it, and ye ain't right, and it wasn't Mr. Pettenby at all,' I says, not likin' him much.

"It niver fazed him. 'Is it murder?' says he, like he was askin' a ball score.

"'Divil a bit,' says I. 'Only wan of thim git-rich-quick schemes be a man who's found he could use the money.'

"He quit talkin' for a minute, after shuttin' the door quiet-like, and wint on lookin' wise like they was something stewin' in his mind.

"'I hope Mr. Pettenby's nephew ain't in no trouble,' he says.

"'That's nice of ye, sor,' says I, polite.

"'But Mr. Pettenby's nephew does need money,' says he, thinkin' to himsilf.

"'Ye can't pick a man out of a crowd be that,' I says. And right thin it come to me I'd seen me Sassenach frind afore, but I couldn't quite be placin' him.

"'Mr. Pettenby don't like his nephew much,' says he, ruminatin' some more.

"'He don't?' says I.

"'Mr. Pettenby wouldn't be standin' by his nephew in this,' he says, lookin' thoughtful at the outside of me arr-more.

"'He wouldn't?' says I.

"'I hope it *ain't* his nephew,' he says.

"'Whose nephew?' says I.

"'Mr. Pettenby's,' says he

"'Oh,' says I.

"'Look here, me man,' says he, 'ye can't throw me off like that, ye know! Is it Mr. Pettenby's nephew?'

"HE STUCK THE FUNNEL INTO WAN OF THE SLITS AND IN COME THE DRINK."

"'Is what his nephew?' says I, innocint.

"'The man ye're after,' he says, solemn.

"'And who was it ye asked if it was? Or was it you that asked me and who was it ye asked?' I inquires of him, fumblin' unsuccessful with wan of me straps.

"'His nephew—Mr. Pettenby's nephew, man! Adolphus Bronson. Are ye a fool?' says he, irritated.

"'They's a lot of things atween me and a fool,' says I, 'but I'm wishin' ye'd take some of thim off—this piece under me arm is hurtin' me cruel, and me legs feel like sawdust with pains in it.'

"'Answer me quistion!' he says. 'Is it Mr. Bronson ye're after?'

"'I'm after bein' dead entirely if I don't git out of this can afore long. It's gittin' amazin' warm inside here. But would it interist ye to know it *was* him?' says I.

"'It would!' says he, the face of him not bein' good to look at.

"'Well,' I says, humorin' him, 'knowin' is wan thing and provin' is another. Maybe ye could be helpin' me do it,' I says, commincin' to think I *was* a detective. 'If ye'd just unbuckle——'

"'No!' says he, interruptin' me rude, and he comes up and whispers through the holes of me tea-kittle a nefarious plan what made

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me forgit me arr-more a minute, or maybe more, I dunno.

"The purpose of it was to make the nephew, Adolphus, look so black to the young girl that he'd show up as plain in a acre of soot as a honest man in politics, leavin' the road clear for Muttons himsilf. At elivin-thirty, whin the guests was gone, me English frind was to bring the girl and the nephew up to the libr'y room, first warnin' her just aforehand not to be scared, me stayin' meantime in me boiler and livin' if I could, so as to be a ornymint whin they come in. Thin I was to scare the young man like I had Muttons, and afore he could come to I was to grab him, sayin' I was a detective after him for wan of thim git-rich-quick-Wall-Street-mail-order schemes I'd led Muttons into believin' the nephew was runnin', not carin' what I said. I'd told Muttons the proofs was weak—they was—and the only chanct was to make the nephew confiss, so the Englishman gint figured a lime-light rise from the dead be a pile of scrap-iron would be a ixcellint and splendiferous man-

"'HERE'S SOMETHIN' BELONGIN' TO YE,' MR. ADOLPHUS WHISPERS INTO WAN EAR, HANDIN' ME A ROLL OF BILLS."

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ner of eggin' him into doin' of it. If nothin' ilse, it would be makin' him look like he was guilty be scarin' him into a blitherin' idiot afore the girl, whilst Muttons, bein' on, would show up fine like he was wan of thim heroes, and maybe pile it on a bit be tryin' to save the young man.

"It would 'a' been a fool plan if I'd been a real detective, but it was as good as a good wan for me, bein' what I was, and where I was, and whin I was, and not wishful of meetin' anny more of the fam'ly or of balkin' me segregious English friend.

"And annyways he begun pullin' out his purse. As I was intindin' to be gone and on me way long afore elivin-thirty, they wasn't anny use in pickin' faults with what he was goin' to pay me for not doin'.

"'Here's a tin-pound—here's fifty dollars for ye, if ye do as I tell ye,' he says; 'and ye'll prove your man and git him besides,' says he, lookin' sweet and innocint like the divil whin he's gittin' a whole county to wanct.

"Havin' no choice and choosin' it annyway, and not havin' anny intintion of doin' what he said, I says yis. 'And ye can just be pokin' the money in to me through wan of these slits in me tea-kittle, me pockets not bein' handy,' I says, fallin' back on the truth ag'in. He says the front of it was a visor and ought to lift up, but it was stuck. I'd been thinkin' of bills, but bein' English he was carryin' it in gold, and into me face came two tin-dollar pieces like I was a toy bank, and wint down and stuck ag'inst me neck most unpleasant. The rist of it, more's the pity, he was to keep till he'd become wan of thim heroes, and I give it up right there. And away he wint to be down-stairs afore the guests come.

"Well, the minute he was clean gone, shuttin' the door after him, I set down on me box and wint to work takin' off me arr-more, it havin' become like twinty thousand divils burrowin' into me. I begun on me kittle and prisintly located wan strap under me chin. It was like pickin' up the insides of a thermometer with a coal-scuttle on ivry finger! I spint tin minutes on it and be that time I couldn't even be findin' it annymore, and thim two gold pieces had dug into me neck a foot. I seen the trouble at wanct and begun on wan of me iron gloves. Thim iron gloves ain't no toy balloons, and in tin minutes more I was restin' me poor hands on me knees and feelin' like the potaty on a hotel desk for stickin' the pens into.

"I don't want to think of it anny more, but be the big clock ag'in the wall I spent wan hour fightin' with them buckles—and niver wan of thim the worse for it. The last half of it I was no more than a lunytic, scramblin' with mesilf like I was covered with rats. And warm, is it? Wan of thim thermometers would 'a' blowed its roof off in there, and 'twas only the bastin' saved me from bein' burnt to a crisp. Wanct I raymimber chasin' the front of me tea-kittle up and down the room, clawin' at it, and wanct I found I was fannin' the outside of me arr-more with a newspaper and stampin' me feet like they was cold. It's a blessed thing the rugs was soft and thim floors thick.

"Be this time the sweat was runnin' all over me promiscuous and tormentin', the insides of me was like a dried apple for needin' water, and niver an inch on me body but would 'a' found rest and comfort in bein' run over be a autymobile.

"Bein' disp'rit, howiver, I wint at it all over ag'in with thim big iron pipes on each of me fingers and the whole of that ballygasted arr-more workin' in till it was a inch under the skin of me and me gittin' hotter iv'ry minute. Thim kings Slippy mintioned must 'a' had a wonderful excitin' time. Right in the middle of me football game I raymimbered Slippy had run off with me coat and trousies! I'd been feelin' like all the clothes in the world was on me, and the thought of thim trousies took from me what life they was left. I'd always done me burglin' with clothes on, and while havin' wan pair of trousies I could 'a' stole another pair of trousies, havin' no trousies whativer I give up hope.

"'Inside or outside, me name's Dinnis,' I says to mesilf, the words roarin' in me kittle till they bruised me ears. 'If I run out I'll be run in, and if I don't run out I'll be run out and run in both, and as to me arr-more, if I go outside I'll still be inside and if I stay inside I'll be there annyways. Insides is outsides, outsides is insides,' and I wint on, ramblin', till I wint off me nut or ilse I wint to sleep. Whin I come to, it was after tin and they wasn't annything left for me but that fool plan of Muttons and me havin' forgot me part in it entirely.

"I was settin' on the idge of me box with me elbows on me knees, disconsolate, whin the door come open sudden and there was a young man standin' regardin' me calm-like! Mind ye, I was tired beyond what anny man had been afore, but me brains was still with

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me and I begun usin' thim immediate. I stretches out wan arm, pointin' me finger at him, and says '*Hool*' like I done the other time.

"'I give it up,' says he, pleasant. 'Who are ye?'

"'I'm wan of your ancistors,' I says, in a deep voice what give me the earache. 'And who may you be?'

"'Oh, I'm wan of your descindants,' says he. 'Me name is Bronson, and it please ye, fair sir.'

"'Oh,' says I, tryin' to dodge a bit of hardware what was tunnelin' into me liver, 'Adolphus?'

"'I suppose ye may as well call me that, seein' as ye are wan of the fam'ly,' says he. 'And what may I be doin' for ye?'

"'I'm a warnin' to ye,' says I.

"'Ye sure are,' says he, 'but while ye're bein' it ye might as well tell me some of your interestin' history,' he says, sittin' down in wan of thim easy chairs and crossin' his legs. 'You must be the gent what fit at Adgincourt.'

"'Twinty-four rounds,' says I, 'and eight at Long Island City.'

"He grinned some, but wint right on askin' questions, sociable-like. 'And what are ye doin',' says he, 'in your prisint 'carnation?'

"'What? Oh,' I says, seein' he meant me arr-more, 'I'm a detective. It all come of me noticin' the mud on the shoes of a man I'd been watchin',' I says, seein' no reason to give him the old lie. 'They ain't anny place but the Drive turns out mud like that, and it was easy to see from the way it was on thim shoes that he'd been sneakin' around on the tiptoes of him. I set wan of me men on him, not ginerally botherin' with the details of a case mesilf, and found this was the house he was goin' to rob, so I wint straight to your uncle, Mr. Pettenby, and here I am,' I says, 'waitin' to nab me man.'

"'Ye'd do better,' says he, judicial, 'to stick to thim twenty-four rounds at Adgincourt, sirrah. Me uncle employ a detective? He wouldn't be knowin' wan from a divinity student. Guess ag'in,' he says.

"'Well,' I says, wigglin' wan leg so as to rest the sore places, 'if ye must be havin' the truth, it wasn't your uncle at all.'

"'No?' says he.

"'No,' says I, 'it was Miss Howard. Ye see, she had been after befrindin' Mrs. O'Connor what used to live——'

"'Ye can be leavin' Miss Howard out of this,' says he, interruptin'.

"'Well, thin,' I says, forgittin' to try the aunt, 'I will admit I've been lyin' to ye.'

"'Tell it to me little by little,' he says. 'Me system can't stand anny big surprises.'

"'Ouch!' says I, a piece of me arr-more cuttin' a slice out of me. He got up easy-like and wint out in the hall, comin' back prisintly and shuttin' the door after him. Be all the saints, me trousies was hangin' on his arm!

"'Is these yours?' says he, settin' down ag'in.

"'They is,' says I, trying a bit of truth on him. 'I always take thim with me whin I'm doin' a bit of detective work,' I says.

"'Um,' he says, grinnin' a little. 'Well,' says he, 'I'm ready for some more now.'

"'Ye're gladly welcome,' says I, jumpin' at the chanct, 'but ye'll have to help me git thim off.'

"He looked at me sudden-like. 'Oh,' says he, 'ain't they comfortable?'

"'Me blood ain't circulated for twinty minutes,' I says.

"'Ye need a drink,' says he, gittin' up.

"'Praise be!' says I. 'Niver worse!' Thin me heart sank. 'But I can't be gittin' me kittle off. He said they was a visor to it but it was stuck!' I says, me stummick callin' 'Hilp! hilp!' despairful.

"'Who is *he*?' he says, stoppin' short.

"'Muttons,' says I, forgittin' ivrything excipt the drink the insides of me was needin'. 'The English gint with wan eye-glass, and he may thank God it ain't a lookin'-glass,' I says.

"'Oh,' says he, meditative, 'Lord Axton. Um.'

"'If ye was to be loosenin' some of the straps of it, now,' I says.

"He wint over to a bit of a cupboard, returnin' with a bottle and a siphon of seltzer what brung tears to me eyes, and begun pourin' out a drink and thinkin' to himself.

"'I'll not be removin' anny of your shell just yit,' says he—and me heart laid down and rolled over—'for I am desirous of talkin' with ye a little more and ascertainin' how ye come here from Adgincourt and what your intintions may be after bein', but I might be givin' ye a drink in the meantime,' he says—an' me heart rolled over ag'in and got up on its feet—'be means of raisin' your beaver, which is the bit of iron over your mouth,' he says, 'as ye doubtless know, havin' lived in it a matter of some five hundred years. Will ye play fair?' says he.

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"'Sure!' says I, joyful, and he come over to me unhesitatin,' me likin' him for it, and begun workin' with me beaver. Be all the saints, it was stuck the same as me visor!

"'Niver mind,' says he, goin' back to the table, 'I'll be fixin' that,' he says, 'while I'm axin' a few questions.'

"Me eyes niver lift him.

"'Now, Sir Bernard de Bovay Dartwah,' says he, 'ye won't mind me callin' ye Bernie for short and to save time,' he says, 'and seein' as I'm wan of the fam'ly. The dinner is over, and me uncle may come up here anny minute, if he don't forgit about it and set down somewheres to think about somethin'. So we'd best be quick, Bernie. For the matter of that, not livin' here in the house, I must soon be leavin' mesilf—let us hope,' he says, 'not afore I can give ye a drink.'

"'Sure!' says I, rollin' me eyes over at the clock and seein' it was tin minutes to eliven.

"'What I want to know,' says he, takin' a bit of paper from a drawer, 'is ivrything. What ye've been tellin' me,' he says, 'is ivrything ilse.'

"I seen he was no fool. 'Well,' says I, wishin' me throat would perspire instid of the rest of me, 'I can't be tellin' me name, but I'll be sayin' this much,' I says, 'I'm Irish.'

"'I'll make a note of it,' he says. 'Thin ye're not carin' for the drink? Now look here,' says he, rollin' the paper into a funnel and holdin' it with his fingers, 'no detective leaves his trousies at wan ind of the hall and his coat at the other—though neither does manny people, for the matter of that—and seein' ye said the trousies was yours I want to know if they belongs to a ac-complice and just what your game is. I'm guessin' ye don't like Lord Axton, and if ye play fair with me they'll be nothin' said about how ye come here. I'm trustin' you,' he says, 'for the truth, and you can be trustin' me for a square deal. Ye git the drink in anny case,' says he, 'for ye need it.'

"I know a man whin I see wan, and I'd been likin' this wan from the first. If annywan could hilp me out of that mess, here he was.

"'Ye git the naked truth,' I says, 'and as proof of it I come here to rob the house!' I says.

"'Here's your drink, Bernie,' says he, comin' to me with it in wan hand and the paper funnel in the other. He stuck the funnel into wan of the slits over me mouth and 'Is it in?' he says. 'Yis,' says I, muffled, and in come the drink, and I clean forgot me boiler-fact'ry.

"'Now,' says he, 'first, where is your ac-complice?'

"'He lift me here in this,' I says, 'and flew the coop, the scut! He's wantin' me girl, bad scran to him!'

"'Well, thin,' says he, goin' over to lock the door, 'go on with the whole of it, and in especial how Lord Axton is mixed up in it. I'll be takin' some of that junk off of ye while ye're talkin'.'

"'Begin quick,' says I, and begun recitin' him all of it from the commincement. Whin me kittle come off me head—he said it was a cask, but it fit me more like a quart-cup—life begun beginnin' over for me. I got both thim gold-pieces out from under me tonsils and begun likin' thim. The only thing I didn't tell him was Slippy's name, for whin the time come I seen I couldn't do a dirty trick like that even to the likes of him. I thought he would choke with laughin' over most of it, but right after I says how Muttons was plannin' to play him low he quit takin' off me arr-more and comminced thinkin', me keepin' quiet and tryin' to raymimber where it was I'd seen Muttons afore.

"'He's goin' to bring her here at eliven-thirty?' says he, sudden.

"'Yis,' says I, 'and it's eliven now.'

"He begun puttin' me arr-more back on me, me protestin' fierce.

"'Niver mind, old man,' says he, callin' me that, 'it's goin' to be worth your while.' And thin he unfolded the most gorgeous and all-consumin' plan I iver seen, beatin' Muttons at his own game and arrangin' more trouble for him than would come to a handful of snow wan step beyant purgatory. They was big money in it for me, and no quistions axed. As soon as I'd hilped Muttons scare Mr. Adolphus and show him up afore the girl, thin—well, thin Mr. Adolphus's plan come in and I was to ixplain just what kind of a blackguard game Muttons had been workin'. 'And ye're sure,' asks Mr. Adolphus, fastenin' a stove-lid on me shoulder, 'he said he'd ixplain just enough to Miss Howard on the way up to keep her from bein' terrified?' 'Yis,' I says. 'Leave it a bit looser. Me heart can't beat for me ribs pressin' ag'inst it.' But be the time he put me kittle on me head ag'in I was so interisted I niver minded goin' back into me subcellar anny more than bein' broke up in a stone-crusher.

"'There ye are,' says he, 'clad all capital

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P wanct more, and I'll just be slippin' the first fifty into these trousies of yours along with thim gold-pieces and put thim in a spare room till it's over. Or would ye rather have thim with ye?'

"'Not me,' I says, still feelin' the dints in me neck and climbin' back on me box, frisky as a pianner. 'I might be gittin' me pocket picked, though I'd likely hear the dinnamite whin they broke in. But ye'd best be hurryin', sor.'

"'Right!' says he. 'Be as comfortable as ye can,' he says.

"'I can't,' says I, and he wint out the door grinnin'.

All the time he was gone I kept feelin' surer than iver I'd knowed Muttons somewheres ilse. I was almost puttin' my fingers on it whin I heard thim comin'. In they walked, Mr. Adolphus pretindin' like he didn't know what was comin', Muttons tryin' to act like he had to but it hurt him, and the girl all sort of drawed up like and niver openin' her mouth. Oh, it was the fine wan she was, with the eyes of her like a bit of blue sky in Ireland and her hair—but I ain't no novel.

"Well, I stretched out me arm and says '*Hoo*,' at Mr. Adolphus and of course it niver bothered him anny, which sort of took the wind out of Muttons' sails in the beginnin'. But Muttons comminced his little act, really believin' Mr. Adolphus was guilty, and told how I was a detective after Mr. Adolphus, me up on me box backin' up ivrything he said. Thin he wint on about how he'd got me to consint to let Mr. Adolphus off if he'd confiss and promise to do no more of it. Somewan would have to go bond for payin' the money back, and Muttons not livin' in this country and Mr. Pettenby bein' sore on his nephew annyways, they was nothin' to do but call on Miss Howard, sorry as Muttons was to do it.

"He was a good liar, considerin' what unpromisin' material he was workin' with and that he thought he was tellin' the truth part of the time, but it was easy to see the girl wasn't makin' up her mind all to wanct. Mr. Adolphus was standin' there, lookin' grim but in no ways like he was in a tight place, and it was her he was watchin', not me nor Muttons.

"'Is anny of it true, Dolph?' she says, quiet-like.

"Just thin they was a screech from downstairs that made me hair rise, and thin a lot more come up the stairs a mile a minute, and afore anny wan could git to the door in run a fat old lady, what I knew immediate was the old gintleman's sister, still screechin' terrific.

"'I run right into him, I did!' she says, shakin' like a dish of jelly. 'I run right into him! I was goin' down the hall—to ask—Maggie about—thim towels what ain't come from the laundry yit, and he come out of the blue-room door—and I run right into him! He give me a shove and away he wint! Here's Maggie now,' she says, 'and where *is* thim towels? Why,' says she, 'I run right *into* him,' she says, 'and I'll niver have annything washed outside the house ag'in as long as I live!'

"Whin I heard thim words me heart stopped beatin', thinkin' was it Slippy. Mr. Adolphus he was out scourin' the house already.

"Was he a little bit of a man in a gray suit?' I yells at her, forgittin' I was still in me arr-more.

"She took her first look at me, give wan more screech, and the whole of her fainted in her tracks. The maid didn't screech none, for she'd wint out the door afore she'd come in, like she'd seen the divil himsilf. I ain't blamin' thim none—I'd 'a' screeched and fainted mesilf if I'd met mesilf from the outside unbeknownst.

"Muttons was walkin' up and down uneasy-like, and old Mr. Pettenby himsilf had come in—a little old man with specs on and the back of him crooked like a spoon, but rosy cheeks and wan of thim pleasant looks what makes ye ixpict him to chirp ivry minute. But he was too flustrated to do it. Him and the girl was workin' over the old lady, she layin' on the floor like a cup-custard. Mesilf was trampin' around like a steam-roller walkin' in its sleep and wonderin' had Slippy got the swag, the scut, an' lift me in the lurch. Ivry now and thin wan of the servants would come flutterin' to the door, fetch wan look at me promenadin' in me arr-more and faint out in the hall or take to the woods, screechin' amazin'. It was a uneasy time even for the best of us.

"Pretty soon the old lady come to and they told her I was harmless but unusual and she was for tellin' her story all over ag'in, but I wint up to her and says, polite: 'Ixcuse me, ma'am,' I says, 'but was he a thin little man in a gray suit?'

"'Yis he was!' says she, fierce. 'And they wasn't no necktie on him, either,' says she.

"'Thin it *was* him,' I says, regretful, and cursin' him.

"'I'm sure of it!' says she, positive. 'I

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run right into him and he'd 'a' killed me if he hadn't caught his arm in a pair of trousies he was carryin,' says she.

. "'What?" I yells, me heart goin' into the hands of a receiver. Mr. Adolphus come in at that minute. *'Was thim trousies he stole mine?'* I says to him, me voice perishin' in me throat.

"'I'm sorry to say they was,' says he, 'and they're not the only——'

"'Holy Mother,' I says, 'and all that money in thim! Oh, wirra, wirra, and me wearin' cook-stoves and water-pipes all evenin' for this!'

"'There, there,' says he, whisperin', 'I'll make that good to ye, and thin some. It's something ilse I have on me hands this minute,' says he, turnin' to Muttons and the girl.

"Right thin it come over me who Muttons was!

"'A word in yer ear, Lord Axton,' says I, goin' toward him, and all of thim turned their eyes on me.

"They wasn't annything Muttons was wantin' so much as advice and he let me drag me iron-foundry up close to him. The nixt thing he knowed thim four-ton arms of mine was grippin' him, pinnin' his arms to him, and him splutterin' ferocious!

"'Roll up his right sleeve, Mr. Adolphus!' I says. 'I've been tryin' to place him all avenin',' I says. 'It's Finny Myers, and he niver seen England! Roll up his right sleeve and ye'll find a big scar on the forearm of him like a diamond, and they's a anchor tatooed at the ind of it! He come by it fightin' with a sailor-man in Devinsky's place four years gone!' says I, raymimberin' it all plain, wanct I was started.

"'Ye're crazy!' splutters Muttons, and 'it can't be!' says Mr. Adolphus, catchin' his breath. 'We know all about him.'

"'Roll up his sleeve!' says I, not arguin' anny.

"Mr. Adolphus come up and done it, layin' bare Muttons' forearm, and so hilp me God they wasn't a mark on it!'

"Ye could 'a' heard a pin drop, and with no wan sayin' a word and all lookin' at me like I was a lunytic I could feel me face gittin' red till it was light inside me arr-more. Divil a English lord I'd iver hugged afore, and the sinsation was new to me and disconcertin'. 'Well,' says I, me breath comin' back in me, 'me apologies to Finny Myers, annyways. Finny ain't annything but a thief, and Mr. Adolphus will explain to ye what this gintleman's after bein', miss,' I says to the young lady. And thin I told her enough of it in two words mesilf, though wan look at Muttons would have been convincin' the whole of Missouri. It done the work.

"'The polaycemen's downstairs!' says wan of the servants, stickin' his head in the door, timorous.

"And they sure was! Thim servants had been ringin' all the bells in the house and tilephonin' for ivrything that could move, even includin' missinger boys. They was gongs ringin' in the street and whin we looked out they was a ambulance, two hurry-wagons, four polaycemen—besides thim we couldn't see surroundin' us—three kinds of missinger boys, the fire department, and gintlemen from the water-works and gas-plant.

"'Quick!' says Mr. Adolphus. 'Into this other room!' And wanct inside, he wint at me straps with a pocket-knife and whin me head come out of that murderin' kittle I felt like the insides of a egg whin ye crack the shell. They come a knock at the door, and it was the girl; askin' could she be hilpin' anny.

"'God bliss ye, dear,' says Mr. Adolphus, 'and please git me the longest overcoat they is!' Addin' to me: 'They ain't no time for shoes and the rist of it!'

"And the ind of it was me goin' bold but trimblin' down the front stairs between the two of thim, as a frind of the fam'ly, in me sock-feet and wearin' thim iron trousies under somewan's overcoat, and collectin' a silk hat and a pair of rubbers in the hall as we wint through.

"'Here's somethin' belongin' to ye, and ye can be comin' back to-morrow to ixchange thim trousies for your own,' Mr. Adolphus whispers into wan ear as we come to the front door, handin' me a roll of bills. 'Take this,' whispers the young lady into me other ear, 'and ye're a real night-errand!' And she smiled sweet at a polayceman, steppin' in front of him so he couldn't be gittin' a good look at me.

"I wint safe through the assimbled multitude, walkin' stately to keep me rubbers on, but me expayriences gittin' the *rist* of the way home wasn't inded till six in the marnin', bad cess to thim iron pants. I spint the nixt day in bed and if iver I lay me two eyes on Slippy Johnson the saints will be busy hilpin' him and he owes me sivinty dollars! And wasn't it mortifyin' the young lady took me for a missinger boy after all I done for her? It's ixcited she must 'a' been."

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THE SHADOW WORLD

A Realistic Account of Occult Phenomena

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Author of "The Tyranny of the Dark"

IV

EDITOR'S NOTE.—What is spiritualism? Are the so-called phenomena of spiritism produced by supernatural agencies, or is the medium subconsciously responsible? In this instalment the issues are narrowed. The investigators bear down upon the psychic with almost cruel force, and the author, while acknowledging her good faith, persists in attributing the thrilling occurrences of the "séance" to some unexplained force in nature.

UNDER the strain of three or four failures, my friend Miller became discouraged and gave up the quest. Harris and Mrs. Quigg, who had been readmitted, then dropped out. The Camerons held on bravely for a time, but at last the circle narrowed down to Brierly, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, who were comparatively new recruits, and myself. Miller, who had assisted me in securing ever more rigid control, had returned (I suspect) if not to a doubt of the psychic's honesty, certainly to a disbelief in her ability to produce results. My private opinion was that his long training as a scientist had rendered his mind incapable of accepting phenomena that conflicted with established theories. As for myself, far from being discouraged, I was full of hope.

Mrs. Smiley was in great distress of mind over these barren evenings. "I am not very well," she said. "The office in which we have been sitting is too large, the weather has been unfavorable, and, besides, there has been too much change in the circle. Please, Mr. Garland, don't give up."

"I am not giving up—on the contrary, I am only beginning to fight," I said, paraphrasing General Grant, or some other obstinate person. "I recognize the truth of what you complain about, and I am proposing that we meet next time at the Fowlers', and in a small, warm, well-aired room."

Fowler, I may explain, was the editor of a very influential sociological paper and, like Brierly, leaned markedly toward a mystical interpretation of life. His wife, a sensitive, thoughtful, dark-eyed little lady, was already a believer in the spiritistic theory. She received us at the appointed hour with quiet cordiality, and suggested that her own room up-stairs would be a comfortable and retired place. To this I agreed, and we set to work to prepare it for the sitting, Fowler and I assuming control of the psychic.

As before, we placed Mrs. Smiley in an armchair at one end of a small table; as before, we secured her ankles by looping a long tape about them and nailing the two ends to the floor behind her. Mrs. Fowler introduced an innovation by *sewing the tape to the sleeves of our psychic.* This made slipping out of the knots an impossibility, but to make assurance doubly sure, I drove a long brass tack down through both tape and doubled sleeve.

Not content even with this, Fowler put a second tape about each wrist to add still further security, as well as to take off the strain in case of convulsive movement. Another tape was carried across Mrs. Smiley's dress about four inches below her knees, and pinned there. Next, the ends were drawn tight, and tied to the back rung of her chair. By this we intended to prevent any pushing action of the knees. As a final precaution, we nailed her dress to the floor in front with three tacks. The small end of the tin cone, which was adjustable in two sections, was then placed on the table (at the request of the psychic) and the large end

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deposited upright on the carpet near Fowler. Some sheets of paper and a pencil were laid upon the table. Everything movable was entirely out of the psychic's reach.

It was about three o'clock of the afternoon when, after darkening the windows, we took our seats in a little circle about the table. As usual, I guarded the psychic's right hand, while Fowler sat at her left. Brierly and Mrs. Fowler were opposite Mrs. Smiley. The room was lighter than at any other of our sittings—both on account of the in-filtering light of day, and also because of an open grate fire in the north wall, which sent forth an occasional gleam of red flame. Confederates were entirely out of the question.

"WILBUR'S" JOKE

We sat for some time discussing our previous sittings. I remarked:

"To me our three or four failures have been very instructive, but the gradual falling away of our members makes evident to me how unlikely it is that any official commission will ever settle the claims of spiritualism. As Maxwell has said: 'It is a slow process, and he who cannot bring himself to plod patiently and to wait uncomplainingly for hours at a time will not go far.' Failures are sure to come when the psychic is honest. Only the juggler can always produce the same effects. A medium is not a Leyden jar nor an Edison battery."

"I don't call the last sitting a failure," said Fowler. "The conditions were Miller's own test conditions, and yet matter was moved without contact. Of course, the mere movement of a table, or even of the trumpet, seems rather tame, as compared with the doings of 'Katie King,' but, after all, a single genuine case of telekinesis should be of the greatest value to the physicist; and as for the psychologist, the entrancing of your friend, Mrs. Thomas, by 'Wilbur,' was startling enough, in all conscience."

"I don't think Miller believed in her trance," said I.

"What happened?" asked Brierly, who had not been present at this particular sitting.

I answered: "Mrs. Thomas, a friend of mine, a very efficient, clear-brained person, whom we had asked to come into the circle to be a companion to Mrs. Miller, suddenly felt a twitching in her left hand, which was touching mine. This convulsive movement spread to her shoulder, until her whole arm began to thrash about like a flail in a most alarming way. The action became so violent at last that she called upon me for aid. I found it exceedingly difficult to subdue her agitation and quiet the rebellious limb, but I did finally succeed.

"But this was not all. A few moments later, while helping us in our singing, Mrs. Thomas suddenly stopped, and, with a singular rigidity of pose, began to laugh in a deep, guttural fashion, and presently a voice, the voice of a man (apparently), came from her throat: "Haw! haw! I've got ye now, I've got ye now!' It sounded like 'Wilbur.'"

This seemed to amuse Mrs. Smiley. "It was Wilbur," she said. "He loves to jump in and seize upon some one's vocal chords that way. It's a favorite joke with him."

"To have a spirit inside of one's throat is a little startling, even to me," I admitted. "But there was still more of this business. Another member of the circle—a young man—became entranced and proceeded to impersonate 'earthbound spirits,' in the manner of the friend I spoke of at our first sitting—you remember, Brierly—and wailed and moaned in a most gruesome fashion. I think Miller considered both of these performances merely cases of hysteria, induced by the darkness and the constraint of sitting about the table. And perhaps he was right. But wouldn't he and our other deserters be chagrined if we should now proceed to enjoy a really fruitful session?"

"We shall," Mrs. Smiley responded. "I feel the power all about me."

"Good!" said I. "Sit back and rest. We have plenty of time. Don't worry."

PSYCHIC SEEMS TO LEAVE BODY

In the meanwhile, between the sitting at Miller's house and this present one, I had been reading much on the subject of the trance and 'the externalization of the fluidic double' of which the Continental philosophers have much to say. I was inclined to think that this liberation of the astral self was possible, if at all, only in the deepest trance, and I now attempted to get some light on this point by interrogating Mrs. Smiley.

"You told me once that you are conscious of leaving your body, when in trance," I said. "Do you always have that sensation?"

"Yes, I almost always have a feeling of

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floating in the air," she answered. "It often seems as if I had risen a few feet above and a little to one side of my material self, to which I am somehow attached. I can see my body and what goes on around it, and yet somehow it all seems kind of dim, like a dream. It's hard to tell you just what I mean, but I seem to be in both places at once."

"Do you ever have any perception of a physical bond between yourself and the sitters?"

It seemed to me that she answered this a bit reluctantly. "Yes, I sometimes feel as though little shining threads went out from me and from those in the circle, and sometimes these threads meet and twine themselves around the cone, or the pencil. This means that I draw power from all my sitters."

This was in accord with the accounts of a "cobwebby feeling" that both Maxwell and Flammarion had drawn from their mediums. Here also seemed to be an unconscious corroboration of the experiments of Albert de Rochas in the "externalization of motivity," as he calls it. The "cobwebby feeling" of the fingers might mean an actual raying out of some subtle form of matter. Indeed, M. Meurice, Maxwell's mediumistic friend, declared he could see "a sheath of filaments pass from his fingers to the objects of experimentation."

HELD TO EARTH BY A RIBBON OF LIGHT

"Tell us about your journeys into the spirit land," I suggested. "You sometimes seem to go far away, do you not?"

Her voice became very wistful as she replied: "Yes, sometimes I seem to go to a far-off, bright world. I don't always want to come back, but there is a little shining white ribbon that unites my spirit with my body and holds me fast. Once when I had resolved never to return, that little band of light began to tug at me, and although it broke my heart to leave my children, who were there with me, I yielded and came back to life."

"Can't you tell us about that other world more particularly?"

"No; it is so different from this plane that I have no words in which to describe it. All I can say is that it seems glorious and happy and very light."

By the closest questioning I had never been able to change a single line of Mrs. Smiley's simple faith. She was perfectly certain of the spirit world. She had daily messages from "Wilbur" and her spirit father, partly by voices, but mainly by means of independent writing. Her children hovered over her while she slept. "Mitchell" healed her if she were ill. "Maudie" comforted her loneliest hours. These voices, these hands were an integral part of her world—as necessary and as dear to her as those of her friends in the flesh. As she talked on, I experienced a keen pang of regret. "Why disturb her belief in the spirit world?' I asked myself. "Why attempt to reduce her children to a biologic formula?"

MR. GARLAND'S THEORY OF THE TRANCE

However, I did not permit pity to hinder my purpose, which was to disassociate the *facts* of spiritualism from the *cult* of spiritualism. I returned to a study of the facts as a part of nature. I was now observing closely the three levels of sleep into which our psychic seemed to lower herself at will, or upon the suggestion of those in the circle. I had adopted the theory that in the lighter trance she spoke unconsciously and wrote automatically. In the second, and deeper, trance she became the somnambulist possessed of diabolic cleverness, when, with the higher senses in abeyance, she was able to deceive and to elude all detection. In the third, or deathlike trance, I was ready to admit, for the sake of argument, that she was able, as de Rochas and Maxwell seem to have demonstrated, to exert an unknown form of force—that is to say, to move objects at a distance and to produce voices from the horn. To test her possession of these psycho-dynamic powers was my present object.

I had now been her chief inquisitor for nearly thirty sittings, and had apparently developed the power to throw her into trance almost instantly. A few moments of monotonous humming, intoned while my hand rested upon hers, generally sufficed to bring the first stage of her sleep. As we had been sitting for half an hour, I now proceeded to chant my potent charm, with intent to start the "spirits" at their work.

In a few moments she responded to my suggestion. A nervous tremor, now expected and familiar, developed in her hands. This was followed by a slight, convulsive, straining movement of her arms. Her fingers seemed to quiver with electric energy. Ten minutes later all movement ceased. Her temperature abruptly fell. Her breath grew tranquil, and at last appeared to fail altogether. This

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was the first stage of her trance. "Take your hand away, Fowler," I said. "We have nothing to do now but to wait."

After a few minutes' silence Mrs. Fowler asked, "What is the most conclusive test you have ever made, Mr. Garland?"

"That's a little difficult to answer, but at the moment I think the playing of a closed piano is the most inexplicable of all my experiments. I'll tell you about it. It happened during the second sitting I ever had with Mrs. Smiley. I was lecturing in her home town at the time, and after my address, and while we were talking together, some one who knew of Mrs. Smiley's powers suggested that we go somewhere and have a sitting. The plan pleased me, and we made up a party of six or eight people and adjourned to the home of the chairman of the Lecture Committee, who was the librarian of the city—a certain Miss Halsey. I want to emphasize the high character of Miss Halsey, as well as the casual way in which we happened to go to her rooms, for these two items dispose of all question of collusion. There was no premeditation in the act, and Miss Halsey, who was a pronounced disbeliever in spiritistic theories, had never met Mrs. Smiley before.

"The circle was made up about equally of men and women, all of them very well known in the city. We were gathered about a long table in Miss Halsey's library and music-room, with Mrs. Smiley securely sandwiched between the editor of the local paper and myself. Behind me, and just within reach of my hand, stood an upright piano, with its cover down, but not locked.

MIRACULOUS PLAYING OF A CLOSED PIANO

"We had heard drumming upon the table for some time, and writing had apparently taken place on the pads in the middle of the table. But all this was inconclusive for the reason that Mrs. Smiley was not rigidly bound. My mental reservations must have reached the minds of the 'guides,' for with startling suddenness 'they' left the table and fell upon the top of the piano. After drumming for some time, the invisible fingers seemed to fall to the strings beneath, and a treble note was sounded as if plucked by a strong hand."

"You are sure the piano was closed?" Brierly asked.

"I am coming to that. Highly delighted, I said to the forces: 'Can't you demonstrate to us that these sounds are not accidental, or caused by the jarring of cars in the street? Can't you pluck the bass strings?' Instantly, and with clangor, the lower strings sounded. Thereupon I said, 'Can't you play a tune?' To this only a confused jangle made answer. I was unable to secure any orderly succession of notes. 'Can't you keep time while I whistle?' I insisted, with intent to show that an intelligence guided these sounds. The 'spirits' twanged three times in the affirmative, and when I began to whistle 'Yankee Doodle' the invisible musician kept perfect time, playing now on the treble, now on the bass. Placing my hand upon the lid of the closed piano, I said to the others in the circle: '*The lid of this piano is closed. My hand is upon it. So far as the senses of touch and hearing can determine, we have here an action absolutely unaccounted for by any scientific law.*'

"MAUD" DIRECTS THE SITTING

"This was at the moment absolutely convincing to me, as to the others, and I promptly reported the case to the American Psychical Society in Boston. It is useless to talk about secret wires, or a mouse running up and down the strings. Any other commonplace explanation of this fact is inadequate. It took place precisely as I relate, but I would hardly venture to relate it, except that this very stunt appears in the reports of some of the big investigators."

"Yes; Crookes saw in full light an accordion playing beneath the touch of invisible fingers," Fowler commented.

At this moment a slight movement on the part of Mrs. Smiley arrested me, and as we listened, the silvery voice of "Maudie" issued from the darkness, saying: "*Mr. Mitchell wants Mr. Garland to change places with Mr. Fowler. Be very careful as you move about. Don't joggle mama. It's very dangerous to her.*"

As I rose to comply, "Maudie" called out: "*Mr. Mitchell wishes the threads fastened to mama's wrists. He wants you and Mr. Fowler to hold them the way you did at Mr. Miller's house.*"

Turning up the lights, we tied a strong silk thread to each wrist, and passed the ends under each arm of the chair. Fowler took one of these ends, while I retained the other. I then called Brierly's attention to the fact

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that the table was seventeen inches from the feet of the psychic, and that the fastenings were unchanged. When his examination was completed, the lights were again turned off, and the circuit of hands was restored.

"Maudie" then requested that the sections of the cone be put together and placed on the floor beside the table. Fowler did this, and drew a chalk mark about the cone, numbering it "Position No. 1." Immediately after his return to his seat, the table was strongly pushed away from the psychic. It moved in impulses, an inch or two at a time, until it was certainly six or eight inches farther from the psychic than at first.

"Maxwell observed these movements in the light and noted that they occurred synchronously with the contraction of his muscles," I said, commenting on this march of the table. "He and his friend Meurice could secure the movement of small objects without contact, and in full light. Do you feel any motion in your thread, Fowler?"

"Nothing but a faint quiver," he replied.

"Neither do I."

"The table is crowding against me," called Mrs. Fowler, in some excitement.

"The fact that the table moves toward us and directly away from the psychic is in itself suspicious," I continued, "but, as a matter of fact, at other sittings I have obtained sidewise movements of the table—generally to the left. The present experiment does not stand alone. Besides, the control of the psychic does not depend solely on our hands. You must remember that the table is at this time two feet from Mrs. Smiley's toes, her dress is tacked to the floor, and her ankles are controlled by a tape whose ends are nailed to the floor four feet behind her chair. *So far as matter can testify, Mrs. Smiley is not concerned in this movement of the table.* The question is now up to us. Which of us is doing this?"

"I am not," answered Brierly.

"Nor I," declared Fowler.

"Nor I," chimed in Mrs. Fowler.

THE BIRTH OF PHANTOMS

At this moment the psychic began to stir again. "Look out," I called warningly. "Let every hand be accounted for. Some new demonstration is preparing. These periods of suffering are strangely like the pangs of childbirth. I wonder if, after all, Archdeacon Colley was not in the right when he asserted that he had seen the miraculous birth of phantoms. His description cannot be called poetic, but it is very graphic. He declares that he saw a white vapor steam from the side of a psychic, forming a little cloud, and from this vapor, this cloud, various phantasms appeared, ranging from a little child to a full-grown man. It is curious how similar all the reports of this process are. Always there is a milky-white vapor that condenses to a form. Richet noted this in his experiments, and Archdeacon Colley goes on to say: 'Greatly wondering, yet keen to observe, did I notice how by means of this vapory cord the psychic figure was sucked back into the body of the medium.'"

DO SITTERS HELP TO PRODUCE RESULTS?

Again peace fell upon our psychic—the peace of exhaustion, as if, her struggles being over, her flesh-free spirit were at large in the room. The silence was profound, yet somehow thrilling with power.

In this hush the megaphone was lifted slightly and dropped, making us all start. It was as if a feeble hand had tried to manipulate it without success. "Let us keep test conditions," I called out. "Please do not make a movement now without warning me of your intentions. Keep the circuit closed. Wilbur, let's see if you can handle the cone under strictly test conditions. Come now, lift it. Lift it." I repeated the command with intent to concentrate all the will-power of both psychic and sitters upon the thing desired, as Maxwell was accustomed to do in his experiments with Meurice.

Several times the forces strove to carry out my wishes, but could not. Twice the horn rose from the carpet, only to fall back helplessly. Fowler placed it on end each time, marking each new position, and I took note of the convulsive tremor that swept from time to time over the psychic. It was exactly as if she were a dynamo generating some unknown energy, which, after accumulating for a time in her organism (as in a jar), was discharged along the direction of our will. And yet I could not detect any marked synchronism of movement between these impulses and the movement of the horn.

After each fall of the cone, she moaned and writhed, *but not till the hush of death came over her did the horn move.* So tense was the silence each time that we could hear the

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slightest breath, the minutest movement of the tin as it scraped along the rug.

At last the megaphone soared into the air, passed over our heads, and dropped gently upon the table. It did not fall with a bang; on the contrary, it seemed to descend gently, *as if under perfect control of both hand and eye.* And yet I assert there was nothing to indicate that the psychic shared in these movements. There was but a minute, continuous tremor in the thread. I was enormously impressed with the silence. The darkness was athrill with mystery, not the mystery of the discarnate soul, but the mystery of the X-ray. I felt that we were ourselves involved in the production of these movements. Like a series of batteries, we were all united to produce these results.

MR. GARLAND REFUSES SPIRIT THEORY

"There is no use attempting to deny this fact," I remarked to the other sitters. "There can be no question of a confederate, nor of trickery. *Either the psychic is able to control that cone by the exercise of her will over some unknown, invisible force, or she has left her body and is now at work, a sentient entity, in the air about us. Or perhaps her limbs are mysteriously elongated.* Certainly, to say that she is handling that cone with her ordinary physical limbs is absurd."

Again Mrs. Smiley began to twist and turn as if in pain, and at last the little voice of "Maudie" anxiously asked, "*Is Mr. Garland going to take a train at seven o'clock?*"

This remark of "Maudie's" indicated to me that deep in the subconscious mind of the psychic lay the knowledge that I had planned to catch this train, and that a sense of my plan was disturbing her and interfering with our experiment. To remove the uneasiness I replied: "No, I am going to stay, for I think Mr. Mitchell has something very special in store for me. Tell her not to think of it any more. I am in no hurry."

To this "Maudie" replied: "*Mr. Mitchell says, 'Thank you'; he will do the best he can for you. He says to go down-stairs now and get your supper. Leave mama just where she is. He will take care of her.*"

As we had been sitting for nearly three hours in a dark, close room, we welcomed this suggestion from our thoughtful guide, although it tended to make the sitting less conclusive. As I followed my hostess down the stairs, I shared her remorseful pity for poor Mrs. Smiley, bound and helpless in her inquisitorial seat.

Our hostess's uneasiness made the meal a hurried one. None of us felt very much like eating, and I could see that Fowler was disposed to cut corners. "Well, Garland, what do you intend to do with the facts obtained to-night? You have plenty of authority behind which to shelter yourself; why not admit the truth? So far as I am concerned, I am willing to swear that Mrs. Smiley had no actual hand in the movement of the cone; and it looks to me as if it would be hard to find any better answer than spiritualism."

To this I replied: "It will not do to admit the spirit hypothesis merely because we have proved the movement of a particle of matter from A to B without a known push or a pull, for such an admission is too far-reaching. If Maxwell is right, these phenomena—even the most complicated of them—are metapsychical, but perfectly normal. For example, he says: 'A movement without contact was forthcoming this afternoon. I placed a table upside down on a linen sheet. M. Meurice and I then put our hands on the sheet some distance away from the table. The table turned completely over. The movement was performed slowly and gently. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the sunlight was streaming in through an open window.' Now here you have a perfectly clear case, with no one present but Dr. Maxwell and his friend, and yet he is careful to say that the turning over of the table does not imply the action of spirit hands."

SPECTER OF SPANISH SOLDIER

"Perhaps not," said Fowler, "but what will you do about such materializations as Dr. Richet studied at the Villa Carmen in Algiers? What will you do with the photographs of the specter of the Spanish soldier that he obtained under what he declares were test conditions?"

"But were they? That's the point."

"I am willing to trust a man of Richet's wide knowledge and known skill in experimentation. He saw a helmeted soldier leave the séance cabinet and walk about. He clasped his hand, he affirmed, and found it warm and jointed—perfectly real—and he secured the breath of the spirit in a tube of baryta so unmistakably that the liquid was chemically changed in accordance with his test. There are hundreds of other

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equally well authenticated cases of materialization. I have read dozens of them myself. I am only quoting Richet because I know you believe in his methods."

"I do believe in his methods, but he may have been deceived, all the same. The failure of all his experiments in Algiers lay in the fact that he was never able to nail his psychic down as we have done. Really, his photographs of the spirit of the Spanish soldier have not the weight, as evidence, of the physical manifestation we have this evening secured."

RICHET BELIEVES IN MATERIALIZATION

Fowler rose. "I have his report in my library. Let me get it."

He returned in a few minutes with a small blue book in his hand, from which he began to read with gusto: "'I saw, as it were, a white luminous ball floating over the floor; then rising straight upwards, very rapidly, as though issuing from a trap-door, appeared B. B., the Spanish soldier, born, so to speak, out of the flooring outside the curtain, *which had not stirred.* He tries, as it seems to me, to come among us, but he has a limping, hesitating gait. At one moment he reels as if about to fall, limping on one leg, then he goes toward the opening of the curtains of the cabinet. Then, without (as I believe) opening the curtains, he sinks down, disappears into the floor.'"

"What are you reading from?" I asked.

"I am reading from the report that Richet made to the Annals of Psychical Science. He goes on to say: 'It appears to me that this experiment is decisive, for the formation of a luminous spot on the ground, which then changes into a living and walking being, cannot seemingly be produced by any trick. On the day after this experiment I minutely examined the flagstones (which made up the floor of the séance room) and also the coach-house and stable immediately under that part of the *kiosque.*' There was no trap-door, and the cobwebs on the roof of the stable were undisturbed. The photographs of the apparition were taken on five different plates simultaneously, and the figure is the same on each."

"But read on," I insisted. "Does he not say that in spite of all his proof he will not even hazard an affirmation of the phenomenon?"

"Yes, he does say that," admitted Fowler, "but he also says: 'I have thought it my duty to mention these facts in the same way that Sir William Crookes thought it his duty in more difficult times to report the history of 'Katie King.' I do not believe I have been deceived. I am convinced that I have been present at realities, not deceptions. Certainly I cannot say in what materialization consists. *I am only ready to maintain that there is something profoundly mysterious in it, which will change from top to bottom our ideas on nature and on life.*'"

"He certainly was profoundly affected by that séance," I assented. "And I am perfectly willing to admit that the character of his friends in the circle adds value to what he saw. But, after all, the fact of materialization is so tremendous in its implications that even to grant its possibility is to admit more than any man of our day, who has been trained in scientific ways, is willing to be answerable for. But let us return to our own psychic."

At this point Brierly reluctantly explained that he had an appointment for nine o'clock, and could not continue the sitting beyond eight. "I can sit for half an hour longer," he said; "and then please let me slip out quietly. Don't let me disturb the circle." And in this understanding we returned to the room above.

A DIGNIFIED "SPIRIT"

We found Mrs. Smiley sitting precisely as we had left her, and picking up our threads, Fowler and I located the table and the cone and reassumed our positions. The table, which was quite out of reach of Mrs. Smiley's hands, now stood with its end toward the four of us, seated in a crescent shape opposite the psychic, a position which produced, so the "guides" said, one pole of a battery.

Hardly were we settled in place when a sound came from the cone as though some one were tapping on it with the end of a lead pencil. "Is that you, Comrade Wilbur?" I asked.

Tap, tap, tap, he answered vigorously.

"I thought I recognized your tap," I said. "I am glad you are here, and I hope you are going to hand us out the finest possible test. Is Mr. Mitchell present?"

To my delight the cone was instantly lifted, and the voice of "Mitchell" answered me. In a deep, clear, well-delivered, and decidedly masculine voice, and with stately periods, he promised the complete cooperation of the

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spirit world in the great work to which I was devoting myself. He directed his exhortation to me, as usual, and for the benefit of those who think the "spirits" are always trivial or foolish, I wish to say that "Mitchell's" words were dignified and very suggestive. He was never vague nor wandering in his thought—and yet he never went outside the minds of the group. He seemed a collective personification of the circle.

THE SUPREME TEST

He spoke to me upon the investigation that we were pursuing. "*I and my band,*" he assured me, "*are working as hard from our side as you are from yours, both intent upon opening up channels of communication between the two worlds.*" He solemnly urged me to proceed in this work, and at last said, "*Good-by for the present,*" and fell silent.

The cone was then deposited on the table, and "Maudie" said: "*If Mr. Garland and Mr. Fowler will go quietly up to mama's side, holding all the time tightly to the threads, Mr. Mitchell will do what Mr. Garland so much desires. Please be very careful not to touch mama until I tell you. Keep as far apart as you can as you go up to her. When you reach my mama's side, you may put one hand on her head and one on her wrist. Mr. Mitchell says please have Mr. Brierly take Mrs. Fowler's hands so that every hand in the circle is accounted for.*"

I was now very eager and very alert. Surely no trickster would permit such rigorous control as that which we were now invited to exercise. My admiration went out toward this heroic little woman, who was enduring so much pain and suspicion for the sake of science.

Slowly we crept to her side, being careful to touch nothing until directed by the voice of "Maud." At last the childish voice said: "*Mr. Garland may put his right hand on top of mama's head, and his left hand on her wrist. Mr. Fowler may place his left hand above Mr. Garland's and his right hand on mama's wrist. Mr. Mitchell says he will then see if the voices will not come.*"

I then said aloud: "Brierly, my right hand is on the psychic's head, my left is on her wrist."

Fowler repeated: "My left hand is above Garland's right, which is on the psychic's head, and my own right hand is on the right wrist of the psychic. Now, Wilbur, go ahead."

Our challenge was almost instantly caught up. While we were thus doubly safeguarding the psychic, the cone, which was resting on the table a full yard away, rose with a sharp, metallic, scraping sound, and remained in the air for fully half a minute, during which I called out sharply: "We are absolutely controlling the psychic; her hands are motionless; Brierly, be sure of both Mrs. Fowler's hands."

"I have her hands in mine," he answered.

As the cone was gently returned to the carpet I said: "Fowler, that was a supreme test of the psychic. *She was absolutely not concerned in any known way with that movement.* Save for a curious throbbing, wavelike motion in her scalp, she did not move. If she lifted the horn, it was by the exercise of a force unrecognized by science."

To this he could only answer: "It seems a clear case of telekinesis at its best."

A few moments later we returned to our seats, while "Wilbur" and "Mitchell" and several other voices spoke to us. Fowler, now that I admitted the inch, wanted the ell. "Is the psychic speaking to us," he asked, "or are these voices independent of her?"

"An investigator is never satisfied," I answered. "We must have the voices through the cone while we are holding the psychic."

To this "Mitchell" replied: "*We are doing all we can, and we will yet be able to meet every demand you make upon us.*"

"I am open to conviction," I said. "I acknowledge the immense significance of all this, but I want to secure the voice of the psychic and your voice at the same time, Mr. Mitchell. Can you do that for me?"

WHY LIGHT IS DANGEROUS TO MEDIUMS

He seemed to hesitate, and at last said, "*We will try.*" I perceived in his tone a certain doubt and indecision. Again we were permitted to hold the psychic's wrists, and, as before, the cone was lifted and drummed upon as if to show its position high in the air—*but no voices came.* Hidden forces seemed to be struggling for escape beneath our hands, and with a sense of some baffling, incredible externalization of the psychic's nerve force, I could well understand why the command had so often been given

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not to touch her unbidden, and not to flash a sudden light. Suppose the poor naked astral body were abroad, and a strong light should suddenly burst upon it! Cases of complete paralysis from the sudden flashing of a light upon a medium are recorded in the history of psychism.

At last the cone dropped upon the table, and we resumed our seats. "Maud" then said: "*Mama will waken very soon. Mr. Mitchell will try to do what you wish.*"

At this point Brierly was obliged to quit the circle, thus leaving only Mr. and Mrs. Fowler and myself with the psychic—an almost ideal condition, for Mrs. Smiley was very fond of Mrs. Fowler, and liked Mr. Fowler, while Brierly was not especially congenial to her.

As soon as we were reseated, faint raps called to us, and following their hints we moved back to the opposite end of the table, sitting close together "to form a battery." In a few moments "Maudie" spoke, asking me to move the table farther away from her mother, and to put the cone back upon it. This I did, being careful to note the position of both table and cone. Scarcely had I taken my seat when a loud rapping was heard, apparently *within* the horn. Putting my ear close down to the larger end of it, I asked: "Is Mr. Mitchell still with us, Wilbur?"

MRS. SMILEY UNEXPECTEDLY WAKES

Instantly the tapping changed, grew sedate and serious. "Ah! there you are, Mr. Mitchell," I said. "I am glad to hear you again. I am still intent on obtaining the voice of the psychic and your voice at the same time. Can this be done?"

Tap, tap, tap.

"Will you do it now?"

There was no answer to this, but soon after Mrs. Smiley seemed to pass through another period of intense suffering, moaning and gasping more piteously than before. "Maudie" then asked us to sing again, and put her mother back into deeper sleep. Shortly after this the tapping came again on the cone, and "Wilbur's" strong hand grasped and lifted it, and his voice—vigorous, almost full-toned—spoke in a perfectly life-like way, *and while his voice was still sounding, the psychic sighed deeply and awoke!*

"Is anybody here?" she asked in her natural voice.

Profoundly surprised at the sudden change, I answered, "Yes, Wilbur is here; at least, he was speaking but a moment ago."

"Oh, I am so glad," she said.

"So am I," I answered. "How do you feel?"

"Very numb and cold," she answered. "My body is perfectly dead, and I'm a little deaf."

"SPIRITS" PRESENT WITH PSYCHIC NORMAL

Now came a completely mystifying performance—and an overthrow of my theory—for with Mrs. Smiley perfectly normal, mentally, "Wilbur," very much alive, remained at my elbow alert to perform. His activities suffered no diminution. He went about his pranks with greater vigor than before, handling the cone and whisking paper and pencils about while Mrs. Smiley talked freely in answer to my questions, seemingly quite unconcerned about results. A singularly engrossing game of hide-and-go-seek now began. I tried every expedient to get Mrs. Smiley's voice and that of the "spirits" at the same time. But never did I succeed in getting "Wilbur's" voice at *precisely* the same moment with her own, though he followed swiftly on her speech, interjecting remarks, echoing her questions.

At last the cone dropped to the table; it was apparently taken up by another hand, and "Mitchell" asked: "*What can I do for you, Mr. Garland?*"

"First of all, I want the privilege of going to the psychic's chair again in order to hold her wrists and listen at her lips. May I do so?"

"Mitchell" did not reply, but when the question was repeated, three faint taps on the cone answered "Yes."

This was to me very significant. Why did "Mitchell's" voice not respond? And why was the tapping so uncertain?

Leaving my seat, I felt my way to Mrs. Smiley's side. "I am very close to the ultimate mystery, Mrs. Smiley," I said, as I placed my hand upon her wrist. "Proceed, Wilbur. Let me hear your voice now."

With tense expectation, I put my ear close to the psychic's lips and listened breathlessly. The horn soared into the air, and was drummed there as if to show that it was out of the reach of the psychic, *but no voice came from it.* This was a disappointment to me, and I banteringly said:

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"You know this failure is suspicious, Wilbur. It seems to prove that Mrs. Smiley is only a wonderful ventriloquist, after all. If your vocal organs are independent of hers, show it."

No reply came to this, but while my hand was firmly pressed upon her wrist (both sleeves still being nailed to the chair) the loose leaves of the paper in the center of the table were whisked away to the left.

"Fowler," I said, "are you controlling your wife's hands?"

"Yes; I swear we had nothing to do with the movement of those papers."

WAS MRS. SMILEY A VENTRILOQUIST?

There was another tense moment, for the movement of those sheets of paper was very ghostly indeed.

"May I come forward?" asked Fowler.

Tap—No—was the decided answer.

I then asked: "Wilbur, do you want me to change with Fowler and control Mrs. Fowler's hands?"

An emphatic "Yes" was rapped in reply.

"They seem as anxious for a conclusive test as we are," remarked Fowler.

A perfect fusillade of raps followed—yes, yes, *YES*.

Fowler then came forward to Mrs. Smiley's left, while I returned to the table. Taking both of Mrs. Fowler's hands in mine, I set the toes of my shoes upon hers. At this moment, while Fowler was pressing the psychic's imprisoned wrists, the cone banged about furiously, describing wide circles entirely out of Mrs. Smiley's reach. This action was at the moment evidence perfectly convincing of the psychic's supernormal powers. It was precisely as if a spectral visitor were amusing himself at our expense. It was all very absorbing, but I did not forget my further test. "Mrs. Smiley," I said, "I want Mr. Fowler to return to his seat, and I want to place my hand over your lips, or to muffle you in some way. I *must* prove that you have nothing to do with the direct production of those voices. Will you permit this test?"

"Certainly," she answered with patient sweetness. "You may gag me in any way you please. I am perfectly sure you can secure the proof you want." So, taking a large kerchief from my pocket, I tied it tightly around her mouth, knotting it at the back, and then challenged the ghostly one. "Now, Wilbur, let's hear from you. Prove your psychic's innocence."

A moment later the voice came from the cone, but apparently very much muffled and blurred. "*That is easy.*"

"You are not articulating well," I rather sarcastically observed.

Instantly the voice came out clearly, more sharply than ever before. "*I was fooling you!*"

"There, that's better," I applauded. "Your voice improved wonderfully."

"Wilbur" chuckled with glee. "*I've taken a lozenge,*" he said whimsically.

Fowler then said: "Now let's consider this a moment, Garland. Suppose Mrs. Smiley has been able to loosen her gag. How does she handle the cone? We will suppose she is a marvelous ventriloquist. How does she write on the papers on the table, and how does she whisk them away? You see it isn't the matter of one thing, but of all that has happened."

To this I replied: "Yes, I admit that everything points to an exercise of supernormal force. It really looks like the work of spirits, but I prefer to think Mrs. Smiley has the power to project her will in some way. As Maxwell says, 'I see no need to attribute these phenomena to any supernatural intervention. I am inclined to think they are produced by some force existing within ourselves.'"

"Mitchell," I said, addressing the phantom, "I want to examine that gag, and I want to hold both hands of the psychic. Will you permit that?"

There was no reply to this, and Fowler offered an explanation. "We had that test at a previous sitting."

EXPERIMENT WITH VOICES FAILS

I explained to the invisible ones: "Wilbur, it is absolutely essential that you should prove to me that your voice is not dependent upon the vocal chords of the psychic." "Wilbur" making no reply, I turned to the psychic. "You see the importance of this, do you not, Mrs. Smiley?"

"Indeed, I do," she answered, her voice sounding very faint and muffled through the kerchief. "I am anxious for the test."

"Very well, then. Now I want you to sing a song, and while you are singing I am going to insist on 'Wilbur' speaking.

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Will you do that, Wilbur?" The cone was drummed upon in strong assent.

Mrs. Smiley sang, or rather hummed, but there was no response on the part of the ghostly voices, and a moment later she called faintly, "The kerchief is slipping down, Mr. Garland."

I rose and went to her side. As I untied the kerchief, she said plaintively: "I am sorry we didn't get the voices. I am sure we can if we try again. Please try again." And a vigorous drumming on the cone seemed to second her plea. However, it was getting very late, and I reluctantly gave up the test. "I think we will postpone further experiment to-night, Mrs. Smiley. What are your sensations now?"

"I am almost paralyzed, and still deaf, too, but that often happens. My feet are as if they did not exist."

"But your mind is perfectly normal?"

"Yes, it seems to be."

When I had stepped back to my place, the cone was lifted high into the air silently, taken apart, and then, with the small end jangling inside the larger, was carried over the table and to the floor. It fell with a bang that seemed final and decisive.

"That is 'good-by,'" said Mrs. Smiley.

Upon lighting the gas, we found our victim as before, sitting absolutely as we had placed her. The table edge was twenty-four inches from her finger-tips. The place where the cone had lain, which we had marked with chalk when the cone was first drummed upon, was thirty-six inches from one hand and forty inches from the other. But most inexplicable of all, the tangible, permanent record was the seven sheets of paper that we found lying upon a couch six feet from Mrs. Smiley's left hand. *They were all written upon legibly, and pinned together with a black pin, which had been thrust through the writing.* "Wilbur" had scrawled his name, there was a message ostensibly written by Mrs. Fowler's father, and there were other signatures unknown to any of us. The pencil was on the carpet forty inches from Mrs. Smiley's hand. The leaves of paper, at the moment when they were grasped and lifted, had been more than forty inches from her finger-tips.

As I was about to go that night, she said: "I do not feel able to sit any more for the present, Mr. Garland. I feel myself growing weaker, and Mr. Mitchell tells me I would better stop, for the present. I feel that my power belongs to the world, and I want to do all I can to convince you of the truth of spiritualism. But I feel the strain very greatly."

"I do not wonder at that," I responded, "and I cannot blame you for taking a rest. You have been a model subject, and I am deeply in your debt. Have no fear of my report, for while I am not convinced of the spirit hypothesis, I have found you honest and patient and very brave. I thank you very sincerely for what you have done."

And in this spirit we parted.

Now, in concluding my report of this first series of experiments, let me say to my readers that I do not expect to convince them of the existence of psychic force, because I cannot say I *saw* the cone move. I did not perceive it in motion except once, and then only dimly—but I have proved that the psychic did not surreptitiously move it, nor fraudulently write upon the papers, during these last sittings. I cannot *swear* that Fowler was controlling his wife's hands while the cone was floating and I was holding the psychic's imprisoned hands, but I believe he was. In short, barring the one sense of sight—an important one, I admit—these happenings were convincing, and more than this—they were of a piece with the results of the latest and best experiments on the Continent.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—These articles are drawn from records of my actual personal experiments, and in all essentials they are as true as the reports that I made to the American Psychical Society. For literary purposes I have thrown them into a series of conversations, and for other, more obvious reasons I have concealed names and places; but no important phenomena have been consciously distorted. Without allegiance to any theory, I have followed where the evidence led.

Hamlin Garland

In the August number Mr. Garland will discuss some remarkable experiments made by the Italian scientists Botazzi and Morselli through the famous medium Eusapia Paladino.

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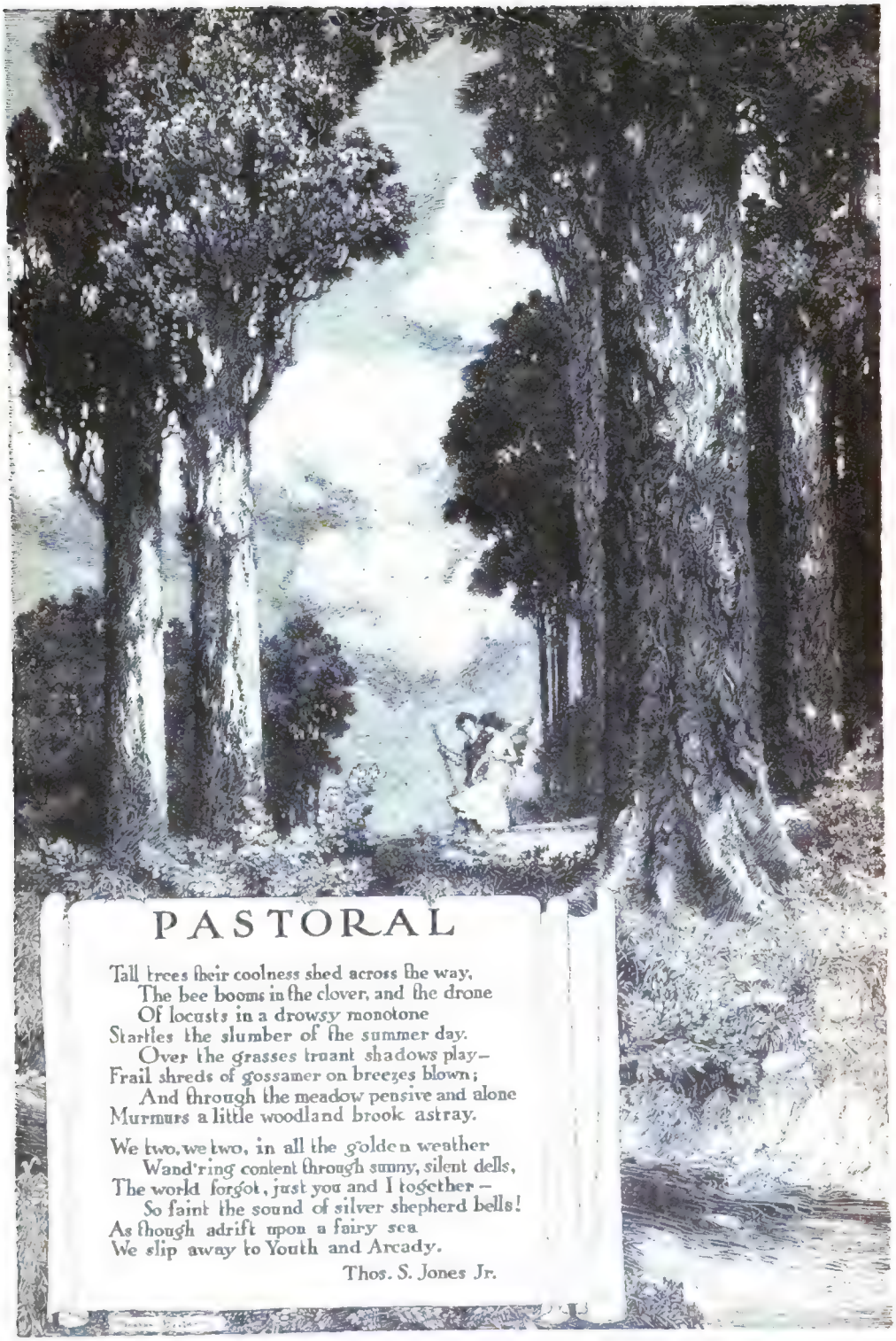

PASTORAL

Tall trees their coolness shed across the way,
The bee booms in the clover, and the drone
Of locusts in a drowsy monotone
Startles the slumber of the summer day.
Over the grasses truant shadows play—
Frail shreds of gossamer on breezes blown;
And through the meadow pensive and alone
Murmurs a little woodland brook astray.

We two, we two, in all the golden weather
Wand'ring content through sunny, silent dells,
The world forgot, just you and I together—
So faint the sound of silver shepherd bells!
As though adrift upon a fairy sea
We slip away to Youth and Arcady.

Thos. S. Jones Jr.

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Showers of Favors

I ran a yellow insert in last month's magazine asking our readers to help me swing 1500 shares of The Ridgway Company stock. I can scarcely credit my own eyes when I see the responses to that request. In "With *Everybody's* Publishers," page 143 of this issue, I make a feeble attempt to express my appreciation. Turn to it for the detailed story of the sale for the first seven days.

That department went to press May 27th, when the sale had reached $43,700. To-day, four days later, the sale has reached $61,300, with no sign of a let-up. We haven't the slightest doubt that the subscriptions will have reached $100,000 by the time you read this, probably more. Possibly all that we have to sell will be sold. Possibly not. That "possibly not" is why we are running this insert, to make sure.

For the benefit of those who did not see last month's insert, it is proper to say that one of our large stockholders, not immediately associated with us in the management, wished—for reasons good and sufficient to himself—to dispose of 1500 shares of his holdings. He declined three offers not agreeable to me and my associates. I was not in a position to swing so many shares, and asked our readers to help, guaranteeing them an average of 10% dividends for three years. The proposition would have looked stronger if I had guaranteed 8% instead of 10%. But I made it 10% because I expect it to be 10%, and I want the man or woman who helps me to get all there is. I also agreed to give the buyer a complete statement of the business at the end of three years and the option of keeping the stock or selling it back to me at 105.

In order that you may know how safe I am in guaranteeing 10%, *Everybody's Magazine* made last year, in spite of the panic, considerably more than $200,000. If the dividends should not average 10%, I will send you my personal check for the difference.

Here is my proposition:

If you will send me your check for any number of shares from one to fifty, I will hand the money to the present stock-

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holder, have the stock transferred to you on the books of the Company, and send you your certificate, accompanied by the following guarantee and agreement, which I will personally sign in the presence of a notary:

"In return for.....dollars received from.....this..... day of.....1908, I am sending you certificate No.....for....shares of stock in The Ridgway Company drawn in your name and so entered on the books of the Company. I hereby give you my personal guarantee that the stock will return you an average of not less than 10% per year for the next three years. I further agree to give you, at the end of three years, a complete statement of the business of the Company, and the option of keeping the stock, or selling it to me at 105. That is, I guarantee to make every hundred dollars you send me pay you at least $35.00 in three years, and give you back your hundred. I will take the proper legal steps to bind my estate to carry out this agreement (in case of my going to a higher—or lower—occupation). I would like to have your proxy for voting the stock, but I do not make it a condition to the agreement, because you would not be buying the stock if you did not wish me to have the undisturbed management of it."

[SIGNED].....

If you are interested, send your check for the number of shares desired at $100 each, and let me know if you have any objection to giving me the proxy for voting your stock. Write your name and address very carefully, and especially the name you wish on the stock certificate. If your money is not immediately available and you are sure you want the stock, send in a reservation and I will hold it for you until July 15th.

In offering the stock in this way, my object is to get it into friendly hands. If you are in sympathy with the work for the Common Good which the publishers of *Everybody's* are sincerely striving to accomplish, you are "our kind" and we will appreciate your cooperation.

Sincerely yours,

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY.

June 1st, 1908.

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The Story of an Ivory Hunter

By BERKELEY HUTTON

THERE is one profession—and only one—that a man can't be trained into or kicked into, or driven into, unless he's born into it as well. By this, I mean that unless he has a natural love for it, he'll be worse than useless in it, for he will never be able to stand the grueling he's bound to get in it. That is my profession—ivory hunting. You can make a lawyer, or a merchant, or a banker, or even a doctor or a sailor out of almost any man of average intelligence, but you can't make a hunter out of him unless he was born a hunter. You'll see why, presently.

Many a time I've come back from a trip, leaving half my men and all my ivory rotting in some deadly African swamp, half dead with fever, swearing that I'm done with the business for good. And some bright day, in six months, or even in three, the smell of the jungle gets into my nostrils; through all the roar of the street traffic I hear the squeal of an elephant or the coughing roar of a lion's challenge—and that settles the business. Back I go again, knowing precisely what is coming—the sweating days and the chilling nights, the torments of insects and of thirst, the risks and hardships, and the privations. For once Africa has laid her spell upon a man, he's hers forever. He'll dream of her—of the black tangle of forests he's broken through, hot on the trail of a wounded bull tusker; of the parched and blistered veldts he's crossed under the blazing sunlight; of the nights, those moonlit, haunted nights, when he's watched beside a runway, waiting for the game to come down to drink, and listened to the ripple of the water on the flats, the splash of a crocodile, the stealthy snapping of branches all around him, the scurry of monkeys overhead; listened to the vast black silence, into which all smaller sounds are cast as pebbles are dropped into a pool.

I am the son of a clergyman and the grandson of a clergyman; and from whom I got my love for the wild life "at the back of beyond" is a mystery—surely not from these. I went through Dulwich, was left an orphan with little money, and drifted into what proved to be my life-work in the haphazard way in which fifty men out of a hundred stumble into the professions or occupations they eventually follow. Stranded in London, and doing odd jobs to earn a somewhat precarious living, I met a man at the Docks who was agent for a firm of ivory merchants. He was "going out after ivory"; I went along. That was when I was twenty. I've been "going out after ivory" ever since. I served my apprenticeship, as you might say, with this man; then I went out alone—that is, at the head of my own party of natives.

In a sixty-ton gyassa, laden with supplies, I dropped down the White Nile, the highroad into the black heart of Africa, with the steady north wind that blows for more than six months of the year. I have always made it a rule to travel as light as possible, but what with the necessary equipment, ammunition, clothing, and articles for barter with the natives, such as cowries, and the brass rods that are the current coin of Africa, the outfit was imposing.

Every man who ever hunted has his own iron-bound theories on the subject of equipment. I have always used an English .577 express, which carries steel bullets, and is a dependable weapon, or an eight- or four-bore elephant rifle, which is good for work at close range, in thickly wooded regions. But for work in the open on elephants and rhinos, small-caliber rifles, as a rule, are preferable, on account of their precision and penetrating qualities. Heavy guns are best for beginners, but they are weighty and unwieldy, and their recoil is so great that I have known them to inflict almost as much damage upon the hunter as upon his quarry. The black powder they burn makes a dense cloud

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JUST ONE CORNER OF THAT WAREHOUSE WILL HOLD FINE IVORY WORTH A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS.

of smoke; and curiously, this fact has been the means of saving the life of many a hunter —it saved mine, on this same expedition. An elephant's eyesight is notoriously defective, and when wounded and enraged, he will often charge this cloud of smoke, and so give the hunter time to escape.

Wading waist-deep in slimy ooze, with packs borne high aloft on the bearers' heads; hacking a path through vines and creepers that writhe snake-like from the branches of giant baobab trees, lacerated by "wait-a-bit" thorns, and bitten nearly to death by the villainous red ants, I reached at last a Bangala village, a handful of huts huddled in a clearing between dense woods of barassas palm, ebony, and mimosa, with the jungle creeping up around it like a tide. Here I got news of a herd, and guides who could lead me to it. The rainy season had just begun; the struggling sun, which, at times, showed itself just long enough to draw the poison from the steaming swamps, sank in banks of storm-clouds, leaving a blood-stained sky; night came down with fierce and sudden rain, which drowned the world in gray, driving sheets. One lived and ate and slept in continual dampness, wet through to the skin.

No white man can ever know the mysteries of veldt and jungle as does the most ignorant native. I am about as expert a woodsman as a white man may be, but my knowledge is as a child's compared with that of a black "boy." In the dry season his instinct, inherited from untold generations, teaches him the best spots on the veldt to find or to dig for water; in the rainy season he knows how best to cross the treacherous morasses and quaking bogs. He knows leaves that, pounded, will allay the stings of insects; he knows how to keep off vermin by the use of herbs whose smell Europeans can scarcely stand.

Three hours before dawn we started in the direction of the herd. It was heartbreaking work, hewing a way through the reeking jungle, tortured with the never-ending plague of mosquitoes. An hour after dawn, in the heart of a thicket of bamboo, twenty feet in height, we came suddenly upon the spoor

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of a bull elephant. The passing of a bull is easily distinguished by the long and narrow track of the hind feet. The tracks of a cow are rounder and more uniform. When chased, elephants often have a trick of stepping exactly in each other's footprints; therefore one tusker might have gone this way, or three, or twenty. The marks were fresh, but somewhat blurred, showing that the beast had passed recently, traveling swiftly. An elephant's speed under pursuit is remarkable. He never gallops, but goes at a quick trot that eats up the miles like fire. So that this fellow might have been any number of miles away by the time we struck his trail.

Now it is a curious fact that in the rainy season elephants move with almost absolute noiselessness, even in full flight. In the dry season, the noise made by a herd moving over the hard ground is like distant thunder.

The early morning mists hung heavy in the jungle; through them the stems of the bamboos loomed ghostly. For an hour we followed the trail, our view six rods ahead shut off by a blank gray wall of fog. One heard the monotonous drip of water on the sodden leaves, the whining song of the mosquitoes; otherwise the world was very still. There was not even a rustle of the bamboos to give warning of what was coming. But I found myself suddenly looking at a huge head which grew out of the mist up the narrow path, silent, spectral, with ears flapping spasmodically to beat off the clouds of mosquitoes and sandflies that hovered about its vicious red eyes, and with trunk upcurled to scent the air.

So startlingly unexpected was the sight that behind me one of the blacks gave a yell of alarm. Then everything happened at once. Instantly the brute charged, straight ahead, as an elephant always charges, just as I had motioned my rifle-bearer to pass me the eight-bore. The quarters were too close to trust a lighter gun. There was no time even to take aim; I fired pointblank at the beast, which was bearing down upon me like a locomotive. The explosion was terrific. The shot took him full in the forehead, where the frontal bone is thickest. So far as I could then see, it did little damage, but for a bare instant it stunned him and checked his rush. The recoil of the gun knocked me into the tangle and slush alongside the trail; I tripped on a vine and went down on my back.

TAKING OUT THE TEETH FROM A DEAD HIPPOPOTAMUS.

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I had sense enough left to roll to one side —there was no time to get up. As long as I live I shall never forget the sight of that monstrous mass of flesh towering above me, almost on top of me, it seemed, streaming with blood, and screaming with rage and pain. He passed me before he could check himself, so close to me that I was splashed with mud from head to foot. But he had seen me, and he wheeled with incredible swiftness and came for me again. By that time I was on my feet, but the jungle was too thick for me to break through, while his huge bulk could plow through it with ease. My gun was gone—I had dropped it when I fell; there was no place for me to dodge aside. To flee before him up the narrow trail meant that he would overtake me within five yards. Nothing on earth could have saved my life then but the sheer luck in which a hunter comes to believe more implicitly than he believes in his hope of heaven. But from the opposite side of the trail, almost at the elephant's flank, there came a detonating roar and a puffing cloud of sullen smoke. Quick as a cat, in spite of his bulk, the bull wheeled and charged the smoke, while I got out of range as quickly as the Lord would let me.

What had happened was briefly this: The man who had my .577 had slid through the jungle to the right when the bull first made for me. The first law of the hunter is that the gun-bearers must stay at hand to be ready when the guns are wanted. They must stick to you like your shadow; if they become separated from you, as usually happens in the scattering rush for safety, they must rejoin you at the first possible chance. My black boy was maneuvering to get across the trail to me, when he stepped on a rotten log, half buried in the muck. It gave way with him; in his fall the gun went off. Had there not been a baobab close enough at hand for him to reach it almost on the jump, his predicament would have been precisely the same as mine. As it was, he barely escaped with his life. We could hear the bull crashing through the jungle ahead of us, driving through the bamboo as though it had been grass.

As soon as we could collect our wits and our weapons we started in pursuit, for his tusks were magnificent—fully seven feet from end to tip—and worth risking much to get. We took our time, for it was worse than useless to think of catching up with him while he was in full flight. But we followed his trail persistently for hours.

The country he led us into was frightful. Jungle that the rains had turned into a swamp to be broken through; streams into which vines hung down like swollen snakes to be crossed; bogs into which we sank to the waist in black, sucking ooze. Had not the bull been wounded, we never should have had a sight of him again. After five hours of this, we came suddenly into a clearing in the forest —came so suddenly that we nearly fell over a herd of perhaps twenty elephants, quietly feeding. Fortunately, we were down the wind—that is, it was blowing from them to us—or they would have been off long before. Among them was the bull I had scored in the early morning.

THIS TUSK IS MORE THAN TEN FEET LONG AND IS WORTH NEARLY $2,000.

Now there are only two correct shots to take at an elephant. Both are from the side; one, between the eye and the ear, to get into the brain; the other, into the

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shoulder. From in front, you can reach the brain only by a shot planted high up on the frontal bone. Mine had gone too high to put him out of business, although it had made an ugly wound, which was plainly giving him trouble. He had lost a lot of blood, which had run into his eyes and partially blinded him. He stood facing me, his ears fanning nervously, his trunk restless. Behind him I saw that there were eight or ten husky fellows with good ivory, a number of cows, and some yearling bulls, whose tusks were not worth much.

I whispered to my boy, and we worked around cautiously to get into position. It took some little time, as it was necessary not to alarm the rest of the herd; but when we parted the bushes and looked into the clearing again, we were in line for a good shot. I drew a bead on the bull, and pulled the trigger. The gun did not go off.

It gave me one of the biggest shocks I have ever experienced; I could have been no more startled if the weapon had exploded in my hands. I loved that gun; it was a beauty. But I have never had quite the same confidence in it since that day. It has never "gone back on me" save on that one occasion—but since then I have never used it when there was time for but one shot. It was the express that the boy had fallen on; my second bearer saw the difficulty, and ran up with the other.

By this time, the herd, with the strange instinct for danger that all wild animals possess, had become restless, although they had not got our scent. The cows were weaving to and fro, and the bulls had gradually come around to the outer edges of the herd. Most wild animals are more active, also more suspicious, in cloudy weather. I took the eight-bore and fired.

Instantly the whole herd stampeded, trumpeting fear and defiance. My old fellow crumpled to his knees; I got shots at three; one I missed, but brought down the other two. Another I potted just as he caught sight of me; then a cow charged me, and I side-stepped barely in time to save my life. Once I was out of her direct line of vision she could not see me, but went lunging on, straight ahead into the forest.

THE BEATERS TRACKING AN ELEPHANT IN THE JUNGLE DEPTHS.

Scarcely had the brutes on the ground ceased kicking—four great mountains of flesh still warm with the red life that had flowed from them—than from somewhere came the throbbing of native drums, muffled, insistent—the call of the human vultures to their meat.

News travels swiftly in the African forests. The thump of a drum, sounding now near,

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now far, in the murmur of the jungle, eerie and sinister, calling to orgies unspeakable, the inevitable aftermath of the kill; a black grinning face peering from between the giant ferns; another, and another; a flash of shining black bodies between the trees, and the word has passed from village to village. In less than four hours a scene of inconceivable horror was in progress. Like unclean birds of prey they swarmed over the huge carcasses —old men and young, women, and children; laughing, shouting, hacking at the tough

A HERD OF WILD ELEPHANTS BREAKING THROUGH THE JUNGLE.

skins with spears and knives, fighting over the great sheets of hide, the huge blocks of reeking meat. When they were through, only gaunt latticed ribs remained to tell the tale.

To my mind, rhinoceros hunting is the most dangerous of all hunting, bar none. I have had a worse time with rhinos than with lions, elephants, leopards, or buffalo. The beast seems possessed of a sort of devilish cunning; you can't fool him as you can an elephant, nor intimidate him as you can a lion. Unless aroused, he is timid and nervous during the day, and particularly so when alone. But at night he seems to lose absolutely all fear of man. He does not wait to be attacked, but has an unpleasant habit of charging anything he sees in the shape of an enemy, as soon as he sees it—and his sight is remarkably keen. Besides, like the elephant, the rhinoceros can, when he wants to, show a speed that is nothing short of marvelous, when one considers his huge and clumsy bulk. I have known cases where a rhino got sight of a hunter and deliberately stalked him, coming upon him before the man had an idea that he was anywhere in the vicinity. And he always dies fighting; I have never known a rhino, however badly wounded, to try to bolt for safety. Once you rouse him, you must kill him, or he'll kill you, if he can get you.

One experience with a rhino I remember with particular and painful vividness. It occurred in the dry season, when the days were one long glare of pitiless sunlight that dried the blood in one's veins. The watercourses had dwindled into brackish pools, where animals came nightly from twenty miles around to drink. The jungle was parched until the cane rattled like dry bones to the passing of unseen beasts; the veldts lay naked and brown under the aching sunlight. Dust was everywhere; choking, gritting clouds of it whirled from the earth like miniature waterspouts, and pirouetted off into the dis-

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A PAIR OF TUSKS THAT COST THREE HUMAN LIVES.

THE FIRST STAGE IS WHEN THE GREATEST OF JUNGLE MONSTERS FALLS WITH AN ELEPHANT BULLET IN HIS BRAIN.

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tance where the atmosphere simmered like steam from a kettle's spout.

I and my bearers came out of the woods on to the veldt, in the afternoon, looking for water. We had secured a good haul of ivory that morning, but I was taken with a touch of fever, and was anxious to get back to camp and my medicine-chest.

Ahead of us, and somewhat to our left, was one of those dark and mysterious seas of bush, taller than a man's height, that here and there scar the yellow desert and the brown rolling veldt. It covered, perhaps, a square mile; its top was level as a floor, and out of it rose mimosa trees, and euphorbias with branches writhing and twisted like the tentacles of an octopus. We were on somewhat higher ground, and could see that toward the center of the patch the bush thinned out a bit. Nsala, one of my boys, with the eyes of a lynx, pulled at my sleeve and whispered "Faru!" Sure enough, in the center of this thinned-out space, in the shade of a small thorn-tree, I saw a black shape, then another: two rhinos, sitting in the peculiar position they assume, upon their haunches, like huge dogs. The temptation was too strong to resist. We started cautiously into the bush, working in by degrees toward the center. We sweated and struggled through that sea for an hour, blinded and choked with dust. I had begun to think that we had lost our bearings, and that there would be nothing for it but to turn around and go back again, for the bush seemed as thick as ever. I told Nsala to climb on the back of another bearer and take a look around. He came down jabbering with excitement, and announced that the animals had left the thorn-tree and vanished somewhere in the bush. They might have made off in the opposite direction: the only thing for it was to gain the thorn-tree and see if we could pick up their trail. It was a foolish undertaking, for I was almost too dizzy to stand and deaf from the effects of quinine, but being so far in, I thought we might as well see the thing through.

THE LAST STAGE OF ALL—A MOUNTAIN OF BILLIARD BALLS THAT CONTAINS 20,000 BALLS WORTH $80,000. TWO THOUSAND ELEPHANTS HAD TO DIE TO PRODUCE THIS HEAP.

Unexpectedly, half a dozen birds rose just ahead of us. They were the little rhinoceros-birds that spend their time upon the animal's back, relieving him of the parasites that infest his leathery hide. I was convinced that a rhino was lurking in the bush ahead of us, but we could see absolutely no sign of him.

The hour was later than I had thought; I became aware all at once that the sun was sinking, and that in a surprisingly short time the dark would be upon us. This time common sense prevailed, I gave the word to turn

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and trek for camp. But before we were more than half-way back through the bush, the air turned chill with the first keen breath of evening, and the moment of the strange swift tropic twilight had come. Our position was precarious; we could not see six feet ahead, and any moment a rhino might come ramping down upon us.

We finally reached a part of the bush that, although thick, was not more than shoulder high, so that we were able to gain an idea of our surroundings. Now the darkness had fallen, soft as the wind that stole across the veldt, with a red sullen moon burning the blackness of the forest's fringe. To our right, the woods we had left were blocked out in masses of dense shadow against the sky; to the left, behind, and before us, stretched the bush, billowing into wind-swept ripples beneath the moon.

Without an instant's warning, there came a sort of grunting roar from almost under our feet; a rush, and the bush tossed and shivered as though in a heavy wind. There was a yell of "Faru!"—and into the very midst of us dashed a huge black shape, scattering the men as a dog scatters a flock of chickens.

It was all weirdly dramatic, that fight. The brush concealed the beast, so that we could tell his whereabouts only by the agitation of it as he tore through it. It was like a combat in the water, in which your enemy keeps below the surface, leaving you to find him as best you may. I could see the black heads of my men bobbing above that moonlit sea of brush, for all the world like swimmers, as they fled wildly in all directions. I took long chances on hitting one of them, and fired where the commotion was greatest. Then I ran—or tried to, for it is just about as easy to run through that stuff as it is to run through water—knowing that he would charge the flash. I don't think I touched him, for his rush toward me was like a whirlwind in its headlong fury.

The moonlight was darkly deceptive, and our scuffles had so agitated the brush that no one could tell where any one else was going. I had just drawn a breath of relief that the brute had passed me, and had thrown the gun to my shoulder for another shot, when a scream cut the darkness like a knife—one, and another, and yet another; the rhino had got some poor devil down. The men, gathering closer, jabbered and shrilled like frightened monkeys; the forest stirred; the jungle woke and roared, while I stood pumping shot after shot into the brush, under which the tragedy was being fought to its bloody end, until the world rocked, and the blackness was torn by jagged flashes of flame.

When the screaming ceased, with the same appalling suddenness with which it had started, we broke for safety, lest the beast should suddenly leave his victim and turn upon us. He might be dead, or he might be untouched, in spite of my fusillade, but with those sounds ringing in our ears we were taking no chances. We gained the open veldt without being chased, and made tracks for camp. When we counted heads, we found that Nsala was the one missing.

That night I was down with delirium, fast in the grip of the fever. But the next day, in my first lucid moments, I sent out a party to investigate. They found the clean-picked bones of a huge rhinoceros, and, under them, those of what had been a man; the birds and the beasts of prey had been before them. They left them in the brush as they lay, for such is the fate of those whom the jungle swallows.

One curious fact remains to be told. Since then, I have awakened at night with those screams ringing in my ears, seeing that moonlit sea of brush, smelling the dusty scents of the jungle. And invariably, when this occurs, it has been, as it were, the signal for the old lust of the hunting to start creeping along my veins. It has happened so often that I have almost ceased to wonder at it.

First catch your ivory, then get it home—if you can. A man's troubles have barely begun when the tusks of the fallen monsters are chopped out, wrapped in sacking, and taken back to camp. Each weighs fifty, or even one hundred pounds. I have seen specimens that are on record as tipping the scales at 250 pounds. Suppose I have got together $100,000 worth of fine ivory. I am perhaps a thousand miles from anywhere, with this load of 50,000 or 60,000 pounds. There are no railroads, no wheeled vehicles, even no draft animals. The stuff must be carried across the wilds of Africa on the backs of native porters, who think nothing of dropping their loads and deserting, if the fancy happens to seize them. The worst of the hunting is nothing to what such a homeward march may mean. I have had my men shot down by hostile tribes from ambush with poisoned arrows; I have seen them die in agony from the bites of noxious insects; I have been at-

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tacked by bands of Dinkas who knew the value of ivory as well as I did and who tried to help themselves to mine.

Of course there are easier ways of getting ivory than by shooting it. I have bought buried tusks from native kings; from savage trappers and hunters, who dug huge pits for their quarry, or whose only weapons were home-made spears. One may still pick up a brace of tusks for an old scarlet military tunic with a bit of gold braid on it; and one of the finest tusks I ever saw—it weighed nearly two hundred pounds—had been exchanged for a demoralized old cocked hat and a pair of purple satin corsets. Yet more than once I have arrived at Chinde, or at Stanley Pool, in the Congo, with never so much as a fifty-pound tusk to show for eighteen heart-breaking and dangerous months in the interior.

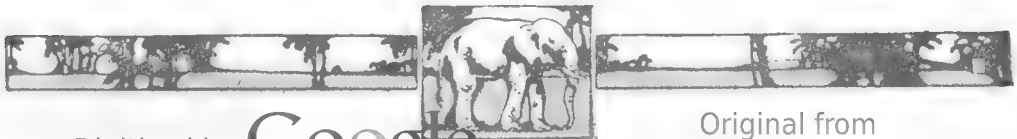
When I get my ivory to the coast it is loaded for shipment to Hale & Sons, of London, who, with Lansberger et Cie., of Antwerp—who handle all the Congo ivory—are the largest dealers in ivory in the world. Practically the entire supply is disposed of through one or the other of these two firms. From this time the stuff is out of my hands, for a hunter never sells for himself.

There is good money in the business; for years my income has ranged from ten to twenty thousand dollars a year. Year by year the price of ivory is steadily going up. The demands of both Europe and America are increasing, while the herds are diminishing at an appalling rate. Of late, and none too soon, laws have been passed which will, if they are enforced, go far toward preserving the remnants of these once mighty herds. Hunters must now take out licenses before starting on a trip. Unfortunately, the Big Game Regulations, while they may put a check on indiscriminate slaughter, do not limit the number of men who may take out licenses. Ivory has recently been sold in the London Docks at the record price of $453 per hundredweight; and "cut points" for billiard balls bring $750 per hundredweight, or three times the quotation ruling a couple of decades ago. Pretty soon choice ivory will command $15,000 a ton, and there will be precious little in the market at that. Big consumers of ivory, such as the world's great piano makers, cutlers, brush makers, billiard-ball turners, and so on, are beginning to wonder what must be done about it.

The billiard-ball industry takes the finest of all ivory, and the thickest and soundest parts of the best tusks at that. Only five perfect balls can be cut from an average tusk; so that ten balls equal one elephant in the estimation of modern civilization. In the big warehouse of one firm that I know in London, I can show you 20,000 perfect ivory billiard balls, worth $80,000, lying in a monstrous net in one corner. This netted heap represents 2,000 elephants, and that same firm calls on the African forests for 100 elephants a month. Just one corner of that warehouse will hold fine ivory worth a quarter of a million dollars, not including rhinoceros horns, hippo teeth, and such stuff. Sales are quickly made; one day the ivory comes in; the next it is on the lathe.

As I have said, I am in the business for love of it. But even if I would, I could not get out of it. I come back from a trip, aching with fever, thoroughly worn out, looking forward to the club and the meetings with old friends, anticipating a rest and a chance to get civilized again. Instead of this, in the cities I am smothered, restless, never satisfied. I try to settle down and take an interest in sports, in politics, in the men I know. For a time it works very well, but only for a time. It is no use fighting against it; the wanderlust has bitten too deep, and I am too old a dog to learn new tricks. And this, you will find, is the case with all old hunters. It is the penalty a man pays—the price that the Black Land extorts from him.

Queer specimens of humanity you meet in these African forests: younger sons of noblemen; business men trying to forget the tape and ticker; desperadoes, millionaires—Englishmen, Americans, Belgians—a motley throng. And no two men will give the same answer if you ask them wherein lies the fascination of the jungle and the veldt. To each man it means something different, something that he himself may perhaps not quite understand. But the fascination is always there.



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The Nervous System and the Blood

By WILLIAM HANNA THOMSON, M.D., LL.D.

Author of "Brain and Personality"

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EDITOR'S NOTE.—Here are some remarkable glimpses of strange new discoveries in medicine and biology. It is the blood that tells the true story of descent; insanity is a disorder of the blood. There is a Great Sympathetic, which daily manufactures within each of us enough poisonous drugs to kill a man, and also provides the antidotes. In the abdomen is the real seat of emotion and of physical power. And we are brought to believe, with Dr. Thomson, that medicine to-day is in the position of Columbus when he landed upon a West Indian Island—it is a small island, but it is on the edge of a great world.

THERE is no telling into what unexpected paths a single scientific discovery may lead. The scientific investigator may start with a single aim in view, but on his way stumble upon a great principle in life reaching far beyond his original objective. Nor does it matter if he begins with something rather unattractive in itself, for science does not mind that aspect of a subject in the least. We will first cite an example which, though not connected with our present subject, yet illustrates the undesigned beginning that we shall find in the case of a recent important discovery about the blood.

Thus, it was long a puzzle why no young tapeworm was ever found infesting an intestine. No baby tapeworm was reported by anybody; it was discovered that different animals had each its own specialty in these things, but wherever found they were maturely developed when found. This observation, which comes down the ages from Aristotle himself, who was also perplexed about where eels come from, gave rise to many guesses, one of which was that tapeworms generated themselves in the intestine, and therefore had no ancestry.

Finally, a German named Von Siebold, with that national trait in him of exhaustive application to some one specialty, made himself a specialist on tapeworms, and in the course of his researches discovered that cats and owls were infested with exactly the same kind of tapeworms. He then cogitated on what the bird and the cat could possibly have in common, and concluded that it could be only in the single matter of diet, namely, that both ate mice. He proceeded then to investigate mice, and found in some of them not tapeworms, but a great number of minute bag-shaped creatures now called cysticerci, which had burrowed into their flesh. These had as little resemblance as possible to tapeworms, which may be twenty feet long. He then fed the meat of such unfortunate mice to dogs, pigs, and chickens, and in due time, lo! all three grew the same tapeworms with those of cats and owls. The commonest kind among our tapeworms comes from eating beef not sufficiently cooked to kill the cysticerci in it.

But Von Siebold's discovery led to the great subject of alternate generations in the living kingdom, where the first generation is quite unlike its parent, but, instead, like its grandparent. As laws of life do not stop anywhere, we need not be surprised to find analogous alternation appearing in mankind, for children often resemble their grandparents more than their parents in many particulars, both in health and in disease.

A similar great discovery, equally unthought of at the beginning, concerns our present subject. Mephistopheles said to Faust: "Blood is altogether a peculiar juice," but when Goethe penned these words he little

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dreamed how very peculiar science would one day demonstrate this juice to be. It came about in this way. Some of the most recondite investigations in the history of medicine have been about the mechanism of immunity, or why a single attack of certain infectious diseases renders a person immune from a second attack. It was through these investigations that some valuable antitoxins were discovered in the immunized blood serum, which raise hopes that we may yet find the antitoxins for the worst forms of our deadly infections, just as an antivenom has been found for the cobra's poison, and another for that of the rattlesnake. But each of these antitoxins is specific in that it does not afford any protection except just against its own poison. This led Professor Wasserman of Vienna to investigate whether the blood of each kind of animal did not contain some ingredients which would be specific to that animal, that is, not to be found in any other animal, a fact which, if found, might be of use in medico-legal cases.

BLOOD TESTS AND ZOOLOGY

His results made this so probable that Professor Nuttall, F.R.S., of the University of Cambridge, took the subject up, and has so extended its application that a single drop of blood from any animal now suffices not only to show by its peculiar chemical reactions what animal it comes from, but also how nearly related, or the opposite, an animal is by his blood to other animals. It begins, therefore, to look as if the whole classifications of zoology may have to be rearranged according to these blood tests.

Thus, a drop of the blood of a walrus shows no relation with a drop of whale's blood, or of the blood of any other cetacean, such as seals or porpoises, which, like the walrus, are mammals that have taken to the sea. Instead of that, the blood of the walrus immediately reacts with the blood of horses, asses, and zebras, thus proving that he is an equine that no longer crops grass, but goes where he can live on an exclusively fish diet. Likewise, the hippopotamus is shown to be a modified pig.

Where a blood relationship exists, but is distant, these reactions are proportionately faint, but where no reactions occur there is no relationship at all. Thus, geology indicates that birds are descended from reptiles, and, oddly enough, the blood of a bird shows a distinct, though very faint, reaction with the blood of a snake, but none whatever with that of the winged bat or the flying squirrel, for these are mammals.

INSANITY NOT A BRAIN DISEASE

On the other hand, the marsupials, once such a great family, but now reduced to the kangaroo, the opossum, and a small creature in South America, have now not a single blood relation left. As to man, he has no relationship to monkeys, but the blood of anthropoid apes shows a very faint reaction with his. Meantime, all the races of man are unmistakably of one blood, whatever their color or abode.

Hence the blood is by far the most hereditary thing about us. Neither the shape of the skeleton, nor the contour of the body, nor brain, heart, lungs, stomach, intestines, liver, or skin, nor even ancestral habits about the great Food Question—Darwin's only Creator—how to eat or keep from being eaten—are comparable to a single drop of blood for telling the correct story of descent. All this gives a new meaning to the words, "For the blood thereof is the life thereof." Likewise, the old saying that insanity runs in the blood now wears a scientific look, since blood and family are so inseparably associated.

In our former article, on "The Real Self and Drugs," we alluded to the unexpected discovery that insanity is not a disease of the brain, because no anatomical investigation, microscopic or otherwise, can show the least difference between either brain cell or fiber of a person dying insane and the healthy brain of one killed in an accident. But the same absence of brain changes is noticeable in a whole class of important chronic nervous diseases, such as migraine, neurasthenia, hysteria, and epilepsy. None of these shows *post mortem* any characteristic changes from normal brains.

Now, no one can minimize the importance of these nervous diseases. Insanity alone is serious enough. When that dread specter appears, there is no getting used to it. Years of familiarity with it, both in private and in official relations, do not lessen my recoil from the spectacle of a permanent, instead of—as with drugs—a temporary, mental derangement. But it is facts connected with these same insanities produced by drugs entering the blood which awaken the hope that

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we may find elsewhere than in the brain the cause, and therefore, with the cause, the best treatment for this dreadful affection, as well as also for the other nervous diseases which cause no brain changes. If the brain of a man who has been addicted to immense doses of opium for years still shows in it no trace of this mind-deranging agent, while chemistry quickly finds the reactions of this drug in his blood, the mistake of years on this whole subject begins to come into view. It is singular how long the sway of that error has continued, for even yet many physicians, including some neurologists, cannot see the two sides of the problem.

IMPORTANCE OF THE BLOOD

That mistake was the inference that because injury to the structure of a mechanism always deranges its working, therefore derangement of its working means derangement of the mechanism. But structure is not enough for the working of any mechanism, and least of all if it be a living mechanism. Every mechanism needs to have its source of power constantly supplied to it, or it will not work at all. Though a locomotive be perfect in every detail, yet not one of its wheels will turn if it has no coal. The function of a lamp is to give light, but if its globe be filled with water instead of with oil, what would be the use of carefully inspecting its every part with a microscope to discover why its wick cannot be lit? But so every bodily organ, and above all the brain, needs its never-failing current of blood to be rapidly coursing through it, and so surely is this true that the brain will work only according to the quality of its blood. Mix poisons with that blood and its thinking will be deranged according to what the particular poison is, though its structure remains the same as ever; just as every part of the lamp's structure remains the same, whatever be the fluid in its globe.

Now that attention has been turned at last to the relations of abnormal conditions of the blood with those disorders characterized by derangement of the working, rather than of the structure, of the nervous system, a new era seems about to dawn upon us, both as respects the understanding and the management of these disorders. But if so, it is a dawn accompanied by such mists and fogs that often it is difficult to make out our bearings. We have already adduced evidence that examining the brain with scalpel and microscope is simplicity itself compared with the riddles which the chemistry of the blood propounds. What can anatomical research reveal compared with what the chemical reactions of a drop of blood reveal about life present and past on this globe? All we know is that a great many factors enter into this problem, every one of which must be taken into account before settled conclusions can be reached.

Thus, one of the chief elements in this problem is that the chemistry of the blood is largely, though not exclusively, controlled by the third great nervous system in us, a nervous system whose very existence the public has hardly heard of, but which physicians already know to be more directly connected with the life of the body than are brain and spinal cord put together. Physicians do not often mention it, simply because they know so little for certain about it. By the old anatomists it was called the Great Sympathetic, because it was imagined to distribute feelings all over the body, thereby causing the head to ache out of sympathy with the stomach when it was sour.

OUR THIRD NERVOUS SYSTEM

Both the cells and the fibers of this system differ in numerous particulars from those of the spinal cord and brain, and it may briefly be described as consisting of three divisions. The first division presents a long chain of nervous masses called ganglia, which lie on either side of the spine from the head down. These ganglia are connected together by strands of their sort of nerve fibers, while others of them pass to make connections with the spinal cord, the medulla oblongata, and the brain. The second division consists of ganglia, or masses of ganglia lying behind the important organs, such as the heart, etc., which they are said to innervate. The largest of these is called the solar plexus, lying behind the stomach, which innervates the liver, spleen, stomach, and intestines. Other important ganglia innervate the kidneys and the pelvic organs. The third division of this system consists of numberless small ganglia distributed to every part of the body, and all connected with one another, Auerbach's plexus in the walls of the alimentary canal from the esophagus down alone counting

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many thousands, whose relations are doubtless of much importance to the functions of the digestive glands, and thus to the composition of the blood.

OUR BODIES MANUFACTURE DRUGS—

In the presence of this great nervous system physicians are now like prospectors in the Klondike region. A few fine nuggets have already been collected which prove that they come from rich veins in the mountains around, and no one knows how soon some vein in them may be struck which, followed up, will yield much gold. A specimen of these golden additions to our knowledge is the fact that, among many other things, the Sympathetic *actually makes drugs*, or true medicine, whose presence in the blood is essential to life.

One of these is now sold over the counter like any other drug. The origin of this drug is from a twig of the renal (kidney) sympathetic plexus becoming at a certain early stage of development rolled on itself like a ball of twine. In time it breaks off from its parent stem, and being enclosed in a capsule, adheres to the top of the kidney as a separate gland called the adrenal gland. This pair of small glands is more necessary to life than the kidneys themselves are, for animals die more quickly when they are excised than when the kidneys are cut out. The reason is that these adrenals add an internal secretion to the blood whose active principle has been found to be a definite chemical substance, only 1–800 of a grain of which will uncomfortably raise the pressure of a man's blood in all the arteries of his body. This adrenalin, as it is called, is a new medicine with many valuable properties, but it is itself of such purely chemical composition that substances like it can now be made artificially, like artificial indigo.

Another of these great "finds" is that from the sympathic ganglia come those little nervous fibers which ramify on the coats of the arteries and the business of which is to dilate or contract the arteries according to the time needs of the part. Thus, the stomach needs about nine times more blood when it is digesting than when it is empty. As food enters it, its vasomotor nerves, as they are called, relax its arteries to flush all its secreting glands, and then when it is empty they shut the supply off. Without this incessant regulation of the blood vessels, we should quickly cease to live, and we are always uncomfortable if these nerves are irregular in their duty. Thus, a sunstroke so injures the sympathetic in the neck that for years the patient's head and face flush on the slightest provocation. Now these vasomotor nerves lose all power to regulate the arteries if there be no adrenalin in the blood. Likewise, a slow wasting of these adrenal glands by disease causes a serious malady called Addison's Disease, in which the patient dies from pure muscular weakness accompanied by stomach and intestinal dyspepsia. This disease was uniformly fatal before the discovery of the secretion of these glands, but since then I, among others, have myself kept three patients alive and comfortably well—one for seventeen years—by daily dosing them with extracts made from the adrenals of sheep, or other animals, while a few days' failure to take the extract causes all the dangerous symptoms to return.

—AND POISONS

Other necessary drugs are manufactured in the body under the superintendence of the Sympathetic. About two tablespoonfuls of a bitter salt like Epsom Salts is daily manufactured by the liver, and then can be extracted from the bile. The base of this salt, called taurin, was fifty-two years ago supposed by the eminent English chemist, Bence Jones, to be like a veritable animal quinine, because he found that the taurin of the guinea-pig gave both all the different chemical reactions of quinine and its spectroscopic lines as well. This substance, therefore, he regarded as our natural protective agent against invasions of the blood by micro-organisms. Since then this theory has been considerably modified by the discovery of numerous other drugs manufactured in the body which, because they can combine with acids and form salts are called alkaloids, some of them, however, being powerful poisons. It is now generally agreed among physiological chemists that we daily manufacture enough poisons in our alimentary canal to kill us before the day is over, were it not that these poisons are neutralized by the liver and other organs before they can enter the blood and thus reach the brain and other vital parts of the nervous system.

That the Sympathetic has much to do with regulating this complex vital chemistry

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is reasonably inferred from such experiments as that of extirpating the solar plexus, the animals then dying with symptoms closely resembling those of Asiatic cholera, with its profuse "rice" water discharges. As the micro-organism of cholera never enters the blood, but instead grows in the intestine, where it secretes its deadly poison to be then absorbed, and thus quickly reach the solar plexus, it seems to be a fair inference that it kills chiefly by paralyzing that important nerve center, with a resultant intestinal flow which drains the blood of its water.

WHY DYSPEPSIA MAKES US GLOOMY

Prospectors in mining regions are constantly on the lookout for surface indications, which sometimes lead to valuable discoveries, and sometimes not. One of such surface indications in our particular medical field is furnished by that singular vegetable alkaloid, caffeine. Wherever it is found in any plant the world over, men have forthwith made a beverage out of the leaves or berries of that plant, as the Arabs found coffee, the Chinese tea, the natives of Central Africa cola, of South Africa the bush tea, of South America the Paraguay tea, and further north in Brazil the cocoa bean, from which chocolate is made. All of these apparently different substances owe their use as beverages to the presence in them of the chemical base caffeine, while it is the combination of the caffeine with different ethereal oils, or aromatic ingredients, which imparts the special taste or flavor to each.

Now, the curious fact is that caffeine is almost identical with a substance everywhere present in our bodies, called xanthin, for caffeine can be made out of xanthin and vice versa. But xanthin itself is chemically first cousin to uric acid, usually regarded as an undesirable waste product in the system. This being so, we may yet find out that a slight change started by the Sympathetic in the chemical working of the liver may produce a substance which causes that dreadful insomnia, so common in nervous people, and particularly as a precursor of insanity, just as a cup of strong coffee can banish sleep for the night.

There can be little doubt that it is the Sympathetic which is most closely related to vitality. It is curious to note the difference between the head, chest, and abdomen in this respect, when disease or accident injures any one of these regions. In an apoplexy the consciousness may be benumbed, but the pulse is usually full and strong. A consumptive may have a cavity in a lung as large as a fist, and yet be quite sanguine about getting well. A man with a valvular heart disease likes to have his heart examined, and is not a bit scared; but when medical students, after listening to lectures on heart disease, have asked me to examine their hearts, if they were evidently much frightened at its palpitation, I would be almost certain that nothing was the matter with that organ, but, rather, that the stomach was at fault. Because, the moment anything goes wrong below the diaphragm, fear instinctively awakens.

Even nothing but a dyspepsia drapes the horizon in black. A real injury, such as a hole in the stomach not larger than a pin's head, causes immediate collapse, with a small, rapid pulse. The reason for this marked difference in the apprehension of danger in affections of the three great bodily centers is that in the abdomen are the chief centers of the Sympathetic, and on that account the surgeon would rather, as far as life is concerned, make the great wound which he does when he cuts a leg off than make the small incision through which a stone in the bladder is removed. Moreover, as it presides over the whole business, the Sympathetic can laugh at the poor brain trying to keep cool and calculate over a love-affair.

BLOOD-CAUSED NERVOUS DISEASES

The Sympathetic, in fact, does pretty much as it pleases with its organs. The brain by will power can hardly make the heart beat fast or slow. The liver scarcely knows that the brain exists; and a man may wish that his stomach would like some article as much as he likes its taste, but if the gastric sympathetic branches decidedly object, that is the end of it. A young physician therefore should early learn to note the expressive signs in the three zones of the face which show which of the three great cavities is the seat of trouble, even though the patient be too delirious or too young to tell. If the trouble be in the head, the wrinkles in the forehead and the look of the eyes have their meaning. If lungs or heart are out of order, the play of the nostrils is characteristic, and if the affection be a one-sided pleurisy or

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pneumonia the corresponding nostril differs from its fellow. But if it be in the abdomen, down go the corners of the mouth with an unmistakable woe-begone expression, for then the Sympathetic is chiefly disturbed.

Everyone knows that general nervousness is a very undesirable thing, but it may not be the nerves at all which are at fault. Some people who pride themselves on their philosophy frequently feel humiliated that they cannot reason their "blues" away. Thus, Carlyle often would summon his royal brain to drive an old, bad-tempered spirit out of his head by pure will power, but soon the same spirit would be back again with seven other blue devils worse than the first, as his poor wife would discover. He himself recognized how he became thus "possessed" by the progeny of that "accursed hag, Dyspepsia."

Often the worst onsets come upon waking in the morning, when headache, melancholia, and other conditions of nervous depression are most marked owing to the faulty chemistry of intestinal digestion during sleep. As a general thing, people who complain that they are "all nerves" had better leave brain and nerves alone, and take nothing for them, but find out instead how the alimentary canal is working. It is from this that the blood is replenished, and hence one of the most common causes of the blood's being out of order is that the digestive apparatus is out of order enough to add to the blood alkaloids or other things which make brain or nerves suffer everything from blues to fits. He is a poor physician who treats nervous diseases only with drugs which act on the nervous system.

The real nervous diseases are those accompanied by actual demonstrable changes somewhere in the nervous system. They wholly differ from nervous derangements caused by blood poisons in being permanent and incurable. The blood-caused affections, on the contrary, are often quite intermittent and curable. One may be entertained by a lively lady at an evening party who the next morning cannot raise her head because of sick headache, just as her mother used to suffer twenty-five years before. Nor can the most expert neurologist pick out the man in a large company who is soon to fall in an epileptic fit.

But no paralytic from an apoplectic clot on his brain two years before will ever walk again as he used to, nor will a man with locomotor ataxia step off at any time as if there were nothing the matter with him. The commonest blood poisons, on the other hand, have a way of accumulating in the blood without producing any special symptoms up to a certain point, when they explode, as it were, each in its own fashion. Thus, a man may be quite himself with gout in his blood up to the hour in the night when he is awakened by an awful wrench in his big toe. I have known many persons who unexpectedly fell down in a uræmic convulsion, but who till then had given no sign of the kidney disease which for months had been poisoning their blood.

Now that we know where to look for the source of so many sad nervous affections, we have reason to hope for the future, as we stand where some great outlines of that future come into view. However unknown the realms beyond, we feel sure that they must be rich in their treasures. Medicine is now like Columbus when he first landed on a West Indian island. It was only a small island, but it belonged to a great new world. Practical results, which in medicine always mean gains for all humanity, are sure to follow upon patient scientific exploration in that direction along lines already indicated by discoveries made since this young century began.

One of our most encouraging considerations is that those nervous disorders which depend on states of the blood do not require for their cure a new creation of nerve matter, as organic nervous diseases do. Brain and nerves still remain intact, and hence in no class of diseases do we find that early treatment, when understandingly guided by our new knowledge, so often prevents the patient's going from bad to worse. Early treatment will prevent incurring a chronic diseased nervous habit—and old nervous habits are the hardest of all habits to break.

It is unfortunate, therefore, that, while we abound in hospitals for every kind of disease or injury, we are yet without a well-equipped institution for dealing specially with the first stages of functional nervous diseases, as for example incipient insanity, when so much could be done to arrest their further progress. We would have much reason to anticipate that the benefits conferred by such an institution would in time justify its being included among the glories of modern preventive medicine.

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MR. TRIMBLE'S SPEECH

By E. J. RATH

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger

"OF course, you must realize," said Mr. Vinton, "that, in one way, it seems like a small matter. It sounds a little like interfering with a man's personal liberty. Still, something ought to be done about it, for it certainly is a live issue."

"Bet your life it's a live issue," said Mr. Trimble very positively. "The livest kind. And the noisiest, too. Something's got to be done."

"Yet I don't like to get on bad terms with my neighbors," added Mr. Vinton doubtfully.

"Oh, hang the neighbors!" exclaimed Mr. Trimble cheerfully. "Think of yourself—us. It can't go on forever. I bet I heard no less than a dozen this morning, before five o'clock. And two fights thrown in."

"I know, I know," said Mr. Vinton wearily. "Heard some of 'em myself. But what are we going to do?"

Mr. Trimble considered the matter for a moment. Then he started.

"I have it," he exclaimed. "The Board of Trade!"

Mr. Vinton brightened too.

"I believe you're right," said he.

"I know it," said Mr. Trimble. "It's a sure bet. We'll take it to the Board of Trade. It's a matter that affects the whole Park, isn't it? Everybody's interested in it."

Mr. Vinton pursed his lips in doubt.

"A good many of 'em own 'em," he ventured cautiously.

"Oh, shucks!" declared Mr. Trimble. "They're taxpayers, aren't they? They're reasonable men. They're interested in the public welfare. When's the next meeting?"

"Week from to-night. The second Tuesday, you know."

"Good!" said Mr. Trimble. "That gives us—me—time. We—I—shall make a speech about it."

"You will?" exclaimed Mr. Vinton incredulously.

"I will," replied Mr. Trimble with determination. "I'll make a speech about it. A hot one, too."

"There shouldn't be any bitterness, exactly," suggested Mr. Vinton.

"Not at all, not at all," said Mr. Trimble hastily. "Not the least in the world. Nothing personal, you know. But warm, Vinton; warmest ever. Straight talk; earnest; from the heart. All that sort of thing. But logical, you know; oh, logical right up to the hilt."

Mr. Vinton nodded.

"That's the kind," he said. And added: "Of course, I'll back you up."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Trimble offhandedly. "It'll stir up the Board, all right. They'll do something. Wouldn't wonder if they'd adopt a resolution."

Privately, Mr. Vinton was glad to have Mr. Trimble do it. He felt just as deeply about the live issue, to be sure, but he had misgivings about starting the campaign. After a path was blazed it would be different.

Little doubt but the dogs of Gardendale were a live issue. Whatever their virtues might be, to Mr. Trimble and Mr. Vinton, who harbored no dogs, their vices outweighed. The indictment just reeked with counts. Primarily, the dogs barked. They began at dawn, kept up a desultory fire all day, accelerated the racket at sunset, and boomed away far into the night. Also, they fought, and they seemed utterly unable to fight in a quiet and decent manner. They pursued the wagons of tradesmen. They played tag in the flower-beds. They frightened the timid, and exasperated the brave. They chased the children, and gave grown people cases of nerves. They were at every turn and corner, vociferous, omnipresent, and disorderly.

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Mr. Trimble's idea of taking the case before the Board of Trade was commendable, for the province of the Board was illimitable. It prodded people until they laid sidewalks and curbstones; it poked the ribs of officials until they paved streets, in sheer self-defense, and then kept them clean; it said "Presto" and there were electric lights, and twenty-candle-power gas, and pure drinking water, and, once in a while, a policeman, and all sorts of civic accessories. Why not dogs? It was really too easy.

Mr. Vinton was no more than out of the house before Mr. Trimble was at work on the speech. He shut the door of his den, so that he might not hear the dogs, and began with a clean pad of paper, a new pen, and a brimming ink-well. Although he would have resented the simile, he went at it after the fashion of a terrier with a rat. He took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and slipped his suspenders over his shoulders. He worked under a pressure of outraged citizenship that made him tremble like a boiler that is trying to contain itself. Sheet after sheet wrote Mr. Trimble, and he was writing for his home, his family, his community, his civic happiness, and, last and not least, his personal peace of mind. The sentiments that throbbed in his breast were fastened on the paper in burning words. When an epigram flitted before his mental vision he speared it with his pen. The more he wrote the faster his hand traveled and the better was he pleased with the result. He was producing something that would galvanize the Board of Trade until it had the reform jumps and swept the whole pack of yelping beasts out of the Park.

For two hours he worked, smoking viciously and breathing hard and making copy. Then the door of the den opened softly, and Mrs. Trimble peeked in amiably to see what it was all about.

"Writing, dear?" she asked quite unnecessarily.

Mr. Trimble wriggled and snorted.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" he answered, not too pleasantly. It certainly was annoying to be interrupted in the middle of a discussion of midnight barking.

"What's it about, dear?" pursued Mrs. Trimble, who was seldom discouraged.

"It's a speech," retorted Mr. Trimble shortly, yet not at all ill-disposed to make the announcement.

Mrs. Trimble eyed the pile of manuscript approvingly.

"For the Board of Trade?" she inquired gently, for she knew that was Mr. Trimble's only forum.

"Yep," snapped Mr. Trimble, finishing a sentence.

"About what, dear?"

"Dogs!" shouted Mr. Trimble fiercely, jabbing in a period.

"I'm so glad," said his wife happily. "They are really dreadful. It is high time, Josiah. Somebody ought to have the courage to take it up. Only to-day, dear, I was——"

Mr. Trimble was in the middle of another sentence, writing rapidly.

"Only to-day, I was saying," repeated Mrs. Trimble.

"Can't you see I'm writing, Luella?"

"Surely; excuse me, dear," she answered, stepping softly out into the hall. For a second or two she held the door open, watching with admiration as her husband plowed a veritable furrow across the page. Then, almost timidly:

"Josiah, dear."

"WHAT?" Mr. Trimble had reached another period.

"Put in something about the Williamses' dog."

"All right," said Mr. Trimble, starting off again.

"And the one across the street, that barks at the wagons."

"Yes, yes, YES!" growled Mr. Trimble, not utterly unlike a dog himself. "And, now, let me write, Luella."

The door closed softly, only to open a second later, just as Mr. Trimble's pen was leaping forward hotly.

"And, Josey dear, put in about Thompson's dog biting the dressmaker."

"All RIGHT!" shouted Mr. Trimble.

His tone was peremptory, and the door closed hastily, all save about two inches.

"And about the little fuzzy one that had the fit."

Mr. Trimble flung himself back in his chair, fuming. The door shut with a snap. He got up, locked it, and went back to his desk. A moment later he arose and slammed down the window. There was a chorus of yelps outside.

Mr. Trimble and Mr. Vinton met next morning on the 8.05 train for the city. The latter slipped almost furtively into the seat beside Mr. Trimble, and began a conversation in a low voice.

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MR. VINTON HAD ARRIVED WITH THE HYDROPHOBIA.

"I thought up some pointers last night," he said.

"Yes?"—pleasantly. "I've got it half done, you know."

Mr. Vinton's jaw dropped. He had not believed that things could be done so quickly.

"I always strike while the iron's hot," added Mr. Trimble. "That's my motto, Vinton."

"A good one," nodded Mr. Vinton. "But I just put down a few things; roughly, of course."

He filched a sheet of paper from his pocket and handed it, rather bashfully, to Mr. Trimble. The latter took it condescendingly, opened it, and scanned it rapidly. As he read he commented:

"Got that in. That one, too. Yep; I've covered that, in a little different way. H'm. Well, I might put something in about that; but it'll have to be handled carefully. Got that. Got that. Haven't got that and don't want it. Unwise. H'm; might use that. I'll think it over. This is covered. This, too. So's this."

Mr. Vinton listened with a heart that alternately sank and rose. But principally he was amazed to discover that Mr. Trimble had advanced so far into the subject.

"If you think well of it," he suggested, "I'll drop in at the library to-day and look up something about dogs; their history and so forth."

"I don't want to go into history," said Mr. Trimble. "It's only the present that concerns us."

"Something about hydrophobia would be good, I should think," remarked Mr. Vinton.

"Well, perhaps," assented Mr. Trimble slowly. "If you don't mind, you can look that up."

"I will," declared Mr. Vinton gratefully. "I'll bring it over to your house to-night."

Mr. Trimble retired to his den immediately after dinner that evening and stripped for the fray. This time he took off his collar and tie. For an hour he had the foe all to himself, and he had all but routed it single-handed when the door-bell rang. Presently there was a polite tap at the door, and Mr. Trimble sighed, pushed the manuscript under the pad, and leaned back in his chair. He knew that

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Mr. Vinton had arrived with the hydrophobia.

That gentleman entered the den carrying a bulky package.

"I brought the books themselves," he explained, as he tore off the wrapper. "I started to copy the stuff out, but there was a lot of it and it took too long."

Mr. Trimble watched with disfavor the appearance of five volumes of bulk.

"They're the latest," assured Mr. Vinton. "And I've stuck markers in at the places."

"Have a cigar," said Mr. Trimble.

"There's a mine of information there," added Mr. Vinton.

"Here's a match," observed his host.

Mr. Vinton lighted his cigar, drew a long puff, and then asked:

"How's it going?"

"All right," said Mr. Trimble shortly.

"Er—could I glance it over?"

"Otherwise, I'd be glad to have you see it. Don't believe you could read it, anyhow; it's a scrawl. To-morrow night I'll bring it over and read it to you."

Mr. Vinton was clearly disappointed, but he said nothing, smoked a while, and left. As Mr. Trimble heard the front door close he swept the five treatises on hydrophobia into a corner, pulled his manuscript out from under the pad, seized his pen, and was off again.

"This is a speech, not a medical paper," he growled to himself.

An hour later he sat back in his chair and sighed complacently.

"There! I guess that'll do for a while," he said aloud. He did not know that, for five minutes, Mrs. Trimble had been watching him from the hallway.

"Did you put in about the cat that was killed on the front lawn, Josiah?" she asked sympathetically.

MR. TRIMBLE FROM THEN ON MADE WAR ON THE DOGS TERRIBLY.

Mr. Trimble frowned. He was proud of this child of his pen, yet he was diffident about introducing it to strangers, even though Mr. Vinton might properly be called its godfather.

"It's just in the rough," said Mr. Trimble.

Mr. Trimble was so well satisfied with himself that he was in no mood to be unpleasant. So he lied:

"Oh, yes, dear."

Then he gathered up the pages tenderly,

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stacked them, fastened them at one corner with a clip, thrust them into a drawer and locked it, all under the hungry eyes of his wife.

True to his promise, Mr. Trimble went over to Mr. Vinton's house the next night and read the speech to him. It was done in Mr. Vinton's study, which was the attic, and the door was closed and locked. Mr. Trimble was seated as he began. At the end of the sixth page he stood up, to emphasize something. Three pages along he walked across the room and back again. Half through, he made a gesture and raised his voice. And from then on he made war on the dogs terribly. From the open he hunted them to cover; from the cover he drove them and put them to renewed flight; pursuing, he overtook them, battled with them, and annihilated them. It seemed that there could be none left when he finished, perspiring, red-faced, and triumphant. The rafters of the attic had vibrated throughout the conflict.

Mr. Vinton had been sitting rapt. Twice he applauded. At the end he had an impulse to cheer, but he remembered the young Vintons in their white beds, and restrained himself.

"It's great!" he exclaimed instead. "Great, old man."

"It ought to have some effect," admitted Mr. Trimble modestly.

"Effect!" declared Mr. Vinton. "Why, I wouldn't wonder if they'd pass a resolution!"

"Or appoint a committee, anyhow," said Mr. Trimble.

"Oh, a committee sure," replied Mr. Vinton confidently. Then, more soberly:

"There—er—isn't much about hydrophobia in it."

"Well, no, I can't say there is," admitted Mr. Trimble guiltily. "But, you see, I couldn't go very heavily into the scientific end in a general speech. The main point is to bring out the common-nuisance end of it."

"I guess you're right," said Mr. Vinton reluctantly, thinking of the five volumes from the library.

"To-morrow night I shall revise it," observed Mr. Trimble, stuffing the speech into his pocket.

"Shall you read it?"

"I don't know, Vinton; probably. It depends on whether I have time to memorize. It might be more effective delivered offhand, but then I'd run the chance of leaving out something important."

"Don't leave anything out," said Mr. Vinton earnestly. "It's good; every word of it."

He sat there musing after Mr. Trimble went home, with a feeling of envy in his heart. He was candid enough to admit that it was a great speech, a stirring speech. It expressed his own ideas exactly, and so forcibly, too. Of course, there might have been a little more about hydrophobia in it, but he did not blame Mr. Trimble particularly on that score. That had been his idea, and, of course, the speech was not his. He almost wished it were, however. He would like to have felt that it was something he had done himself.

Two or three times after that he and Mr. Trimble discussed the speech, as they went to and from the city. They talked about it in whispers, because it had been decided to give the Board of Trade no warning of the event. It was to come as a surprise, utter and overwhelming. The chairman would announce "new business," Mr. Trimble would take the floor, and the rest would be history.

Mr. Vinton became almost pathetically enamored of the speech. He talked about it incessantly. He overflowed with suggestions every time he met Mr. Trimble.

"How about getting in one on Gates's collie?" he asked. "It's one of the worst barkers, you know."

"We shouldn't be personal," warned Mr. Trimble.

"It's a rotten mean dog," sighed Mr. Vinton. "I hate to pass the house."

"I know, I know," confirmed Mr. Trimble. "But we mustn't antagonize; not at first, anyhow. Of course, if there's opposition, then we have a chance."

Mr. Vinton yielded to this superior judgment. But the next day he could not refrain from handing in a written paragraph about Mr. McIvor's pair of bulls, which Mr. Trimble put in his pocket and indulgently said he would try to find a place for.

Mrs. Trimble's interest in the affair was no less than that of Mr. Vinton. She was a fountain of ideas. She submitted to her husband whole lists of dogs suitable for denunciation, with marginal notes of their misdeeds, and foot-notes giving details for which there was no room on the margins, and postscripts reciting matters that were en-

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tirely crowded off the original sheets. All of these Mr. Trimble received graciously, and all of them he threw away later on. He felt that it was best to have the speech all his own.

It took him until three o'clock in the morning to complete his first revise, and the next night he read the new draft to Mr. Vinton, who enthusiastically declared that it was even better than the first, although he had not believed such a thing possible. But he could now see that its sonorous periods were more rounded and symmetrical, its sentences more vigorous and picturesque. He held the watch while Mr. Trimble paced the attic and read it aloud. It took thirty-five minutes, and it was worth every second of it.

"Great, I tell you, Trimble; great," he said warmly. "I heartily wish it was my own."

Mr. Trimble went home with a well-defined notion that Mr. Vinton was right about it. He could well understand that gentleman's friendly envy.

Then he revised it again. This time he did it more deliberately and critically, perfecting its logic, polishing its rhetoric, and here and there enriching it with a thought or two that had escaped him in the making of the earlier drafts. The decorative stage had been reached, and he hovered over the manuscript with a loving hand, painting, now and then, a little picture, etching once in a while a dainty bit of impressionism, retouching, embellishing, and varnishing with the ardor of a master. So pleased was he with this task that he did not even resent a suggestion from Mrs. Trimble, to the effect that it would be well to say something about Mrs. Fletcher's poodle chewing the ear of Mrs. Van Cleave's Pomeranian, with a dark hint that it might next be biting pieces out of young Trimbles and other little joys of the neighborhood.

Mr. Vinton again insisted that the second revise was still better. He found himself waving his hands and stamping his feet as Mr. Trimble declaimed it. After that the author had his amanuensis copy it on the typewriter, with wide spaces between the lines, so that he could read it easily in case he decided to use the manuscript itself. The night before the second Tuesday he gave Mr. Vinton a final reading, and they mutually decided that the last word on the subject of dogs had been said. The envious Mr. Vinton knew in his heart that it was perfect. There was something wistful in his expression as he listened to it. He found himself mechanically following the gestures of Mr. Trimble, just as if he were delivering it himself. More than once he sighed. Ah, if it were only his!

On the night of the Board meeting Mr. Trimble had bad luck, for business kept him in the city so late that he did not appear for dinner until seven-thirty o'clock. That meant that he had to gobble and dress in a hurry. The matter of costume he had been considering all the afternoon, and he had come to the conclusion that a frock coat would be more dignified and effective than anything else. He dressed with care and discrimination, and so jealous was he in the matter of detail that it was after eight o'clock when he found himself ready to start for the club, where the board met.

Mrs. Trimble heard him tramping about up-stairs, hurrying from room to room, and her experienced ear detected agitation in his step. There was a pulling out and slamming of drawers and a clatter of furniture. Indifferently muffled exclamations, too, reached her ears. Then, soon:

"Luella!"

She arose quietly from her sewing and walked to the foot of the stairs.

"LUELLA! Great heavens! Can't you hear?"

"Yes, dear, what is it?"

"I've lost my speech!" roared Mr. Trimble, glaring down from the landing.

"I shouldn't judge so, Josiah," said Mrs. Trimble, mildly but pointedly.

"I tell you, I can't find it," yelled Mr. Trimble, ignoring, if he understood, his wife's gentle pleasantry. "It's gone!"

Mrs. Trimble ascended the stair, with a sigh.

"Where did you leave it, dear?"

"That's a fine question," snapped Mr. Trimble. "If I knew I could find it. But it's gone."

Mrs. Trimble stepped into the den and looked about her in dismay. Every drawer that had been in the desk was now on the floor, and the papers they had contained were scattered to the four corners of the room.

"Oh, you needn't look in there," cried Mr. Trimble. "I've turned everything over. It isn't there."

He charged into the bedroom and began dragging drawers out of the chiffonier. Mrs. Trimble, really perturbed, flew about also. Singly and together they rummaged the entire second floor, looking in every conceivable

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SUDDENLY, MR. TRIMBLE PAUSED—A SICKENING SUSPICION CREPT INTO HIS MIND.

place where a speech might be, yet finding none. Now and then, Mr. Trimble looked at his watch and moaned, only to go tearing about again with frightful exclamations, tossing everything in his path right and left like a rotary snow-plow.

"You don't suppose you could have left it at Mr. Vinton's last night, do you?" ventured Mrs. Trimble despairingly.

Mr. Trimble clapped his hat on his head with a yell, descended the stairs three at a time, and galloped out the front door. It was after half past eight.

He remembered perfectly now. He *had* left it at Vinton's! He had laid it on the table after the final reading and had forgotten about it.

Almost breathless, he dashed up on the porch of the Vinton residence, and stood with his finger on the push-button until Mrs. Vinton herself ran to the door in alarm.

"Vinton home?" gasped Mr. Trimble.

"I think he went to the Board meeting," said Mrs. Vinton.

"I left a very important paper in his study last night," stammered Mr. Trimble. "May I look for it?"

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Vinton, with a sigh of relief, glad to learn that the affair was no worse.

She watched Mr. Trimble in amazement as he leaped up the stairs and heard him burst into the attic study with a crash.

The speech was not on the table! He glared about the room wildly. Then he yanked the drawer out of the table and dumped its contents on the floor. It was not there. Swiftly, he swept the shelves clean. There was not a speech in sight.

Suddenly, Mr. Trimble paused and steadied himself against the edge of the table. A sickening suspicion crept into his mind. It seemed to flash over him in an instant. Vinton's admiration for the speech had been almost fanatical. His praise of it had been fulsome. His envy had been ill concealed. Vinton had— Mr. Trimble flew down the stairs again and out of the house, without so much as bidding good evening to Mrs. Vinton.

It was eight-forty-five o'clock and the club-house was a good ten minutes' walk. Mr. Trimble ran it in five. His breath was gone as he staggered up the steps of

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the broad veranda. Through the unshaded windows he could see that the Board of Trade was already in session. And—horrors! He reeled back against a pillar as he beheld Mr. Vinton on his feet, adjusting his collar with one hand in evident preparation for speaking.

Mr. Trimble rallied, dashed into the hallway, and came to a halt at the threshold of the big room. Vinton—the villain—stood there. The manuscript of Mr. Trimble's speech was in his hand. The author of the document gurgled and stood open-mouthed. Mr. Vinton finished clearing his throat.

"Gentlemen of the Board of Trade," he began, dropping his eyes to the paper he held. "In calling your attention this evening to a matter of grave importance to our community, I may say——"

"I—I—" gasped Mr. Trimble thickly, waving a hand wildly.

Mr. Vinton looked up, but his eyes went back to the paper immediately. The members of the Board gazed inquiringly at Mr. Trimble. The gavel of the chairman fell reprovingly.

"Mr. Vinton has the floor," he announced.

"But," panted Mr. Trimble, "I——"

The gavel fell more sharply.

"After Mr. Vinton, sir. You're out of order now."

Mr. Trimble fell back against the doorjamb and glared, rolling his eyes fearsomely in the direction of Mr. Vinton. That gentleman cleared his throat and began again:

"I may say that I do it only after mature consideration and painstaking investigation. I have prepared——"

Mr. Trimble muttered gutturally and, if burning looks could have slain, Mr. Vinton would have shriveled where he stood. But he went on calmly and deliberately, reading Mr. Trimble's speech, while the maker of it leaned weakly against the wall with something like murder in his heart.

Mr. Vinton reached the matter of dogs after a rather ornate introduction of two pages and proceeded in steadily improving voice. The members of the Board sat straighter in their chairs and exchanged glances. A minute later some of the leading dog proprietors of Gardendale were seen to curl their lips and lift their eyebrows.

"Our neighborhood is stricken," read Mr. Vinton, "with a veritable pestilence of these animals."

There was a noisy shuffling of feet and some coughing.

"The peace and quietude of our homes, and even the lives of our children, are in a state of constant menace," read Mr. Vinton.

There was a snicker from the back of the room. Mr. Vinton raised his eyes in surprise. So did Mr. Trimble.

"From the earliest streaks of dawn until midnight our ears are beset with the raucous clamor of these unhappy beasts," pursued Mr. Vinton from the written page.

"Ah-h-h, fudge!" said a voice from somewhere, followed by a chuckle.

Mr. Vinton looked a mild protest at the chairman, who dropped his gavel. Mr. Trimble swallowed hard and gazed about the room. Mr. Vinton went on:

"Our otherwise peaceful days are made hideous by a nerve-destroying pandemonium."

"Your nerve is all right, Vinny, old boy!" sang a voice.

The gavel hit the table again. The Board showed signs of becoming frivolous. Mr. Vinton squared his shoulders and read:

"Our nights have become a horrible phantasmagoria——"

"Whee-e-e-e! There's a hot one!" Gurgles from the chairs in the center. On Mr. Trimble's face a slowly dawning look of amazement; on Mr. Vinton's, desperation.

"Ah, well do I remember the time," read the speaker, "when there was a delightful era of peace in our community."

"Hooray for peace!" "Sic 'em, Fido." "Wow-wow-wow!"

The chairman pounded and nearly split the table. The Board rocked to and fro in its chairs. Mr. Vinton turned purple, pulled at his collar, and cleared his throat. Mr. Trimble's look of amazement was complete.

"Yes, well do I remember, too," went the speech, "those days of restful quiet and peace, before this curse came upon us. And, gentlemen, I remember also——"

"Forget it, instead!" "Three cheers for the curse!" "'Ray for the dogs!"

Mr. Vinton looked appealingly at his fellow members. A curious expression came into the eyes of Mr. Trimble, and he settled back comfortably to watch.

"I remember," read Mr. Vinton, rapidly, "the coming of the first dog in our neighborhood, and how then we little dreamed it was to be the forerunner of a pack of vicious, dangerous, noisy, mongrel-bred——"

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"Ah, cut it! Cut it!"

"Uncouth and unclean beasts!" yelled Mr. Vinton defiantly.

"Take him off!" "No, let him go it; it's great!"

The Board was baying like a pack of hounds with the quarry in sight. It swayed, shuffled, and clapped its hands. Mr. Trimble smiled faintly, looked at Mr. Vinton benignantly, and was at peace with the world.

Mr. Vinton went on bravely, assisted by the gavel:

"But now, gentlemen, our days of peace have departed, and in their place we have an existence which is one of continual torture of mind, peril of body, and agony of soul."

"Hurrah for the agony!" "Wow-wow-wow!"

Mr. Trimble grinned amiably, exchanged winks with his fellow members, and sent a glance of pleased malice at Mr. Vinton.

A sentence at a time, the reader made his way. There was a responsiveness about his audience that was inspiring. Once, when they stood up and yelled, he showed symptoms of alarm, but he held his ground and they came no nearer. Near the close he chanced to catch the eye of Mr. Trimble, who bestowed a derisive smile and a wave of the hand.

The peroration—Mr. Trimble's peroration—started a roar of cheers. They did a war-dance about Mr. Vinton. They yelped for the dogs—collectively, individually, and by groups, breeds, and sizes. They embraced each other and waltzed. In five minutes they had reached a state of temporary speechlessness.

Then the voice of Mr. Trimble was heard, clear and sharp:

"Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman!"

There was a lull as Mr. Trimble advanced to the front of the room. He beamed at the Board and then at Mr. Vinton, who averted his eyes.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Trimble, raising his hand for silence, "let's give a vote of thanks to Mr. Vinton for the most extraordinary speech that ever fell from human lips."

The vote was a landslide.

"Move we buy him a dog," called Mr. Gates from the rear.

"Second the motion!" yelled the board.

The chairman put the question and it was whooped through.

"A great, big dog!"

"No, a little one!"

"A woolly one, with pink ribbons!"

The suggestions came in volleys. Mr. Trimble raised his hand again:

"My own idea, gentlemen, would be to get Mr. Vinton a nice, quiet, inoffensive, and *inexpensive* poodle. Because——"

He paused for an instant to glance at Mr. Vinton.

"Because, gentlemen, Mr. Vinton and I are neighbors. And also because——"

Again he paused momentarily, to give emphasis to his words and also to bestow another significant look upon Mr. Vinton.

"Also because," he repeated, "I'm going to get, the first thing to-morrow morning, the biggest bulldog that ever stood on legs!"

The gentlemen of the Board of Trade rose at him with a yell, bore him up on their shoulders, and marched him around and around the room.

Bereft

By SUE FITE RAMSEY

THE way is dark, O God!
Let Thy light shine
About my path, for Thou
Hast taken mine.
Give me with clearer eyes
Thy Grace to see;
And keep, until I come,
My own for me.

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THE LAUGHING HYENA

By BURGES JOHNSON

Illustrations by E. Warde Blaisdell

THE Laughing Hyena meanders at night,
Equipped with a ravenous appetite.
He hasn't the will nor the skill for to kill
His food for himself, so he wanders until
A lion or leopard comes loping that way,
And he follows behind till they fall on their prey,
Then lingers, a-grin, near the gruesome arena,
In hopes they will share with the Laughing Hyena.

He frequents the places where lions foregather—
And if one so much as remarks on the weather
He cries, "What a hit!" and he laughs fit to split,
Till the lion begins to believe he's a wit,
And gains such a taste for applause, that, alack,
He keeps the Hyena close by for a claque.
(I've met many lions who claim that no keener
A critic exists than the Laughing Hyena.)

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This sycophant habit obtained such a hold,
That once at a funeral 'twas not controlled;
For he laughed and he laughed, and he chaffed the giraffe,
Till the relatives rose in the widow's behalf,
And they said: "All the funeral trappings are here
And we guess there is room for one more on the bier!"
And every one claimed that they seldom had seen a
More impromptu corpse than the Laughing Hyena.

My child, if you find you're acquainted with folks
Who laugh very hard at your silliest jokes,
With a thin sort of grin e'en before you begin—
Be sure a Hyena lurks under their skin.
And if you are wise you will plan their demise
Ere the smoke of their incense has blinded your eyes.

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THEIR BROTHER'S KEEPERS

By ALBERT WHITE VORSE

Illustrations by Henry S. Watson

AS we turned into the fjord, in some recess of which we expected to find the headquarters of the exploring party, a gust of wind, one of those sudden gales that swoop down in August from the towering cliffs of Greenland, smote the Condor over until her yards almost dipped into the water. I seized the railing of the bridge and watched the blurring of the mirror which had made more than doubly beautiful the gray sky and the thousands of white-and-blue icebergs that drifted in stately procession from the glacier at the head of the bay. With the dulling of the sea vanished the last reminder of that mood of kindliness which a serene arctic scene can seem to express. The only suggestion to be imagined from the view was menace.

Fierce little waves beat against the side of the ship; the swift clouds swept lower until they covered the summits of the precipice; the details in the hills darkened away; we proceeded down a monotonous defile, overhung with gray mist, and bounded by harsh gray walls, toward a ghostly white glacier which reared so high that I felt it as close at hand, almost suspended over us, and yet it was so far away that by no power of our engines did we seem to approach it. So far as new revelation of its lights and shadows was concerned, we might have been throbbing vainly for an hour in our effort to draw near it—detained by an arctic spirit with a hold upon our keel.

Aroused from the spell of weirdness by the chill of the wind, I went below to put on a leather jacket. The vessel had begun to roll uneasily in the increasing sea, and as I opened the cabin door a sudden jerk and a spurt of flame from the stove startled me.

"Pshaw!" I growled. "I have grown too old for arctic work."

It was not a new thought, and, indeed in accepting the leadership of the relief expedition I had done violence to some misgivings. A grizzled head and a failing digestion are best out of the far North. But the duties of my party promised to be light; there would be no sledging, only a sea-voyage; and even admitting that I had grown somewhat superannuated in active service, I was by no means sure that my usefulness in the North was ended. The members of the main party had been described to me as young and untrained. The sage old president of the Geographical Club, in urging upon me the charge of the relief ship, had gone so far as to allude to them as a hastily gathered family of young enthusiasts, and his hint that, after the rigors of what he aptly called the "nightmare" of an arctic winter, an old head like mine might be of value to them, had given me the excuse for accepting the command.

I had no good reason to believe that the party was in trouble. I knew little about its composition beyond what had been suggested by the diplomatic description of the president, who had added that possibly the leader was a man of books rather than of action, and might have chosen to confide the charge of the sledge party toward the north pole to his hunter, Hiller; "a man," said the president, "who has, I believe, distinguished himself greatly in athletic sports, and ought to be very efficient." Of course, there was material for speculation in this official opinion that a subordinate member of the expedition had bidden fair to prove a better man than his chief, but this did not necessarily indicate a hitch in the operations of the party.

A scramble of feet upon the deck aroused me from these meditations, and some one lifted the skylight of the cabin.

"We see the house, sir," called an excited voice. "Shall we fire a gun?"

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."Certainly," I answered, and stumbled hastily up the companionway. My young men were huddled about the cannon upon the forecastle deck, and as I reached the bridge the charge exploded. It produced an extraordinary echo among the icebergs; first single reports, then a fusillade which merged into a rattling sound that spread out over the entire fjord. Quite a minute and a half must have elapsed before the sound died away.

Our gruff old ship's master, beside me, was gazing through his telescope over the weather bow.

"Can ye make out the house, sir?" he asked.

I knew well what to look for, and yet it was some moments before I could find the black speck in the midst of the immense wilderness. It was set near the beach at the foot of a long hill that sloped gradually upward to the base of the cloud-weighted cliffs. The great wastes of barren earth in the midst of which it stood enhanced its insignificance; and though many times a similar black speck had meant to me safety and comfort, still the impression of this tiny foothold of man in the regions of the unhuman forces of nature was of desolation and loneliness.

The second officer hailed from the crow's-nest:

"I see 'em, sir!" he cried, "I see 'em. They're puttin' off in a boat."

I went forward to the forecastle deck, where the members of my party were chattering in high excitement.

"She's tossing like an eggshell. They must have sand, to put out in such a sea."

"There's a man with a red shirt in the bow."

"There are three, four of them—five of them! Gad, but she's rolling!"

She was rolling, as I could presently see for myself, so that one of the men had to bail; and making all allowances for the eagerness to greet friends from home of men who have spent a year in isolation, I found myself a little impatient at their recklessness. However, they came alongside without disaster, and one by one climbed up the ladder. The man in the red undershirt was first—his beard and hair also proved to be red—and standing in front of my party, I held out my hand to greet him. But he turned to wait for his comrades, and not until all five were on deck did they come forward.

There seemed to be something odd in this, and my first words were of inquiry that may have sounded anxious. The question seemed to bring them up short; they stared at me, and the man in the red undershirt answered that there had been no disaster.

"We are all safe, as far as we know," he said. "The chief and the doctor are away on the sledge trip. If everything has gone well they ought to be back pretty soon."

He had spoken readily, and a little ashamed of my hastiness I replied as heartily as I could, and asked them to come into the cabin and tell me about their winter. On the way they hung together instead of making friends with my lads, and about the table they found seats in a row.

While the steward was serving the champagne, I took a closer look at them. Except for the man at my right, whose redness seemed to warm the whole cabin, they looked very much alike—at least I thought so until my eye was caught by the farthest, who was a fair-haired lad, not more than twenty-two years old, and attracted my attention because he was shaven, and apparently fresh from a bath. He was having some talk with my hunter, and I found myself with the impression that he might be a fine, upstanding young fellow. The others were heavier and darker, and evidently none of them had put scissors to beard or hair for a year. The man with the red undershirt was bigger and burlier than his comrades, and evidently older; and as I noted this, I had another impression that all of them looked older than I had expected to find them. The light-haired lad finished a sentence and his lips closed in a grim line, quite lacking in the graciousness that the mouth of a youngster ought to show. The explanation of this was possibly hardship, and I broke the ice with a question as to whether the winter had been bad.

"Yes," answered my neighbor. "Damnable! In December we had sixty degrees four times, and January was one long storm. Half the time we couldn't go out even for exercise."

"That's bad," I said. "Did any one get sick?"

"Most of us got anemic, but no one had the scurvy."

I waited for more information, but he pressed his lips together, and slid his glass of wine to and fro upon the table. His eyes were dark and fierce—plainly his temper was not mild—but their expression as he looked at the wine seemed greedy rather than merely impatient, and I wondered whether he needed

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a drink. Once he raised the glass half-way to his lips, and the trembling of his hand shook a little of the liquid over the brim. The others had stopped talking to listen to us, and amid an awkward silence we waited for the steward. In fact, I lifted myself from my chair before the last glass was filled.

"Well, gentlemen," I said, "it is a great pleasure to meet you, and to have cause for a toast to the success of your expedition. Let us drink to the safety of your leader and to good fellowship among us all. I have seen your pictures in the newspapers, but your beards have changed you. I suppose, judging by stature, that it is Mr. Hiller who is sitting on my right, but I cannot place the others. However, that will come afterward. Here is to the . . ."

I do not think I went further, for when I had spoken Hiller's name I had smiled down at my neighbor. I had no answering glance, and suddenly his glass was crushed to pieces in his fingers. The others sprang to their feet. He stared at the litter of glass and wine for an instant, and passed his hand across his forehead, leaving there a red stain. His hand, too, was instantly crimson, and he held it up before him for a short view and almost immediately slapped it down upon the table, as though it were something to be cast aside.

"What made you think that I was Hiller?" he demanded in his rasping voice. "I am not Hiller. My name is Denton."

This outburst was little less disconcerting than his accident had been, but I made shift to blurt out some words of apology, and in the meantime our alert doctor pushed his way around the table and, seizing the man's hand and examining it, declared that the wound was not serious, and led him away to be bandaged. I rallied myself as best I could.

"Well, gentlemen," I said, "it's not serious. Let us wait for our toast until they come back, and meanwhile let us take our seats and drink a health to Mr. Denton."

This plan seemed to afford some relief, and after the glasses had been emptied the boy with the light hair found his tongue.

"Of course you ought to know who we are, sir. Mr. Denton is our second in command, and the rest of us are Mr. Carter and Mr. Todd and Mr. Green, and my name is Everest. Mr. Hiller," he explained, "was not at headquarters when you came in sight, so we put off without him."

He spoke with the manner of a man used to drawing-rooms. His ease was infectious after the embarrassment of the meeting, and in return I presented the members of my party, and some measure of cordiality seemed to be established. They talked freely enough about the winter. In spite of the cold they had apparently enjoyed themselves. There had been five birthday parties, and the usual Christmas festivities, and on Washington's birthday they had held athletic sports on the ice—a hundred-yards dash, and putting the stone, and harpooning, and a race with dog sledges in the moonlight. My young friend Everest had won the running matches; the harpooning and the dog-driving had gone to the doctor, and the stone-putting to Denton. I had expected to hear Hiller's name as a winner of some of the events, and remembering that large men are not always the most efficient in arctic work, I had the curiosity to ask what his part in the games had been. Everest answered me, somewhat hastily, I thought; and remembering that he had won the greater number of the contests, I was at the time glad to find him so eager to account for the failure of a rival.

"Hiller was anemic," he said. "At least I think he was anemic." His voice had wavered oddly and his brown cheeks turned red. "You see, we were all anemic in January," he hastened to add. "We couldn't go out for exercise, and the darkness got into our blood. The doctor brought us through by standing us in front of the stove with the door open for two hours apiece every day; but Hiller didn't seem to care to take the treatment. The house was a queer place, sir," he continued, with a more confident freedom, "in the last part of January and the first of February. The room was stifling hot and most of us didn't wear much, and there was always a naked man roasting himself in the middle of the floor and turning around and around when one place got too hot, like a piece of beef on a spit. But the heat seemed to do the business; at least none of us died of heart disease."

In the midst of the laugh which this description brought out, Denton and the doctor came back. Denton's face was pale, and he walked unsteadily, so I got the conventional toasts to leader and expedition over as soon as I could.

"Now," I said, "there is mail aboard for all of you, and I suppose that you will want to read it by yourselves. In the course of the afternoon we will come to visit you and bring you back to dinner."

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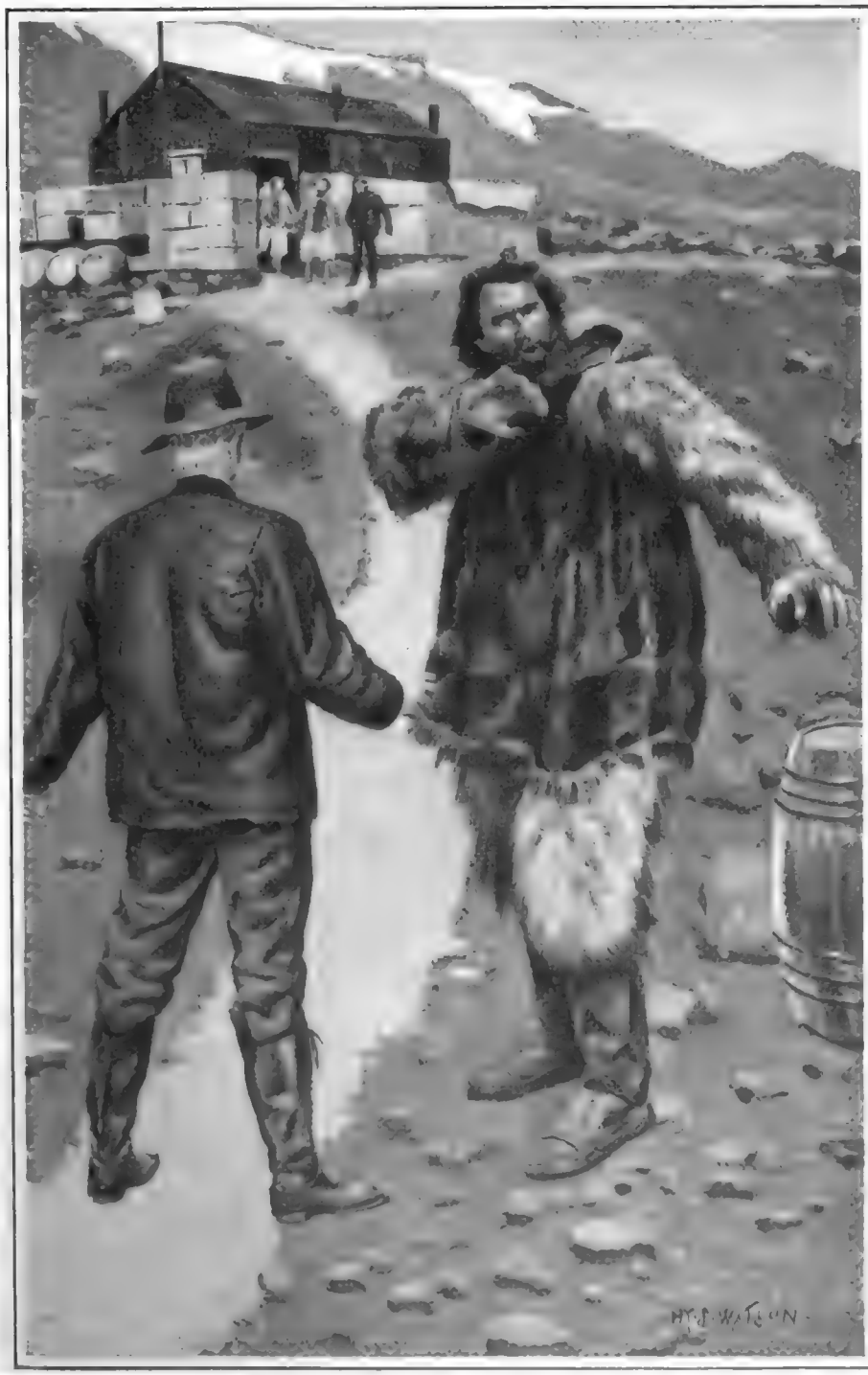

OUT OF THIS GREAT BULK OF A MAN HAD COME A VOICE LIKE THE GOBBLE OF A TURKEY.

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Denton did not reply; plainly the extraction of glass had been painful. It was Everest who took up my suggestion.

"We shall be glad to see you, sir," he said in his graceful way. "Won't you come ashore with us now? Our letters can wait."

I do not know why I accepted this invitation. I can see now that it may have been a mere formality, and at the time I was aware that Denton lifted his head, and that his eyes gleamed at me something that may have been a defiance. But my own young men were looking at me, too, and I knew that they were impatient to see what an arctic headquarters was like. It seems queer, now, that I had not deeper insight, but I set down Denton's challenge to a desire, born of pride, to nurse his wound alone. He had not impressed me favorably, and I reflected that he could comfortably go to bed while we paid the call that is prescribed by arctic custom. So I yielded, and the bustle of departure began. While I was groping for my cap, that had fallen under the table, I perceived Everest standing beside me. He asked whether I would mind telling him if I was Dr. Porter Dahlgren, who had been with—and I interposed, not being in the mood to discuss my own exploits, with some remark to the effect that I had passed through a little arctic experience and was glad to see that young men were carrying out what we had only begun. He lingered long enough to say timidly that he had read my books. I dare say, as I look back, that with encouragement he would have told me more; but I was intent upon my cap, and when I had found it, and was ready to talk, I saw him at the companion ladder, whispering earnestly to Denton, who elbowed him away impatiently and pushed forward to the deck.

Our five guests hastened to their boat and were ready first to cast off.

"We'll just put the cabin to rights a bit, sir, before you come," called Everest, as they faded into the fog.

We were quiet as we rowed to the shore. I think that we were oppressed by the spell of stillness; certainly I was oppressed by it, for insensibility to the moods of the North does not come in a mere ten years of experience. Besides, the recollection of the afternoon's embarrassments was vaguely discomforting. However, I reflected that if relations between Hiller and at least some members of the party were not kindly, the cause of quarrel was in all likelihood as trifling as the causes of hundreds of arctic disagreements that I had heard described amid roars of laughter at informal meetings of the Arctic Club, by both combatants, whose eyes twinkled friendliness to and fro. Moreover, I had a quiet chuckle by myself in the comprehension of possible disagreements with Denton. I could fancy that in the course of an arctic winter his voice and his manner might jar away some of my own patience. On the other hand, Everest seemed companionable enough, but still he had lied—I felt sure he had told at least a white lie—about Hiller's anemia; yet again, evidently Hiller had hardly fulfilled the aged president's expectation of his prowess, since he had not survived as one of the fittest, to go with the advance party toward the pole. There was a certain piquancy in looking forward to hearing his version of the winter; but I made up my mind that I would keep aloof from the affair. Arctic quarrels are best left to simmer away without admixture of new ingredients.

The fog lightened near the shore, and the low, dark beach and the little cabin covered with tar paper, and the brown slope of mud around it, started out rapidly, amid the grayness, as the details start out in the development of a photographic plate. The other boat was drawn up on the sand—a white light in the gloom—and Everest was waiting near it.

"Mr. Denton asks if you will go right up to the house, sir," he said. His voice sounded nervous and he had the effect of cocking his ear to catch some noise.

The still air carried every little sound. The boat's keel grated disagreeably over the stones; the men splashed heavily in the water; voices murmured up the beach, in the cabin. As I ascended the slope, the murmur grew louder, and presently broke into staccato shouts, which came to a climax in a heavy thud, and through the little doorway rushed forth the most enormous man that I have ever seen. I know now that he was not quite seven feet tall, but in the surprise of the first sight of him I felt his height as mountainous. His shoulders must have been broad even out of proportion to his stature, and his heavy deerskin koolatah and bearskin breeches enhanced his bulk. His hood was thrown back, and his mane of black hair and a great black beard almost concealed his face. He bore rapidly down upon me, and I suppose that I halted in sheer amazement, for I found myself standing still when he halted too. When he came on, he walked

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timidly with short steps, like those of a girl. Within a few feet of me he halted again and held forth his hand.

"How are you, old chap?" he said.

I must have stood looking at him, with my mouth open. Out of this great bulk of a man had come a voice that I can liken to no sound but the gobble of a turkey. And what was still more strange, he was apparently as much astonished at it as I was. For upwards of five seconds we stood exchanging glances of sympathetic amazement over the accents that seemed to belong to him as little as they belonged to me. Then his eyes widened, with the consciousness, I think, that the responsibility of giving forth such a sound was his own. He thrust his fingers into his hair, turned abruptly away, and strode down the beach. In a moment he began to run, at first uncertainly, with wavering steps; afterward very swiftly, with great leaps. I stood and watched him until the fog closed in behind him. The crunching sound of his footsteps lessened away. Suddenly out of the mist came a great inarticulate roar, like the roar of an animal, which rumbled along the cliffs and groaned away among the icebergs.

Near the headquarters, Denton and another of the party were looking in the direction of his disappearance, and I hastened to them with a question. Denton made no reply, and the stiffness, the rigidity of his attitude startled me anew. His fists were doubled, his shoulders were crowded together. He was glaring with half-shut eyes into the fog. The other man—I think it was Green—glanced toward him, and then laughed nervously.

"Why, we had a little row," he said, "and Hiller——"

Denton confronted him fiercely. "What do you call a row?" he exploded. "There has been no row. Hiller was just out of his head because we didn't wait to take him off to the ship with us," he explained to me, and after another glance into the fog he added, with a nod of the head, that they would bring him back all right.

His gesture suggested some speculation as to the spirit in which this return was to be accomplished; certainly it did not quite support his contention that there had been no row. And Everest, leading my party up the beach, betrayed him further with the statement that Hiller had a little house of his own, down toward the glacier, and was doubtless hurrying away to put it in order against a visit from us. As my young men were approaching, the doctor made his deliberate way past me and seized Denton's hand. He had set his fists so tightly as to disarrange the bandage, and blood was dripping from his fingers. The doctor hustled him within doors, and while we stood uncertain, Everest pressed upon us the hospitality of the headquarters. This time there was nothing perfunctory in his manner; evidently he was eager to have us pass politely over embarrassing incidents; and with the feeling that for the present our best course was to be deceived, I led the way through the door. Upon a chair near the window sat Carter, and Todd was mopping off his head with a wet cloth. Everest received this spectacle in blank dismay, but Green came to the rescue with the explanation that Carter had stepped into a can of seal oil and had fallen against a bunk; and with a quaint air of triumph in the justification of these statements, he pointed out the pool of oil upon the floor and a tomato can upset.

I turned to see what effect the succession of accidents had produced on my own men. So far as I could make out, it had not produced any effect, beyond the slight embarrassment incidental to the two misadventures, and even that they seemed presently to forget in their interest in the arrangements of the headquarters. Carter was supported to a kind of alcove at the back of the house, where Denton was being treated by the doctor; and the great table which filled up the center of the room, and the stove behind it almost shut off the spectacle of the wounded. Everest, who was an excellent host, turned our attention to a system of cupboards running lengthwise along that side of the room which included the window, and afterward to the arrangements of bunks along the opposite wall.

"I think this is a new feature in arctic houses, is it not, sir?" he asked me. "Weren't your bunks always arranged in tiers, one above another? Here, you see, each man has a compartment all to himself, like a stateroom. If any one had a quiet mood, and wanted to be alone, all he had to do was to draw his curtain and he was practically in his own house. We amused ourselves a great deal in fitting up our corners. The chief had a real room built out for himself, on the other side of that door. His place is full of books. The doctor's bunk is full of eyes, in bottles—you know, he is an eye specialist. Every animal in the North glares at you, behind that curtain. Denton has another library—all geology. My own bunk is here."

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My young men listened, absorbed and reverently enthusiastic, as fine youths ought to be amid scenes where what seem to them great events have come to pass. After we had examined Everest's guns and skins, Heywood, who was the correspondent of a newspaper, and doubtless meant to make a word-picture of the quarters, asked who had occupied the bunk between Everest's and Denton's.

"You skipped that," he pointed out.

"That?" inquired Everest. "Ah, that was Hiller's. I don't know exactly what he had in it. Come outside," he went on, "and see how we stored our grub."

While Everest was showing us the arrangement of the provisions, the doctor appeared at my elbow.

"I've fixed them up, sir," he reported, "and there's no harm coming."

"It wasn't a hard fall then?" I asked as indifferently as I could. My doctor is no diplomat. He looked me severely in the eyes.

"It was a hard fall, sir," he answered. "The man was lucky to escape a concussion."

I became aware that Everest had ceased to play the host, and that every one was looking toward us.

"The doctor says that his patients are both doing well," I explained. "But perhaps they'd better be quiet for to-night. So we'll leave you to read your letters, and won't it be better to put off our dinner until to-morrow night? Then," I added, "we hope to see all of your party aboard."

Everest smiled—I thought gratefully. I had not made much of the "all," but in replying he emphasized it.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "Barring accidents, we shall all come gladly."

We said good-by, and at the beach fired a gun, and guided by the ship's whistle found our way again aboard.

It was a head heavy with protest against the heartlessness of the men who didn't know what was in Hiller's bunk that I laid upon the pillow that night, and I expected to dream of the queer cry that had come out of the fog. But I slept soundly, and awoke refreshed at my usual eight o'clock. As I started deckward the doctor came out of his cabin.

"I'd like to go ashore and look after my patients, sir," he suggested.

"Good," I agreed. "I'll go with you," and in half an hour we put off together. It was a fine, warm morning, cloudless and almost windless. The hut looked deserted, as it had looked at bedtime; but inside we found Todd reading over letters and Carter with his head bandaged, lying in his bunk. I had the impression that Todd was not very glad to see us. He threw his letters upon the table with an impatient gesture and tilted back his chair as he said, "How do you do?" Up to this time I had not taken much notice of him. I do not think that I had heard him speak before, but at the thin, dry "How do you do?" that came from his lips as precisely as if it had been uttered by a New England schoolma'am, I took another look at him. He was somewhat leaner than the other members of his party. In the full sunlight that reached him through the window, his retreating chin and his extended neck showed through his sparse whiskers. He had an unpleasantly large Adam's apple, which constantly rose and fell, and gave him the effect of swallowing his words.

"How do you do?" I responded. "Are the rest of you reading your letters in secret?"

"No," he chirped, "they're looking for Mr. Hiller."

"Oh," I said. "Well, I hope they'll bring him back in time for dinner. Don't let me disturb your reading."

He picked up his letter and glanced at it, but presently gave voice to a little chuckle.

"I don't think they'll find Mr. Hiller," he snickered.

I took a second look at him, in the expectation of meeting a significant glance, but his eyes remained cast down toward the letter.

"Why not?" I asked, and I am afraid that my voice rose above its ordinary pitch. He was not disturbed by that, however, and answered precisely as before:

"Because there is a disagreement between us and Mr. Hiller. We are not on speaking terms with him."

It was a confirmation of my forebodings, but coming from him somehow it didn't seem very serious.

"That would be a damper on the festivities," I acknowledged. "But can't it be somehow fixed up? I suppose that now that we have come, for the credit of your own party you will want to adjust difficulties."

"We have not spoken to Mr. Hiller," he enunciated, "for more than six months."

The doctor had been bending over his patient, but at this he straightened up, stared for a moment at Todd, then carried his hand, in which he held a bandage, to his mouth, and began to bite his thumb. I had learned to recognize and to respect the symptoms of

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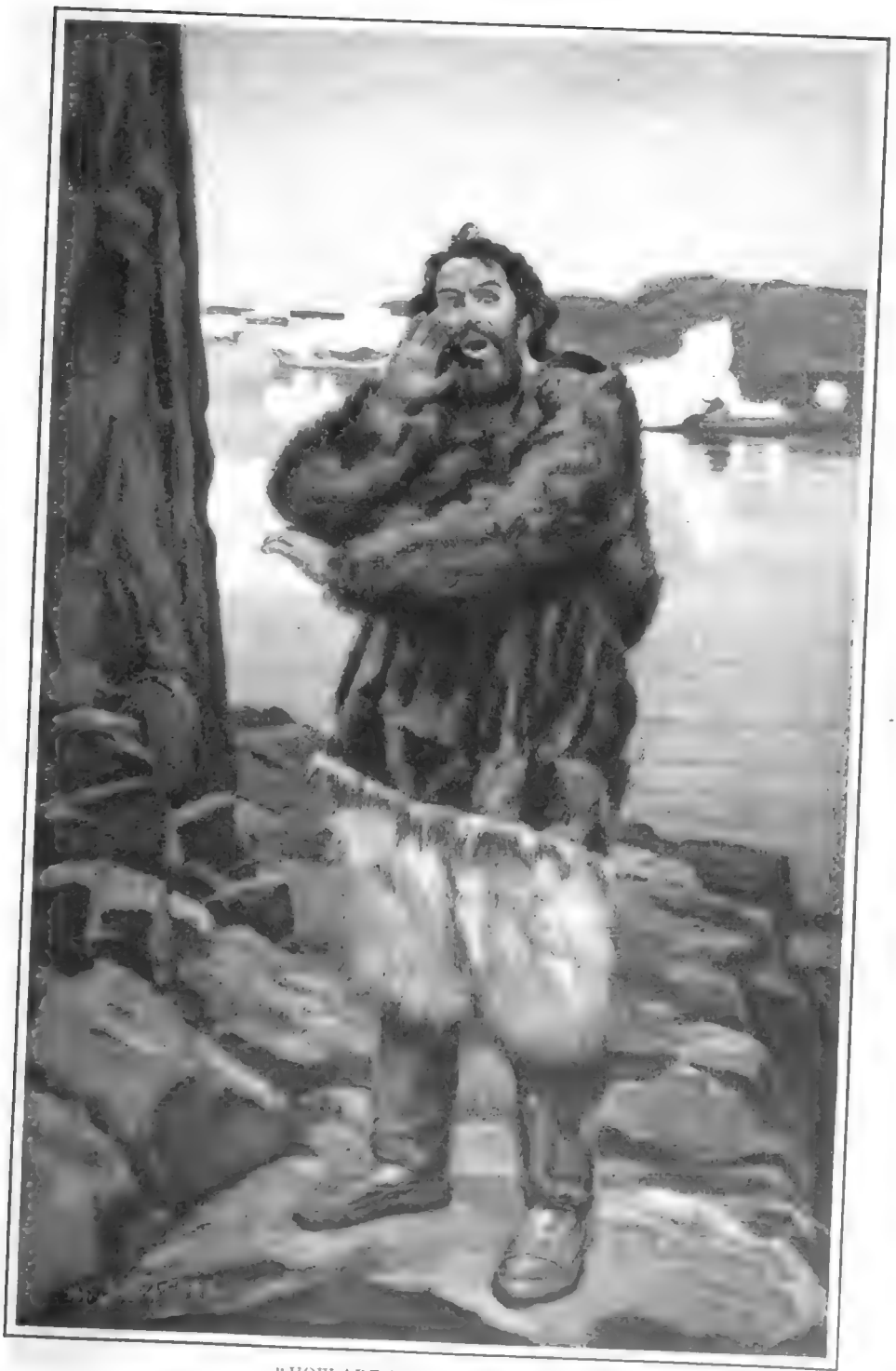

"HOW ARE YOU, OLD CHAP?"

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serious concern on the doctor's part. He said nothing, however, and presently stooped again to his patient. Todd glanced furtively at me over his letter. Evidently he was hoping to be asked further questions. He had an unbearable air of one who believes himself to be master of a situation, and I turned away to the window. It was the most commonplace time of day, if any time of day in Greenland can be described as commonplace. The sun was high, and the window commanded only a wide expanse of reddish mud and some high cliffs—a dreary scene.

"I may say," began the voice behind me, "that we all found Mr. Hiller intolerable."

The voice was as dreary as the landscape, and I listlessly wondered whether Hiller hadn't found something intolerable.

"You may like to know," insisted the voice, "that the chief was almost as implacable as any of us."

"The chief?" I asked, turning about. "Didn't the chief speak to him either?"

He shook his head triumphantly.

"Nor the doctor?"

He shook his head again.

It was a little more serious than I had expected it to be. If the man had told the truth—and remembering Denton's fierce eyes and Hiller's desolate cry, I was convinced all at once that, however great his exaggeration might have been, he had not quite lied—the quarrel was not a trivial matter. It took on a bewildering importance after I had turned back to the dismal prospect beyond the window, which presently seemed to suggest a query as to what effect this grotesque non-intercourse might have wrought upon Hiller. The problem enlarged so threateningly that I turned for comfort to the doctor, but he had finished with his bandaging, and interrupted my question from the door with a brief announcement that the others were coming.

In a moment they hastened into the hut. Hiller was not with them. Their faces were pallid with sleeplessness and fatigue, and they gave me the most perfunctory of greetings. My embarrassed salutations were interrupted by the voice, which cut in clear and exultant.

"So you didn't find Mr. Hiller?" it said. "I told Dr. Dahlgren that you wouldn't."

Denton swore loudly and turned about. Everest made a pace toward the table. But the voice went on:

"Yes. And I told him, too, that we refused to speak to Mr. Hiller."

I interposed hastily with: "Never mind that now. We can talk of that later. Isn't the first thing to do to find Hiller? Is he really lost? Do you need any help? Had I better call out my party?"

Denton turned to his cupboard and began to take out cans of provisions and to pile them upon the table. Presently he faced about and put down a can with a thump.

"Yes!" he said doggedly. "I suppose you will have to call out your men."

Everest, by my side, startled me with an exclamation. "You can't keep it from him, Denton!" he cried.

"Shut up, will you?" roared Denton, and his free hand went to a can. I thought he was going to throw it, and made haste to interpose.

"Wait a moment, wait a moment. I am not here to pry into your private affairs. My expedition has come to help yours. You needn't make me confidences unless you think best; only tell me what you want us to do, and we will do it."

"Search for a lost lunatic," cut in the voice. It was as calm and nasal as ever, and Todd did not lift his eyes from his letter. I am not sure that I should have taken note of his interruption if it had not produced such an unexpected silence. I happened to be looking at Denton when Todd spoke. His lips tightened together and his eyes widened with an expression that suggested dismay and perhaps horror. He was looking beyond me, and following the line of his gaze, I saw that Everest's face was drawn in similar consternation.

The silence lasted for several seconds, and when Denton spoke the anger had evidently died out of him, for his voice was low and hurried.

"We mean to start right away," he said. "The ground to be covered is just the beach between Hiller's hut and the glacier. If your men will spread out in a line up to the cliffs, some one will be sure to see him. If any one does see him," he went on meditatively, "perhaps he had better call to the rest of us. It may be that Hiller will not want to come back."

Todd chuckled triumphantly, but no one took open notice of him. Denton and Everest were interchanging another solemn gaze, and this time Everest nodded slowly, as if in approval of what his chief had said.

"Very well," I chimed in, "I'll go at once to the ship. I suppose food for a couple of days will do. We'll be ready in an hour."

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I hastened out of the door. Before I was half-way down the beach, however, Everest called my name and came running after me.

"Do you suppose, sir, that the doctor could go to the ship instead of you?" he asked. "We shall start before your party can be ready—as soon as Denton's hand is fixed up. Denton would like to have you go with us. There is something that he would like to talk over with you."

"Certainly," I agreed, and within ten minutes we were plodding along the rocky beach, Denton, Everest, Green, and I.

For a long time we walked in silence; they seemed unready to begin explanations, and I led them on with a question.

"How much grub has Hiller?"

Everest and Green looked at Denton. He walked on a few steps and cleared his throat before he spoke.

"We don't know," he said.

His voice was possibly more rasping and defiant than usual, and reflecting that he had been walking all night, and could hardly be himself, I caught back in time an indignant question as to whether, as chief of headquarters, he ought not to know. He must have realized my impulse, however, for he explained that Hiller didn't go to headquarters for meals, and, after a minute, added a justificatory: "He comes for food though—we think."

"Why, we know he does, don't we?" broke in Everest. "The box of tinned beef is empty, isn't it?"

Denton roared at him:

"Tell the story yourself then, if you want to! Tell it your own way. I'll have nothing more to do with it. I won't, I say!" as Everest began to expostulate. "You have wanted to tell all along. Now tell!"

He made a few rapid paces which carried him some yards in advance of us. Everest's young mouth straightened out in the line that I had noticed aboard the ship. Green, however, grinned and shrugged his shoulders, and the levity of his smile moved me to intervene.

"My friends," I said, "I am an old man, and I have been through several arctic expeditions. I have never known one nor known of one that had not some disagreements of its own. I have not been free from quarrels myself, and they seemed important enough until I learned a homely old phrase: 'It'll be all the same in a hundred years!'"

Everest turned to me eagerly.

"That's exactly what we thought!" he exclaimed, "or rather," he stammered on, "we didn't think much about it. We knew, of course, that—that something was wrong, but it—it didn't seem so bad, until you came. We were living our own life up here, and this was just one of the conditions—I can't seem to explain it." He paused and looked anxiously at me, and then burst out again:

"You know how it is, sir! You have been here!"

"Yes, I think I know," I said. "Let me put it straight. There is something queer about Hiller, and it just goes with the rest of the weirdness here—the weirdness of this part of the world, I mean; I know it, I think, perhaps as well as you—and so, of course, you didn't realize Hiller's oddities."

He looked a little disappointed.

"Yes," he admitted. "That is part of it. He is queer. You heard what Todd said. None of us ever said that before. We suspected—at least I did, I know now—that he was not quite right, but he kept away from us, and we had our own interests and didn't speak of it—didn't want to speak of it. Perhaps," he confessed, "we were afraid to speak of it. At any rate it didn't seem so bad until yesterday, when you came. You see, sir, you came from home, and all of a sudden we thought what they would think of this business."

"H'm!" I reflected. "Yes, I see. The standards of civilization cropped up, when we came. A ship, with smoke coming out of the funnels, and letters written on paper from Tiffany's. And reporters at the dock when we arrive, and an insane man to account for."

Denton turned about abruptly.

"We don't know that he's insane!" he exclaimed.

"Well, then," said I, "what makes you think that he is?"

Denton turned abruptly and walked rapidly on. In a minute Everest hinted timidly:

"Well, sir, you must have seen him yesterday."

"Yes," I agreed, "I saw him and heard him. I am not likely to forget it."

"Neither are we," answered Everest quickly. "There has been nothing like that before."

"What has there been, then?" I inquired.

Everest looked toward Green, apparently for an answer; but Green had nothing ready, so the lad took the burden upon himself.

"Well, I don't quite know," he hesitated.

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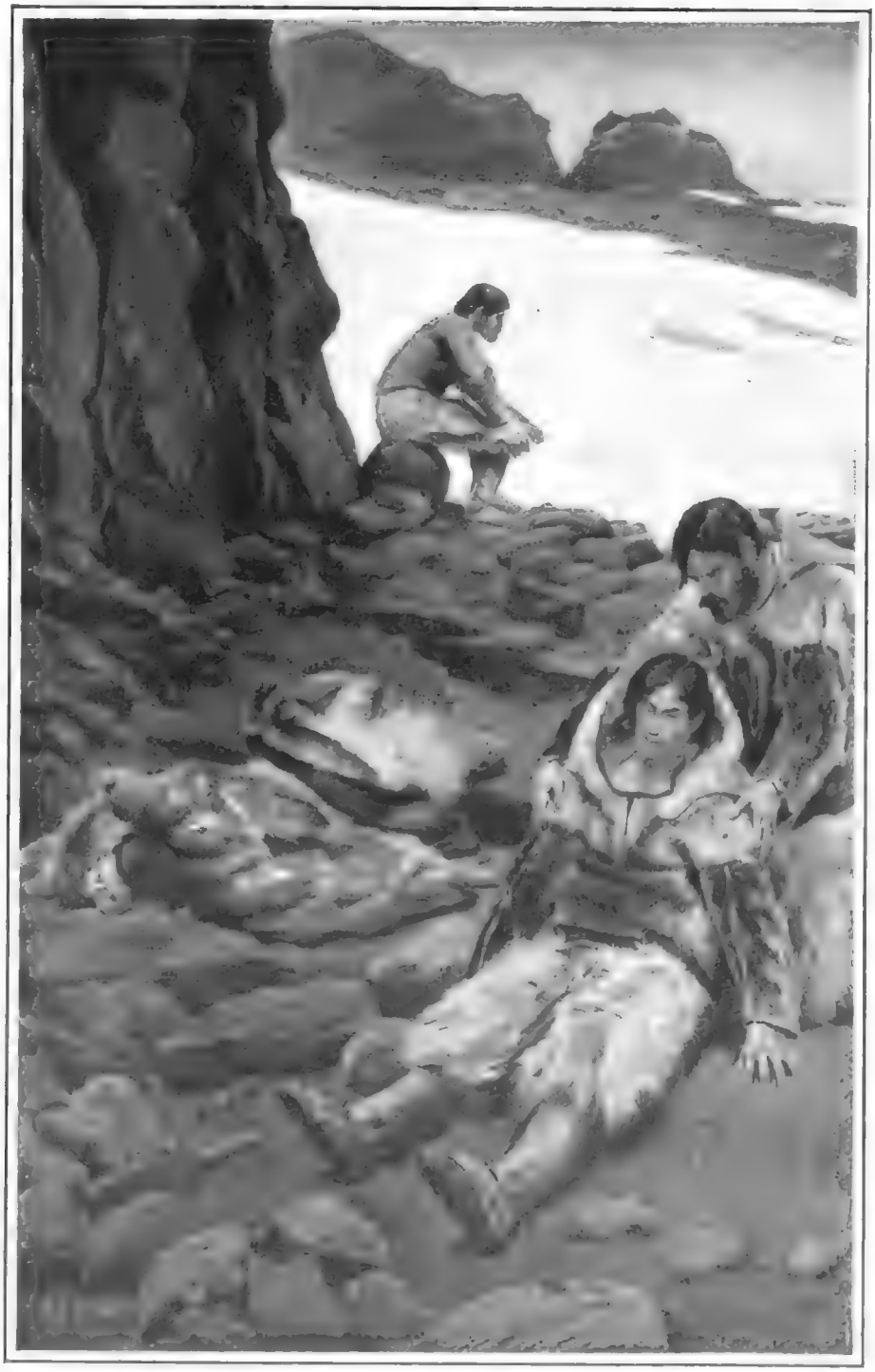

I LEFT THEM TO GUARD HILLER AGAINST THE FOXES.

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"He has been peeking around the corner of the house, for one thing. It may not have meant anything—it may have been just to see whether we were there. We weren't on very good terms, and I think it is quite likely that he didn't want to meet us. You see," he went on, "he took his provisions himself from the general stores—the boxes, you know, outside the headquarters—and carried them to his hut."

"I suppose you mean," I suggested, in some bewilderment, "that he watched for your absence to get his food unmolested."

Everest turned with an appeal to Denton: "That's what you think, isn't it, old man?" but receiving no reply except a grunt, he repeated: "That's what Denton says. But I think you ought to know, sir, that it seems to me not like Hiller—and in fact he has only been doing it for a short time, a couple of months. Green says—didn't you, Green?—that before we came back from the sledge journey he used to march up and take what he wanted whether we were there or not."

"That's what he did," grinned Green. "I should jolly well think so. He wasn't minding us in those days."

Denton faced about again.

"Not that we ever tried to prevent him," he threw off. "He was always welcome to food."

I could not help repeating that, yes, I supposed that he had been welcome to food. They did not seem to see any point in this, at least they did not acknowledge it directly, though after a moment Green suddenly came again to the foreground with the remark that he had seen traps that Hiller must have built for arctic hares.

"Yes, I have seen them, too," added Everest. "I hoped—that is, I dare say that he hated to come to us for grub as much——"

He broke off, and I filled out his sentence: "As much as you hated to have him?"

"No, not quite that," Everest hastened to differentiate. "As much as we hated to see him."

"Oh!" I commented. "Did you hate him as much as that?"

"He wasn't a very pleasant companion," returned Everest, with some heat. "And I believe that he liked us just about as much as we liked him. You know what he did to Carter when we tried to make up with him yesterday."

"Yes," I acknowledged, "I guessed that there had been a fight. So he's ugly, too, is he?"

Everest spoke impetuously.

"He has been ugly from the very first of it. You know how big he is. Well, he thought that because he could pull two of us around in a boat, and could walk away with a sledge that no one else could start, he had the right to bully us. On the way up, in the ship, he was always trying to get us to do athletic stunts, and then he laughed at us when he beat us. And he used to show us a trunkful of medals that he had won, and at Godhaven, when we went ashore to dinner at the Inspector's, he wore a lot of them—his coat was covered all up with them. It was beastly! It seems foolish, I know, sir, to care about things like that——"

"If he carried that kind of thing into the winter," I assisted, "I can easily see how it might get on your nerves."

"That's it, sir!" said Everest, so earnestly that he had the effect of pleading a cause. "It was the winter. All the darkness; and in December we couldn't go out at all, and we were all cooped up together in that hut, and every one knew just what every one else was going to say next, and I thought the thing never would end."

"And you all hated each other?" I put in.

"There were some minor quarrels," admitted Everest solemnly.

"But nothing like the big one?" I suggested.

"Oh, no," expostulated Everest. "Nothing like that. It's queer," he added, "but I think that did the rest of us good; you see it gave us something to talk about. We had a common sympathy——" He looked to inquire whether I understood.

"I see," said I. "You became brethren in your common hatred of Hiller."

"That's it, exactly," rejoined Everest. "We were better from that minute. We used to sit around the table after dinner when the chief had gone to his stateroom and Hiller had shut himself up in his bunk, and talk the matter over, and afterward turn in quite friendly."

"Just so," I mused. "I can understand. Did the chief ever talk it over?"

"No. But he had suspended Hiller from active work in the expedition, and I don't think he noticed him much after that. You can't tell what the chief thinks. He keeps altogether to himself."

"I suppose the smash came some time in January?" I asked.

"Yes," said Everest, "in the middle of the month. How did you know?"

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"Todd told me that you hadn't been on speaking terms with him for six months. Is that true?"

I caught a queer, satirical curl at the corner of Green's mouth. Everest's face, however, that had brightened with the impulse of argument, fell in dismal lines again, and he replied only by a nod.

We plodded silently along the gray, stony beach, bounded above by the monotonous slope of mud and below by the flat, dull sea. The procession of icebergs and the white glacier gleamed cold and impersonal. Except ourselves, not a living thing was in sight; not a seal; not even a little auk nor a raven.

"Did you ever think," I asked, "that it must have been a trifle lonesome for Hiller?"

It was Denton who answered. His broad back had been swaying sturdily in front of me, and I had thought that he had lost interest in our talk.

"He didn't care much about our company," he growled.

"No, he didn't," confirmed Everest, "especially at first. I think that we might have gone on, somehow, if he hadn't been so stiff. You see, sir, our not speaking to him wasn't the matter of a moment. We didn't agree upon it—at first. We never agreed upon it in words. We just didn't care to have anything to do with him, and at table when we were talking I suppose we weren't very careful about paying attention to what he said. So at last he didn't say much, and one night he began not to come to table at all. My place was next his, and his big arm came over my shoulder and took the platter of stew and carried it away, and then came and put it back half empty, and that was the last we saw of him at meal-times. He used to take his own share of things before we had been helped and carry it to his bunk."

"After you were seated?" I asked.

"At first, yes. But afterwards we waited until he had helped himself before we sat down. After the first week we never laid a place for him. You see," he added anxiously, "we didn't mean to treat him badly. We just didn't want to have anything to do with him."

"Just so!" said I. "Do you know what he did with himself?"

"He spent most of his time in his bunk. I don't know what he did there. We only had four lamps, and one night he came without a word and carried one away and we never had it again."

This seemed irrelevant to me, but it was clearly part of the general grievance against Hiller, for Green took it up.

"He kept it in his bunk," he put in. "He used to sit up late, and we could see the light through the curtains. I can tell you one thing that he did. I got up at two o'clock one night and his curtains were open, and he was playing cards—solitaire. He had a dog, too," he went on with an odd, dry manner, as though he were uttering an effective bit of irony.

"I have known men to take great comfort in a dog," I agreed.

"Yes," faltered Everest. "But you see, when we started on the sledge journey we had to take the dog. It was the best dog we had, sir!" he exclaimed.

"Ah!" I responded. "Of course you had to take the dog. Then what did Hiller do?"

"I don't know," said Everest absently. The strain of a sleepless night, and of his anxiety, which was evidently increasing, had told upon him. His pallor was almost ghastly, and he walked with wavering steps. But after a few moments he suddenly took up the story in a mechanical tone, as though his subconscious self were speaking.

"I have always believed," he said, "that there were two occasions when he was ready to smooth the whole matter over. One was when we took the dog, and the other was when we had the games on the twenty-second. I think that being left out of the games hurt him more than anything else. He used to walk up and down the room while we were making up the events and watch us and listen until I, for one, was almost sorry for him."

"I would have let him in," interrupted Green.

"Yes, I know you would," droned Everest. "We talked it over together, sir, and you see we were afraid that if he should win anything, he would be—just as he had been before."

"Very likely he would have been," I answered. "What about the dog?"

"Why, after the games were over— I was going to say that he watched them, and laughed at all the records in that great big voice of his, and that made us down on him still more."

"Certainly," I agreed. "Did he have a great big voice?" Everest paused.

"Yes, sir," he said rather helplessly, "he did—then."

"I beg your pardon," I apologized. "I

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didn't mean to interrupt. After the games were over?"

"After that he used to talk to his dog—we bought it at Cape York; it didn't belong to Hiller—and tell it what babies we were—you could hear everything in the house, you know, sir."

"It couldn't have been amusing," I admitted.

"Fortunately the sun came back about that time," went on Everest, "and Hiller and the dog used to go hunting and keep away from camp a good deal. That lasted until we were about ready to start on the sledge journey."

"Was the dog fond of Hiller?" I asked.

"You know how the Husky dogs are," replied Everest. "Some of them you can tame and some you can't. They are half wolves at best. This one stuck to Hiller as long as he got more food than the others—Hiller used to give him grub from our table. But we had been feeding the dogs rather short, because we wanted to be sure of having enough provisions to last, and about a week before we were to start on the sledge journey the chief told us to increase their rations so as to get them into condition. So we did, and they fought like the devil over it. Hiller's dog never could resist a scrap, and he could lick all the rest of the pack and get more food than even Hiller allowed him. So he left Hiller altogether. He was king dog, and didn't care to have his head scratched. It must have been damned hard on Hiller," he went on vehemently. "He came out to watch us off the day we started, and when he saw old Napoleon harnessed up at the end of a trace—I thought he was going to cry, sir."

I rather thought that the boy himself was near sudden tears, but he went on bravely.

"I didn't think of it at the time, sir; only afterward. At the time, we were too busy getting off, and were thinking too much about the trip, to bother with Hiller. But I believe now that if we had explained why we needed the dog, he would have been pleased, and then——"

"And then everything would have been all right," I said as quickly as I could. It seemed cruel to make him, in his condition, go over these reminiscences.

"We should have gone away knowing that everything was all right," he replied.

"Leaving Hiller to us," remarked Green drily.

"He would have been all right—at least you could have stood him," insisted Everest. "The sun was back and you could be out of doors. Hiller liked to hunt; you could have kept him away after reindeer. I don't think that he would have been the same."

"Huh!" answered Green. He was about to say more, but catching his eye, I shook my head. He glanced at Everest and then gave me a confidential nod.

"What happened after they had gone?" I asked Green.

"Why, I don't mind telling you—since we're telling everything," he answered cheerfully. "He went away as soon as the party started, and we didn't see him for two days. Then Todd met him fooling around the provisions. He says that Hiller walked up to him as if he were going to say something, but Todd turned on his heel. He never did like Hiller, you know. Hiller didn't appreciate meteorology."

"How did you and Todd get on together while the rest were away?" I asked.

"Oh, we got on all right," he replied. "I can stand any one." He laughed. "I would have spoken to Hiller."

Everest, who had been walking on with his head despondently bent, saved me from replying to this.

"Didn't you leave rations on purpose, so that he could get them?" he hinted.

"Oh, yes," replied Green. "We did the conventional thing. We laid out grub, and an oil-stove to cook with. But he used to pass it by and open fresh cases right before us. We let him. He could have had cartridges, too, if he had wanted them. We put them out for him."

"Didn't he have any ammunition?" I asked.

"He had a shotgun," answered Green, "and he must have had some powder, for we heard him shooting at first. By and by that stopped, and then we put out the cartridges. But that wasn't long before the supporting party came back."

"Did he eat his birds, or hares, or whatever he caught, raw?" I asked.

"Give it up," he tossed to me. "There was the stove. He could have had it. It was right in front of the hut, on a stone, until this morning."

"But where was he all this time?" I exclaimed. "Didn't you see him at all?"

"See him?" laughed Green. "Yes, we saw enough of him. He built a snow hut within two hundred feet of us, and he used to stand by the tunnel of it, and stare at us. Did

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you happen to notice the collection of boxes on the beach near the quarters? He took 'em all out of the wall, before our eyes. They were full of grub. When the snow melted it left 'em there. By that time he had got tired of our company, and built the stone hut, yonder. It's a very good hut—as good as the Eskimo igloos that we saw at Cape York."

The hut was indeed in sight, though an untrained eye would hardly have distinguished it from the ancient lateral moraine against which it had been built—a great rampart of ragged stones extending down into the sea; the bones, if you wished to be fanciful, of a dead glacier. We hastened toward it.

"I haven't been inside," went on Green. "But it must be comfortable enough. One of the times when we saw Hiller was the afternoon when he came to get his household furnishings. We were both in the headquarters reading—there wasn't much to do—and all of a sudden the sunlight stopped streaming in the door, and there was Hiller, filling up the whole opening. It—well, it isn't quite true that no one has spoken to him," he hesitated with a sly glance that took in Denton and Everest. "I did say 'How do, Hiller?'"

Everest's worn face lighted up in a smile.

"Did you, Green?" he burst out. "Why didn't you tell us?"

"You know as well as I do," replied Green lightly. "No one seemed to be talking much about Hiller."

Everest lifted his hands with a gesture that I had seen upon the stage, and had deemed exaggerated.

"Damn this whole business," he cried.

His outburst startled us all, I think, and we marched on, embarrassed, for a space.

"You haven't told us what Hiller did," I pointed out, for conversational relief.

"Oh," said Green. "You mean in the house? He came inside right away, but then he saw Todd and seemed to be frightened. He sidled around the room to his bunk, and as he hadn't answered, Todd and I went on reading. He rummaged around for a long time in the bunk, and when he went out—well, I thought he had the whole house with him. He had to squeeze the bundle through the door. I looked in his bunk afterward. Every skin was gone; the lamp was gone; the pillows were gone; there wasn't a thing inside the curtains except his discharge from duty as a member of the expedition."

"Oh, hell!" shouted Everest. "Why didn't you do something? I was full of him, when we came back. I supposed you would have him with you, and I meant to be decent to him. But he wasn't around and you told me about the hut, and I thought that he was probably comfortable—and I suppose I forgot him," he ended, in a dropping voice.

"You might have seen him easy enough when you came back," replied Green imperturbably. "He was peeking over a stone. It struck me as queer at the time, but I thought that he was after his dog, and didn't want us to notice him. That was the beginning of the peeking," he added.

His airy manner was insupportable, and I could not bring myself to draw him out further. Besides, there were plenty of things to think about—a chaos of half-told incidents, to be sure; but out of them there was this, at least, to be made: that Hiller ought never to have been chosen as a member of an arctic expedition, and for the twentieth time in the course of twenty years I raged at the carelessness of arctic leaders in selecting their men.

Of course, Hiller had been overbearing; without doubt he had been overbearing all his life. It was the natural expression of the dignity that went with his medals. Very likely he had considered an arctic expedition as a new athletic event, a new opportunity to win glory in what he might call a "walk." Of the scorn of scientific men for mere brute force, doubtless he had not had an inkling. I had a moment of fascination in erecting for myself the spectacle of a man like this, unavoidably in contact for four months of arctic winter in a twelve-by-twenty-foot hut with a fighting geologist like Denton, a sewing-society gossip like Todd—whose conscientious reading of little instruments must have seemed pitiful to a man with grand ideas about the north pole—and what Hiller had probably called a "society dude" like Everest. And the others, too—I could divine them, cold and self-centered; the doctor absorbed in his eyes, the leader deep in the seclusion of books and irritated because the personality of Hiller seemed likely to menace the morale of his party.

Little as I found them agreeable, I could not blame the members of the main party for hating Hiller, nor even perhaps for carrying into the light of continuous day the vindictiveness that had flourished in the dark—and immediately I was conscious of blaming them fiercely, of clinching my mental fists, as it were, toward the men who could so maltreat a comrade. Of course I knew well how insignificant life and death and disease seem in

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the midst of the isolation and the timeless immensity of the North—and yet—at least they might have taken the pains to find out whether they had driven a comrade crazy or not. I turned to Denton with a question upon my lips. But Denton had drawn away from us, and was bending his sturdy person through the entrance of the hut. As I was in the act of transferring the question to Green, Everest stumbled. It was a slight stumble; he would not have fallen. but instantly Green had him by the elbow. He jerked him violently upright, and supported him with an arm around his waist, until Everest languidly shook it away and started on; and as they made their way up the mud-bank toward the hut, Green hovered close behind him, with a lank hand ready at either side to catch him in case he should waver. His anxiety was obviously real; evidently he had, in his own way, an affection for the boy. He hustled him into the house anxiously, very much as an ice-bear hustles along a cub. There was a low, fur-covered shelf at the left, and he made Everest sit down upon it, and stood before him, fanning him with a skin which he caught up from the floor.

It was not a superfluous attention, for the air inside was revolting. Everything was wet, and the muddy ground was strewn with empty cans—I caught the labels of tongue, ham, desiccated potatoes, tomatoes. What remained of a rusty, double-barreled shotgun lay among them, as if it had been kicked down from a place against the wall, in the course of a hasty egress. The stock was shivered, and the barrels were bent and bruised as though they had been beaten against a rock. Some small bones gleamed white in the mud, and in a corner lay a pile of decomposing pelts of hares and foxes. Denton stood in the midst of the litter, looking uncertainly about, and I joined him; but at once he walked over to the sleeping-slab, which was fixed into the wall in a sort of alcove. It was covered thick with reindeer skins, matted down and evidently soaked with water. He half lifted one or two layers of the skins and revealed a hole in the wall, through which trickled a little stream from some late snow-bank outside.

The hut had been built heart-shape, in rough imitation of the usual Eskimo model. The sleeping-slab took up the point, opposite the entrance; the lobes at the sides were occupied, one by the slab upon which Everest was sitting, the other by what seemed to be a store of clothes.

As I drew near the walls I was impressed with the magnitude of their construction. They were not high, but I do not think I could have stirred from the ground more than one or two of the stones of which they had been built. The place was an extraordinary *tour de force*; the great jagged rocks lay together closely, as though they had been attracted to one another by some sense of mutual fitness; he must have searched for days to find each matching shape; and the suggestion of the strength that had displaced these huge masses from the frost-bound moraine and had lifted them into their positions was stupefying. The ceiling was made of three slabs of slate. They must have come from the hills, two miles away, and the realization that they were actually there, that somehow they had been transported over those miles, and afterward had been hoisted almost to the height of a man's head, and again had been adjusted to their places, gave me an emotion that was very like awe.

There were two shelves in the alcove, pieces of slate that had been ingeniously built into the wall. The upper shelf was piled close with fur clothes, and presently the orderly arrangement of the packages struck me, in contrast to the confusion that appeared everywhere else. Each pair of breeches, each koolatah, and each pair of boots was folded in a separate parcel. There were several complete suits, and under scrutiny everything seemed to be new. I had a sudden recollection of holes in the koolatah that Hiller had worn the day before.

On the lower shelf was his sailor's bag, containing doubtless his home clothes, and beside it stood the confiscated lamp and a clock, a common tin affair, with an alarm. I picked it up. It had stopped, and the back was fuzzy with rust. It had evidently not been touched for months.

Presently I was aware that Green had come to my side and was watching me. I turned to him and said:

"I don't see any books," and was immediately disconcerted, perceiving that I had spoken in a murmur, as though the silence had been fragile. Green was not the companion that I should have chosen for an unguarded moment of emotion, but to my surprise he replied in the same tone.

"Hiller never did care much for books," he whispered, and I looked at him, ready to exchange sympathy, in case the man should by some marvel comprehend what his words

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suggested. The marvel came to pass; he did comprehend; his bulging gray eyes seemed to start out toward me with realization, and we both jumped when Denton let fall his skins with a flap.

Denton strode abruptly to the slab upon which Everest was sitting with his face covered in his hands; and his movement was so purposeful that it drew us to him. He made no account of Everest, but examined the shelf with care, and broke the silence:

"He slept over there," he announced, "until the leak began. Then he came over here."

I do not know why this statement seemed so impressive, unless it was because Denton had spoken in his ordinary pitch, and his voice had sounded more than usually harsh. However, we looked with new care at the bed. It was covered meagerly with one or two skins, much worn, and in the light of his implication, it looked uncomfortable. Denton stooped and lifted one of the skins. Beneath it were scattered several frayed playing-cards, and, besides, one or two small flat stones, which seemed unpromising bedfellows. Denton swore impatiently, and brushed one of the stones to the ground; but as his hand hovered over another he paused, picked it up, and examined it. His scrutiny lasted so long that we gathered behind him to see what he saw. It was a piece of shale, about the size and shape of the cards, and upon it had been neatly scratched the pips of the three of spades. Everest uttered a queer cry, and flung the second skin from the bunk. Other cards came to light, and there were three stones. Two lay face downward; the third bore the inscription JACK, and beneath it was engraved a heart.

They gazed blankly at one another. Denton's face lost its rigidity; his jaw dropped and his eyes were bleared over. Everest caught the horror, sank back upon the couch, covered his face with his hands again, and began to rock back and forth. I stepped over to him and seized him by the arm.

"Come out of this smell," I commanded.

He let himself be pulled to his feet, and staggered with me into the open air. Beyond the door, he jerked his arm from my hand and confronted me fiercely.

"It's not our fault!" he raged. "It's not our fault! It was the darkness—darkness. You ought to know—the darkness!"

His voice came thin and flat, like the barking of a wrathful Mexican terrier. I caught him by the arm again, carried him struggling to a flat stone, seated him upon it, and held him down while I was getting out my flask. He gulped down the brandy without a cough, until I had to stop him. The others had pressed about us, and I handed the half-empty flask to Denton. When Green returned it to me, he held it facetiously upside down.

"Now we will have something to eat," I ordered, "and come back to common sense."

Everest sat relaxed, with his hands resting upon the edge of the stone and his chin drooping upon his chest. Green hastened to unpack the bags, and Denton obeyed a sign from me to draw apart. I found a seat beside him upon the moraine and got my first question over at once.

"Come," I said. "You and I are not boys; we can face our troubles. I don't suppose you think that Hiller is dead——"

I had to hesitate, but Denton reassured me with a meditative shake of the head.

"Well, then," I said, "you must have some plan for getting him back. Suppose you tell me about it?"

"I hardly know how to answer," he began. "The plan is not mine; it is Everest's. Arrangements seem to have been taken out of my hands."

"Out of your hands?" I inquired. It seemed impossible that at such a time he should be thinking of his pride, yet his manner certainly suggested bitterness. He made no reply to my question, but occupied himself nervously with his sling. I swallowed my rising disgust. "Perhaps you would be willing to tell me what Mr. Everest's plan is, then," I suggested.

"Why," he replied, "I believe he thought last night that you might be of assistance."

"Last night?" I asked again.

"The first part of the plan has failed," went on Denton impatiently. "We expected to find Hiller here. We came almost as far as the hut last night. It was Everest's opinion, and I may say mine, that he was inside. I want to make it clear to you at once," he proceeded aggressively, "that my judgment was for going in and bringing Hiller to headquarters—by force, if necessary. But Everest, and Green, who is only Everest's echo, asked me, yes, by Jove, they begged me, to give you a chance. Everest thinks that, as a stranger, you might do something with Hiller," he flung off after a pause. "He has taken the

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tack of not speaking to us, you know," he had the incredible assurance to add.

"Perhaps I might do something," I agreed. "Have you any idea where Hiller is?"

"Green thinks he knows," replied Denton. "I don't know anything about it—though I can tell you what Green saw—that is to say," he amended, "what he says he saw. I dare say there is some truth in his story. I have seen the place and it is certainly remarkable."

"Wait a moment," I interrupted. "Is it more horror?"

Denton shrugged his shoulders.

"That depends on what you call horror," he rejoined tartly. "I suppose that you could find horror in it, if you had an imagination."

His rancor was so evident that I lost patience and determined to get the story from one of the others.

"Very well," I said, "I guess we'll postpone the horror until we have had something to eat. But before we join your friends, there is one question that I should like to ask you, as a man of mature judgment. Do you think that Hiller is really—not responsible?"

"Do you mean crazy?" asked Denton. "How should I know? How should I know?" he repeated, and then he rose slowly to his feet and stood rigid.

"Damn the man!" he breathed.

For the flash of an instant he was rather magnificent, with his red mane and broad red beard glowing in the sunlight and his face grim with the emotion of his curse. I had the sensation of having seen him before, and presently realized that he had very nearly fulfilled my conception of the furious old Northman who discovered Greenland. But in the course of our silent little walk back to Everest and Green, the vast image of Hiller displaced that of the old Icelander, and in spite of my efforts to be impartial, and to throw Hiller's undoubted sins into the balance, I found myself taking his part.

If he were really insane, I remember thinking as a mere matter of argument, at least his treatment at the hands of his party had been hard enough to make most men a little queer; but in spite of the recollection of his greeting to me, and of what had followed, I could not bring myself to believe that the mind of so enormous a human being could be irrevocably unbalanced in so short a time. But in any case, obviously there was need of haste in hunting him down, and I was disappointed to find Green unavailable for questions, being engaged in controversy with Everest as to whether Everest should eat or not. Everest was sullenly protesting that he needed no food; Green, seated near him, was cajoling him as a mother cajoles a refractory child. The lad yielded when I arrived, and indeed was devouring his canned beef with haste by the time that Denton was ready for his meal.

Whether Denton repented of his brusqueness to me, and made an effort to mollify it, or whether he was in a refreshed mood of sarcasm, I do not know; at all events, as he approached he called out that I was anxious to hear Green's story of the night before. Everest laid down the knife upon which he had been poising a morsel of beef, and with arms crossed clutched his shoulders as though he were holding himself from flying apart. It was Green who replied to Denton with one of the few outbursts of genuine feeling that I had ever heard from him.

"Shut up, will you, you damned fool!" were his words, and seizing the knife in one hand he disengaged Everest's fingers with the other and closed them over the handle.

"Now, eat," he ordered. "I'll tell Dr. Dahlgren later. We'll have to separate to cover the ground. You and Everest can take the up route along the hills, and Dr. Dahlgren and I will take the beach. It'll be time enough to tell him then. Eat your food and let us alone!"

Why Denton did not resent this defiance I do not know; perhaps because it was astonishingly unexpected. He passed it over with a grunt, and we finished our meal in silence and in haste. Everest managed to get through his can of beef, and was steady upon his feet when we were ready to separate.

"Tell him everything," were his parting words to Green, as he climbed after Denton over the moraine, and Green answered cheerily, "Cert, I will."

With that I drew a breath of hope that I might at last get a simple story and asked my companion what everything was.

"Not much," he replied; "it's only that the last time Hiller was seen, before he came to headquarters yesterday, he was in the valley where we are going—the next valley, by the glacier—and Everest thinks that he may be there now. The boy is full of theories, you know," he explained apologetically.

"Theories?" I repeated.

"Denton thinks that they are theories," he replied. "I agree with Everest. I think he's right; still, he may be wrong. It's more than a month ago that Hiller was seen there, and

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no one has been there since. We don't care to go there much," he chuckled. "It's not a nice place."

"Why did you go there at all, then?" I asked. "And why did Hiller go there?"

"We only went there once or twice, after reindeer," he answered. "And there were no reindeer there—you bet there were no reindeer there," he chuckled again. "There is a whispering gallery there."

I must have looked vague, for he explained:

"One of those places where you speak in a low tone and can be heard a long way off. If I believed in devils, I shouldn't dare to go there. But I don't," he assured me.

"Who saw Hiller there?" I interrupted. "Did you?"

"Yes," said he. "And I know all about the noises. Have you noticed that there are a great many icebergs in the bay?"

I admitted the icebergs.

"Well, among those icebergs," he expounded, "there is an unusual echo. We tested it——"

I said that I had noticed the echo, and he acknowledged this with a clearing of the throat.

"In that valley," he continued solemnly, "the echo is remarkable. There are places where you can't hear it at all, and there are other places where if you say anything it comes back to you three or four times, as clear as if some one was talking to you. It is enough to make any one believe in devils."

"Look here," I cried impatiently. "If you don't drop this nonsense and tell me what you know about Hiller, I will go back and get my men, and we will find Hiller ourselves."

He laid a detaining hand upon my sleeve.

"Wait, wait!" he cried. "I was just coming to that. It was about a month ago. I'll tell you. It's all right," he assured me.

I allowed myself to be led on.

"About a month ago," he resumed, "I was coming home from a four days' trip after skins, beyond the glacier—I am taxidermist to the expedition, you know," he informed me proudly. "My road lay along the side of the cliffs that shut in the valley yonder, and I had to pass behind a big rock that sticks out from the mountains a good ways. All of a sudden some one said, 'How are you, old chap?' just at my ear. I jumped, of course. At first I thought it was Everest; you know the boy has college ways and always says 'How are you, old chap?' and wants to shake hands when he comes back from a trip. We used to get into him about it. But no one was around, so I shouted. I got millions of echoes, and in the middle of them, I heard, 'Glad to see you.' So I made up my mind that Everest must be hiding behind the end of the rock to surprise me, and I kept on up to the top where I could see the whole valley, and there was Hiller standing down by the beach. So of course I thought it was me that he was calling to. I'm not like some of those fellows, never ready to make up a quarrel, and so I climbed down the rock toward him. It was queer," he went on, shaking his head meditatively; "sometimes I could hear all kinds of noises, and sometimes I could only hear the stones rattling down from under my feet, and sometimes I could hear 'How are you, old chap?' just as if some one was talking behind me. And the voices would come in the queerest tones—mostly big and boomy like Hiller's, but often sort of—sort of flat—and once or twice from away off, as if Hiller had been up in the air. It was too much like ghosts for me, and I stirred my feet. I had to watch my way, for walking is not good up there, and I didn't have a chance to look at Hiller until I got to the bottom. I was pretty near him then, and all of a sudden I noticed that his back was toward me. I was in one of those places where I could hear him say 'How are you, old chap?' and it came over me that he wouldn't be saying the same thing to me so many times. Do you know what he was doing?'' he demanded, and immediately answered himself. "He had an echo down there, and he was standing and talking to it. Now what do you think of that?" he burst out, apparently unable to restrain his eagerness for verbal appreciation. "Don't you agree with Everest that a man who does that must have wheels?"

I suppose that I repeated "wheels," for I was aware, as I hurried away from him, that he was explaining behind me that wheels meant bats in his belfry, out of his head, crazy; but for the moment he was little in my thoughts. His story had given a terrible meaning to the fragments of narrative that had been scattered to me; it had, as it were, reflected back into the darkness of the winter a glare which revealed the agony of that great mass of a man in his incredibly isolated kennel, while his pride, the essence of himself, was breaking down.

Against the loneliness Hiller must have been helpless—I shuddered to think of myself, with all my resources, alone in that

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hut for two months. He could have had no resources; no books, no taste for plants or rocks, no care for the changes of clouds or sea or mountains, nothing but his pride in his useless strength to oppose to the inexorable aloofness of nature—and of his own comrades. He must have suffered—I could not measure it. Where had he found the courage to keep apart from them? Why he had not been driven—irresistibly driven—by his desolation to seek them out, to ask for a word of kindness, or, if that were denied him, to force from them companionship by his great strength—and there came the remembrance of his enormous bulk advancing toward me down the beach, and with that, suddenly, I saw it all. It had not been courage that had kept him from them, it had been fear. He had broken down even so far as that. He had feared them. He had feared me; he had shown fear of me in every gesture, if I had but had the key; yes, and he had feared himself; as he rushed away into the fog he was certainly fleeing from himself.

I turned upon Green.

"How did you dare to do it?" I shouted. "You! I mean you, personally! You say that you forgive injuries. Why didn't you go to him?"

If he had been nearer or less agile I think that I should have had my hand upon the hood of his netcher, but he sprang out of reach and stood gasping at me, with his mouth open and his beard canted over his left breast. His consternation brought me up with a little shame for my outburst.

"You must have known how lonely he would be," I explained. "You knew he did not care for books. You knew he wasn't shooting. What could he be doing? Why didn't you go to see him? Didn't you know what a state he would get into?"

"No one was going to see him," he protested confusedly. "Everest didn't go, he didn't ask me to go. The chief had suspended him. I didn't know whether I had any business to go."

"You didn't know—" I began, but a sense of the miserable uselessness of casting blame checked me, and I walked on. In a minute his voice came from behind me.

"I know some things now that I didn't know then," he pleaded.

"You might at least have taken him a dog," I threw off in the final moment of exasperation. I heard him draw in his breath and then he shouted at me:

"Good God! Do you want me to get like Everest?"

"No, no!" I answered, and indeed I spoke in haste, for I was afraid myself of getting like Everest. In spite of all my efforts to be sane I could not keep off a confusion of incomplete visions of the months that Hiller had spent in that hut. They besieged every unprotected corner of my mind—a helter-skelter congeries of whens: when was it that the brief happiness which he must have had in building his hut had ceased; when had solitaire proved to be cloying; when had he wreaked his rage and despair upon his useless gun; when had he begun to be so careless about the keeping of his hut and about his clothes and about his comfort, that he could sleep in the midst of putrefaction, and that the labor of cramming a few stones into a leak in the wall was too formidable for his stupendous energy? And at what period in all this downfall had he begun to be conscious that he needed other men, so that he had come at last to peer over rocks at them, and to seek refuge and comfort in hearing "Glad to see you" from echoes? And during all the time I was conscious of muttering over to myself: "This won't do." "Time for this later." "Keep your head." "You've got to do something," and suddenly I had the sense of being overheard.

At first I inferred that I had spoken aloud, and turned, I surmise abruptly, to my companion. But he was several steps behind me, and showed none of the signs of an eavesdropper; in fact he was looking, not toward me, but toward the mountains. He halted beside me, but still continued his scrutiny, and presently shook his head dolefully.

"I don't see him anywhere," he sighed. "Do you?"

A confusion of noises responded to his words, and I was surprised into looking around me. We had passed beyond a promontory which extended almost to the sea, and had entered a vast amphitheatre probably formed by glacial action. I do not suppose that I realized its features at the time, but I can see them clearly now—a half-circle, closed in by ramparts of sandstone so high that instinctively I threw back my head to observe their crests; the sea-wall of the glacier, at the left, a greenish-blue band, streaming like a ribbon to the opposite boundaries of the bay, and at the right, above me, the towering mass of earth which had interposed itself between us and the long

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stretch of beach. The shore of the amphitheatre curved gracefully inland, following a line in general parallel to the line of the cliffs; and in the little harbor thus produced lay stranded perhaps a dozen icebergs, derelicts driven here by tides or winds or backwaters from the multitudinous fleet in the bay just beyond. We had almost reached the innermost limit of the water, and stood near the central point of the half-circle, opposite the end of what I recognized mechanically as a remarkably fine example of trap dyke. The ridge, thinned perhaps, but still triumphantly existing, after the struggle with ice and water which in the course of ages had worn away the sandstone around and above it, emerged from the level near the beach, rose abruptly, a dull red note against the gray circumference of the pit, and finally disappeared in the side of the plateau.

Apparently Green had watched closely the direction of my eyes, for he remarked that this had been the scene of his episode with Hiller. As he was speaking I had again the sense of many persons close at hand, and at once perceived that it had come from the echo, which deliberately reproduced every word that we uttered, and every crunching of our feet in the sand.

"This is where he stood," explained Green disconsolately, "but there are no signs of him. There's Everest, though," he added with some reanimation of spirit.

While the echo was exasperatingly repeating "Everest, Everest," I surveyed carefully the floor of the amphitheatre. Except for a few hints of green where grass had begun to respond to the encouragement of brooks from the melting snow above, it was a bare tract of sand and rounded stones. A mile or so away, at the right, moved the two black figures of Denton and Everest, making their slow way around the base of the promontory. Against the serene immensity of the cliff they looked ridiculously insignificant; I had the sense of watching ants sidling along the foot of a wainscoting.

I suppose that the weariness of the long walk, and the discouragement that came with Hiller's failure to keep what I had permitted myself to believe might turn out to be a sort of appointment, had its effect upon my features, for happening to include Green in my survey, I was almost moved to laughter by his dismal countenance, which must have been a reflection of my own. It was evident that his spirits had fallen with the failure of Everest's theory that Hiller would be easy to find.

"Never mind, we'll get him," I said.

The echoes mocked me, and perhaps it was partly in defiance of them, as well as partly with an unformulated design of doing something at once, that I turned toward the bergs and shouted Hiller's name.

I had grown somewhat accustomed to the idea of echoes, but I was by no means prepared for the extraordinary effect that my increase in volume of tone produced. It seemed to find in every nook and corner of the harbor new and responsive surfaces; from one quarter after another my cry came back, until the whole amphitheatre was calling for "Hiller! Hiller! Hiller! Hiller! Hiller!" and even after the chorus of icebergs outside had taken up the summons and were transmitting "'Iller! 'Iller! 'Iller!" to the uttermost parts of the bay, in the midst of the tumult of sound, sudden rapid exclamations of his name snapped out, apparently from close at hand. That such a message should not reach him in any recess was inconceivable, and I turned to the valley with a feeling almost of surety that in a moment he would spring from some crevice in the dyke. But the noise lingered away into silence, and there had been no movement to arrest the eye. Everest and Denton stood motionless, plainly startled by the outcry; but for their suspension of movement, the valley remained unchanged. Green had made a few paces up the beach and was bending forward in an attitude that denoted a tensity of attention. After the last murmur had vanished, he threw out his hands with a gesture of despair. They did not fall to his sides, and in a moment he turned upon me a face portentous with a new idea. In some way or other, without the medium of words, I realized his thought, and hailed the icebergs again with "Hello, old chap!" Before the reply had come back to me three times, it was interrupted, or rather overwhelmed, by a great roar. I faced the cliffs again in the midst of a chaos of noises, to which Green added a shout of "There he is!" and Hiller leaped into view, at the summit of the ridge. He was a hundred feet above us, and several hundreds of feet away, and yet his bulk loomed majestic, even in the midst of the majesty of the mountains. The sun shone full upon him, and against the gray background of the cliffs his gestures were clearly visible, as he flung his arms to and fro.

I shall never know whether his great roar

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meant welcome or despair or sheer animal rage; whether he was hastening to greet us or whether he was rushing to annihilate us; whether in his last superb gesture he widened his arms to embrace us or to crush us, or whether the sweep of it was merely the extravagance of a suicidal madman. It was only for a moment that he stood there, and then he sprang forward and disappeared.

I have always hoped that he made a great leap to meet us. If he had surpassed the cleft in the dyke, at the bottom of which we found him, he would have alighted at the crest of an easy, sloping descent to the beach. But the summits of the cleft were more than a giant's leap apart, and he had fallen a hundred feet.

We reached him almost together, Everest and Denton from one end of the chasm, Green and I from the other end. He lay indescribably torn and broken by the jagged rocks upon which he had fallen. Everest rushed forward, threw himself upon him, and strove to raise him, and when this proved to be too great a task for his strength, bowed his head upon the head of the dead man, in a paroxysm of grief or despair.

Denton reached him before we did, seized him roughly by the arm, and hauled him to his feet. The boy stood wavering for an instant, and then faced me and flung out his arms with a gesture so like the last gesture of Hiller's that I felt my heart as it jumped.

"It was the darkness!" he shrieked. "Don't you see?—the darkness! the darkness!"

For an instant he stood challenging me thus; then he threw his arms forward and made a plunging step toward me. I thought that he was falling, and sprang to catch him; but Green was quicker than I. Before I had a foot off the ground he had darted past me and had seized Everest around the waist. He supported the lad to a patch of grass at hand, laid him upon it, gave him a knee for a pillow, and twisted his ungainly self down to examine his face.

"Could you bring some water, Dr. Dahlgren?" he asked.

I filled my flask at a pool in a neighboring snow-bank, and Everest gulped the water down. The coldness of it did him good, and he tried to arise; but Green prevented that, and after a few struggles the boy gave up. His face was flushed, and his hands were dragging out tufts of grass and scattering them abroad.

Denton was standing motionless beside Hiller, and I crossed to him. He was not looking at Hiller; his eyes were lifted toward the vacancy beyond the cliffs. When I spoke his name, he looked at me blankly.

"We've got to get him to headquarters," I suggested. "I don't trust myself in medicine, and I want the doctor to see him. He's had a bad shock, and I'm afraid of brain fever."

"Brain fever?" he repeated confusedly, and suddenly his eyes were alight with what seemed like wonderment. He stooped swiftly over the dead man and touched his forehead. While I was puzzling over this, he sprang to his feet and glared at me.

"What do you mean?" he shouted. "He's dead! He's dead!"

I had a light upon his thought, and felt kinder toward him for his moment of hope.

"Yes," I assented gently, "he's dead. It wasn't of him that I was thinking. Everest has broken down. We must get him to headquarters. He needs care."

"Everest?" inquired Denton vaguely. He cast a look at the group upon the grass. "He's all right, isn't he? If he isn't, you and Green get him to headquarters."

He walked slowly up the ravine. "Some one must stay," he threw back to me.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Denton," I commanded. "We can do nothing here. I'll send my party later. It will need all of us to attend to the man that is yet alive."

He paid no attention to me, except to shout something of which I caught only the word "foxes," and seated himself upon a rock, with his back toward us. I turned to the others. Green had allowed Everest to sit up, and both were staring at me in consternation.

"Never mind," I cried, "we'll get to headquarters by ourselves, and I'll send——"

Everest interrupted me with a slow shake of the head.

"No!" he grated out. "We can't go. We can't leave him—can we, Green?"

Green, too, solemnly shook his head.

"Guess we'd better stay," he said. "As Denton says, there may be foxes." Then he startled me with a high-pitched laugh.

"Guess we can do that at least for him," he cackled.

Everest burst out into sobs, and sank back against Green's shoulder. Green threw an arm about him, and with the other arm motioned me to go.

I left them to guard Hiller against the foxes.

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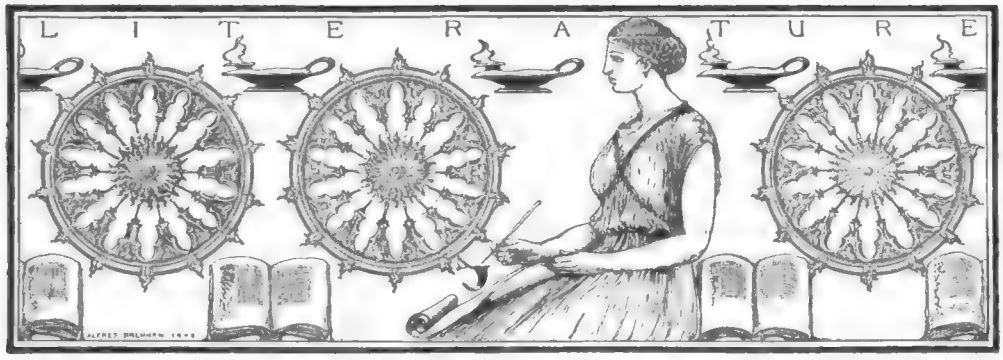

A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT
(Johan Barrett)

THERE are numerous excuses for going "slumming." One may simply be keeping step with a passing fad. Or one may be actuated by an idle and somewhat hesitant curiosity. Or one may like to accentuate one's own blessings by the juxtaposition of contrasting horrors. Or one may be passionately possessed either by an omnivorous desire to understand one's fellow-humans, or by a controlling determination to help them. Of course one may go a-slumming either corporeally, among the tenements, or intellectually, between covers. Frank Danby's "The Heart of a Child" (Macmillan) is an excursion that falls in the latter category, and offers certain inducements to each of the listed classes of excursionists. Being by the author of "Pigs in Clover" and "Baccarat," there hangs about it, by association, a certain suggestion of naughtiness that, happily unjustified, is not without its potential allurement. Dealing, as it does, with the underworld of the London music-halls, the grist that they grind, and the millstones with which they grind it, it offers a comfortable sense of contrast to the socially secure. Leading up, as it does, to a romantic but credible dénouement, in which poetic justice and the possibilities seem for the nonce to join hands, it affords an opportunity of self-justification to the sentimentally optimistic who imagine themselves to be altruists. Finally, in the objective (as opposed to the analytical) presentation of Sally Snape in her progress from gutter-child to peeress; in the silent but none the less persuasive exposition of the nature and the power of innate guilelessness; and in the rough-edged realism of its horde of attendant characters, the novel excites and repays the interest of those students of life who seek in the creative interpretations of others the verification and enrichment of their own observation.

But our slumming opportunities are by no means limited to Frank Danby's excellent sociological romance. We have, in addition to slumming in the slums, the chance to go slumming in society under the guidance of Mr. Upton Sinclair in "The Metropolis" (Moffat, Yard), or of Miss Louise Maunsell Field in "Katharine Trevalyan" (McClure). We are, however, if we may be allowed the expression, inclined to be "leary" of Mr. Sinclair's guidance. He brings, with the best intentions, the methods of the nature faker into his didactic and reformatory fiction. That is to say, he selects from a series of years and a variety of observations the most startling, stunning, and sensational episodes, constructs from them a "typical case," and imagines that affidavits as to the exceptional truth of component instances establish the habitual truth of the resultant combination. He is, in short, a writer of experience, directness, and forcefulness in whose work an effective verbal restraint masks a headlong and intemperate habit of generalization and judgment. The blend is dynamic, but may be dangerous both in the exaggeration of its effect and in the revulsionary apathy of its reaction. "The Jungle" aroused a popular turmoil; it provoked several official investigations; it led to the so-called pure food legislation; but it has left us more or less indifferent to any method of sausage manufacture that does not regard rats and laborers as raw material. "The Metropolis" is a companion piece to "The Jungle." It pictures the opposite end of the social spectrum, and "shows up" society as sensationally as that volume "showed up" the stock-yards. It might, conceivably, in a like manner overstimulate our resentment and exhaust our sensitiveness. But since, after all, the follies of the rich are only

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important as they bear upon the miseries of the poor, and as the by-products of society affect our appetites less intimately than the output of the packing-house, its sensationalism is likely to be the chief attraction of "The Metropolis" and its own reward.

Now it happens that Society, as we are asked to accept it by Miss Field in her first novel, "Katharine Trevalyan," is, if anything, a less edifying spectacle still. And the fact that Miss Field is writing from "the inside," while Mr. Sinclair has been challenged on the ground that, being an outsider, he can boast no esoteric authority, would seem to make these volumes mutually corroborative. But the fact is that Miss Field's artistic bias is even more patent and more disqualifying than Mr. Sinclair's socialistic enthusiasm. She writes gracefully. She has an ear for dialogue, an eye for movement and color, a more than embryonic character-sense. But as yet her dramatic instincts are wholly melodramatic; she is impatient, if not incredulous, of moral half-tones; and she inclines on the one hand to paint the lily of human virtue, and on the other to blacken the face of the devil. Intent upon presenting her heroine in the most concentrated focus of the literary limelight, she has not only endowed her with all the virtues and denied her even the poor vice of being lovable, but has rigorously excluded from her social entourage every hint of heart, hope, happiness, and the humanities. The result is a small coterie of shallow, spiteful, and debauched vulgarians who do duty as Society, with a large S, and among whom Katharine appears, as Miss Field herself expresses it, like "a demoiselle of the *ancien regime* flung amidst a rabble of the Commune."

I was calling, recently, upon an old lady whose home looks across its ancient garden upon a mill-dam and the open fields. She and I and Sanchez, an Irish setter full of years and dignity, had been renewing old acquaintance. "Sanchez," said my friend, "I hear your disreputable boon companion calling to you from beyond the hedge. Listen," she said to me, "do you hear a sort of whining? That is a small black dog who sometimes takes Sanchez rabbit-hunting. He has been forbidden the place under penalty of the horse-whip, so now he telephones his appointments." And, sure enough, Sanchez, with elaborate nonchalance, rose, stretched, sauntered to the end of the piazza and so round the corner of the house. In a few minutes we saw two specks, a large red and a small black one, making across the fields toward the summer woods. "He'll be back in the morning," said Sanchez's mistress, "outwardly shamefaced and bedraggled, but inwardly happy." Our imaginations are much like setters. They dearly love to run wild now and then; to break training and chase cross-country, after rabbits; and though they seldom start off on their own initiative, the staidest of them are not proof against temptation. Mr. Roy Norton, in "The Vanishing Fleets" (Appleton), calls to us from beyond the hedge to go with him on a lawless and exciting run through the thickets of the unlikely and the backwoods of the impossible. We will be apt, if we are full of years and dignity, to come back a bit hang-doggy, but the run will have done us good.

There are not a few who think that when the accounts come to be balanced and the literary profit and loss of our day and generation figured out and posted, the short story may be found to have been the most characteristic and revealing product of the time. It is, at least, our own invention and, irrespective of its appeal to posterity, it would seem, for good or ill repute, to be our most typical contribution to the art of fiction. Even in art, however, there holds good the old adage that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; and a cub art, like any other cub, must have full freedom to cut antics and try its powers in make-believe. A volume of short stories, by Gouverneur Morris, recently issued and called "The Footprint" (Scribner), is full of this mock-earnest and semi-playful spirit—the cub, or kitten, spirit; alternately all claws and all fluff, shifting from fierceness to roly-poly with bewildering but spontaneous inconsequence. The title-tale of "The Footprint" is a story of absurd but snaky horror, wakingly impossible but with all the realism of a nightmare. "A Carolina Night's Dream" is as clean-cut a cameo of humor and happiness as one could wish for. "The Little Heiress" fairly drips sugar. And so it goes. There be those who are impatient of kittens. They prefer staid cats who sit calculably on their allotted cushions and purr. Let such pass on. Mr. Morris's stories are for us others.

There is a distinction between the lives of literary men and men's literary lives. Both have their seven ages, but these may so far fail to synchronize that, creatively, a man may be an octogenarian at forty or, like William de Morgan, be trying new tools at threescore and odd. The signs, however, are similar in both cases. In writing, as in living, some grow crabbed and cantankerous; others mellow ripely, like winter apples, with a tang of cider in their wisdom; and some, still young in heart, grow garrulous and never know it. Come to think of it, it is a good many years since F. Marion Crawford came back from the East with "Mr. Isaacs," and won our familiar friendship and the informal freedom of

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our library tables. He had, as the saying is, a way with him. When he dropped in, we gathered round and hung spellbound upon his latest tale of Second Avenue or modern Rome. He still has a way with him, and season by season we still welcome him both for his own and for old sake's sake. But the Crawford of "Marietta" and "Arethusa" is not the Crawford of "Saracinesca" and "The Ralstons." He is, there is no denying it, growing more than a little gray on his story-telling temples. In his latest novel, "The Prima Donna" (Macmillan), a story of to-day and a sequel to his "Fair Margaret," he—well, he wanders. There are times when one feels that he is intent upon tracing the corroding influence of success on a fine character. Again, one concludes that he is writing a detective story. In the end one looks back upon the book (as I once heard an old Lake captain say that he looked upon watermelon) as a mouthful of fog.

Nobody, so far as I know, has ever discovered by what subconscious instinct or telepathic impulse all small boys, at certain seasons, take to playing marbles; nor to what agency of infection is due the hay-fever of peg-top that follows; nor why, later on, the sidewalks simultaneously break out into an eruption of hop-scotch chalk-marks. We used, I remember, to regard the sequence simply as a law of nature. Something of the same mysteriousness seems to envelop the coming and going of literary and intellectual obsessions. It is only a few years ago that all the novelists at once were writing historical romance. More recently all the philosophers have been devoting themselves to the consideration of sex. From Vienna and Chicago and intermediate centers of speculative science we have had "Sex and Character," "Sex and Society," "The Psychology of Sex," and other works. The game has been interesting and hotly contested. Physiologists, psychologists, misogynists, and idealists have taken part in it. The air has been full of biological inferences and evolutionary hypotheses. And now comes Mr. Emmet Densmore with an offer to act as umpire. It is an excellent suggestion. The game is about over for this time. Peg-top can't last for ever. Hop-scotch will soon be overdue. It is really worth while to take stock and see what pet ideas have had pieces chipped out of them, and what staunch old theories have been split open. Mr. Densmore calls his volume "Sex Equality" (Funk & Wagnalls). He reviews the arguments in turn, and without apparent bias, certainly without offensive partisanship, sums up the debate. The book is a refreshing example of how lucidly non-technical a technically competent gentleman can be upon occasion.

OTHER BOOKS

"Leaves from the Note Books of Lady Dorothy Nevill" (Macmillan). A second volume of reminiscences edited by Ralph Nevill and touching with a peculiar but pleasant naiveté upon all sorts of early- and mid-Victorian affairs.

"The Affair at Pine Court" (Lippincott). A story of exciting events at an Adirondack house-party, told with considerable verve by Nelson Rust Gilbert.

"The New American Type" (Houghton, Mifflin). A volume of essays, critical and commentative, by Henry D. Sedgwick, who is one of the three or four American practitioners of this delightful art.

"The Judgment of Eve" (Harper). One of the novelettes with which Miss May Sinclair occasionally accentuates (by contrast) the glow of "The Divine Fire." This is a matter-of-fact recital of one white woman's burden in middle-class English life.

"The Management of a City School" (Macmillan). A discussion of modern educational problems from the standpoint of the principal, and a work that will repay the attention of parents as well as teachers and others in authority.

"Home from Sea" (Houghton, Mifflin). A volume of short stories by George S. Wasson, whose "Cap'n Simeon's Store" contained so life-like a record of Maine coast types and their idiosyncrasies. These tales are shavings from the same work-bench.

"A Princess of Intrigue" (Putnam). A biography of Anne Geneviève de Bourbon, Duchesse de Longueville (1619-1679), and the social history of her day, in two interesting volumes by H. Noel Williams.

"In Korea with Marquis Ito" (Scribner). George Trumbull Ladd's account of a semi-official visit to Korea, to which is added a much more interesting and valuable discussion of the historical, political, and religious condition of the country.

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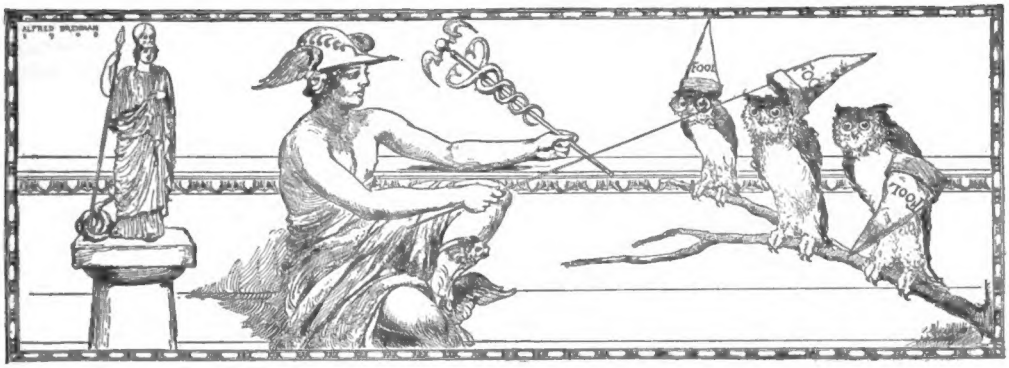

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Whether or not Samuel Clemens knows it, an agent once called upon Mark Twain and sought to interest him in life insurance. At first he talked well; then, having exhausted all of his arguments, he merely talked. Mark Twain yawned slightly and became reminded as follows:

"Some years ago in Hartford, we all went to church one hot, sweltering night to hear the annual report of Mr. Hawley, a city missionary who went around finding people who needed help and didn't want to ask for it. He told of the life in cellars, where poverty resided; he gave instances of the heroism and devotion of the poor. When a man with millions gives, he said, we make a great deal of noise. It's a noise in the wrong place, for it's the widow's mite that counts. Well, Hawley worked me up to a great pitch. I could hardly wait for him to get through. I had $400 in my pocket. I wanted to give that and borrow more to give. You could see greenbacks in every eye. But instead of passing the plate then, he kept on talking and talking and talking, and as he talked it grew hotter and hotter and hotter, and we grew sleepier and sleepier and sleepier. My enthusiasm went down, down, down, down—$100 at a clip—until finally, when the plate did come around, I stole ten cents out of it. It all goes to show how a little thing like this can lead to crime."

One Fourth of July night in London, the Empire Music Hall advertised special attractions to American visitors. All over the auditorium the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes enfolded one another, and at the interludes were heard "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail, Columbia," while a quartet sang "Down upon the Suwanee River." Altogether an occasion to swell the heart of the exiled patriot. Then came the turn of the Human Encyclopedia, who advanced to the front of the stage and announced himself ready to answer, sight unseen, all questions the audience might propound. A volley of queries was fired at him, and the Encyclopedia breathlessly told the distance of the earth from Mars, the number of bones in the human skeleton, of square miles in the British Empire, and other equally important facts. There was a brief pause, in which an American stood up. "What great event took place July 4, 1776?" he propounded in a loud, glad voice.

The Human Encyclopedia glared at him. "Th' hincident you speak of, sir, was a hinfamous houtrage."

Long, long ago, in the days before certain Maine laws were laws, a man named Wing furnished "accommodation for man and beast" at his inn at Middle Granville. He was very deaf, almost as deaf as his chief crony Fish, the village painter. One day when Wing and Fish were both sitting in the tap-room a traveler from the South dropped in to inquire the distance to Brandon.

"Brandy?" said the host, jumping to his feet. "Yes, I've got some." He placed a decanter of the precious fluid on the counter.

"You misunderstood me, sir," said the stranger. "I asked how far it was to Brandon."

"They call it pretty good brandy," Wing assured him. "Will you take sugar with it?"

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The traveler turned in despair to Fish. "Mine host seems to be hard of hearing. Will you kindly tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish. "I don't care if I do!"

The stranger treated and fled.

At a dinner given by the prime minister of a little kingdom on the Balkan Peninsula, a distinguished diplomat complained to his host that the minister of justice, who had been sitting on his left, had stolen his watch.

"Ah, he shouldn't have done that," said the prime minister in tones of annoyance. "I will get it back for you."

Sure enough, toward the end of the evening the watch was returned to its owner.

"And what did he say?" asked the diplomat.

"Sh-h," cautioned the host, glancing anxiously about him. "He doesn't know that I have got it back."

"Where are you goin', ma?" asked the youngest of the five children.

"I'm going to a surprise party, my dear," answered the mother.

"Are we all goin', too?"

"No, dear. You weren't invited."

After a few moments' deep thought:

"Say, ma, then don't you think they'd be lots more surprised if you did take us all?"

Marshall Field, 3rd, according to a story now going the rounds, bids fair to become a very cautious business man when he grows up. Approaching an old lady in a Lakewood hotel, he said:

"Can you crack nuts?"

"No, dear," the old lady replied. "I lost all my teeth ages ago."

"Then," requested Master Field, extending two hands full of pecans, "please hold these while I go and get some more."

"Alert?" repeated Senator Hopkins when questioned concerning one of his colleagues. "Why, he's as alert and clever as the Aurora bridegroom I heard of the other day. You know how bridegrooms starting off on their honeymoons have a way of forgetting all about their brides and buying tickets only for themselves? Well, that's what this Aurora bridegroom did. And when his wife said to him, 'Why, John, you only bought one ticket,' he answered without a moment's hesitation: 'By Jove, you're right, dear! I'd forgotten myself entirely!'"

A Mormon's wife, coming down-stairs one morning, met the physician who was attending her husband.

"Is he very ill?" she asked anxiously.

"He is," replied the physician. "I fear that the end is not far off."

"Do you think," she asked hesitatingly, "do you think it proper that I should be at his bedside during his last moments?"

"Yes. But I advise you to hurry, madam. The best places are already being taken."

The enterprising manager of a little lyric theatre in northern Pennsylvania believes in profiting by the misfortunes of others. One day he displayed the following sign in his house:

DO NOT SMOKE
REMEMBER THE IROQUOIS FIRE

So great was the efficacy of this that before the end of the week he put up another:

DO NOT SPIT
REMEMBER THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD

A believer in organized charity cites the following as an example of misdirected tenderheartedness:

A very benevolent but absent-minded old gentleman, riding in his carriage one hot July day, noticed a toad in the dusty road gasping with the heat. In the kindness of his heart he climbed down, tenderly moved the poor toad into the shade of his carriage, and then, thoroughly satisfied with his good deed, climbed up again and drove on.

Ezekiel, a Florida darky, had no stockings, so the night before Christmas he hung his trousers in the chimney of the tumble-down shack that he calls home. Christmas morning a Northern lady, calling at the cabin with some presents for the family, was greeted by Ezekiel's doleful face protruding from a narrow opening in the door. After wishing him a merry Christmas, the lady asked him what presents he had received.

"Ah reckon Ah must have got er nigger," said Ezekiel. "Mah pants is gone."

"Waiter," said a traveler in a railroad restaurant, "did you say I had twenty minutes to wait or that it was twenty minutes to eight?"

"Nayther. Oi said ye had twinty minutes to ate, an' thot's all ye did have. Yer train's just gone."

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

WE bound a yellow insert in the body of the June EVERYBODY'S, headed "A Favor—and the Price." Perhaps you read it. In it we asked our friends to help us swing fifteen hundred shares of The Ridgway Company stock. It took nerve (both kinds) to make that request, and after making it we put in several mighty anxious days. Would our friends understand? Could we lean on their friendship so hard and not strain it? Was it another mistake? You know the doubts that come trooping in after an important decision. We had them all. It was no use shooing them away; back they would come, bringing their ancestors.

Then one of our good friends heard about the proposed insert and called us on the 'phone:

"Is it true about the insert?"

"Yes."

"Is it too late to stop it?"

"Yes; don't you think it the right thing to do?"

"Well," he said, "it doesn't remind me of J. Pierpont Morgan," and rang off. We took the afternoon off to play golf—and it rained. Things were coming our way—not.

We never remember to have experienced a cloudier week, weatherwise and otherwise. On the morning of the day of issue of the June number we came down to the office early, and found a check for two shares of stock, from Boston. The magazine must have reached one friend a day early. But the clouds hung around all that day. We could not get it out of our minds that this insert was to be a supreme test of our standing with our readers. Do they believe in us? Do they care enough to wish to help us? Do they appreciate that we are really and earnestly striving to make the magazine a power for the Common Good? If they do not believe, care, appreciate, it must be that we have not done our work right, that we have failed somewhere. But praise be, they do believe and care and appreciate. We have overwhelming evidence of it. Nothing in our business experience has so enheartened us as the response to the yellow insert.

Beginning with the day following the day of issue, it has literally poured a white rain of compliments and checks and kindness. And though the money is greatly appreciated, we had gotten ourselves into such a stew worrying about how we stood with our readers, and fearing lest they might think we were presuming in our relation with them, that the compliments and kindness and the assurances that you do care make us almost forget the money. We shall reply to every letter, and we take this occasion to acknowledge the ones we did not receive—the thoughts that many of you had and did not have time to express on paper. We are wound up for five years more if we do not receive another "kind word" in all that time. Folks, we are proud of you. Proud to work for you. You know an honest worker, and your reward is kingly. It is a privilege to live in the same world with you—big, splendid, warm-hearted that you are. God love you.

BREAD AND BUTTER

We are writing this on May 27th, seven days after the June number went on sale. Too early to tell surely how the stock is going to sell. We have scarcely had time to hear from California. We will give you the facts, and you can make your own prediction. We

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are impressed with the showing, and gratified, but the thing we are elated over is the unmistakable proof our readers have given us that they are with us. Talk about money in the same connection seems almost a sacrilege. We started out to sell stock, however—a bread-and-butter problem that brings us back to earth—and we shall see it through. You will be interested in the business end of that circular. If we needed any confirmation of our opinion of the value of EVERYBODY'S as an advertising medium, we got it. In addition, there were friends who wished to help us and thought they could not, but did with the letters they have written to us in the past seven days.

During these first seven days we have received in cash $31,200. In addition to that, we have requests from our readers asking us to reserve for them $12,500 worth of the stock. They made these reservations because their money was not immediately available. Inasmuch as many of the savings-banks pay their interest on July 1st, we have agreed to make a definite reservation for them until July 15th.

As the situation stands at the end of seven days, we have sold $43,700 worth of the stock, but that does not begin to tell the story. You may remember that in the insert we asked our friends to write for further information if they desired it. We are replying to these inquiries as fast as we can. There is no means of knowing exactly how much money they represent. If our answers to the inquiries are satisfactory, it is conceivable they may represent even more than we have received in cash. The subscriptions and reservations and inquiries will, of course, continue for a long time.

Obliged as we are to go to press for the July number at once, we are in a quandary as to what to do next: whether to wait and see what the complete results of the running of the insert will be, or whether to run another insert in the July number to make sure that the entire amount we wish to place is subscribed. It is almost too much to expect that all of it will be subscribed through just one insert. If we decide to run the insert, you will find it between pages 88 and 89 of the text.

If you wish some of the stock or wish to make a definite reservation, we would advise that you write us immediately. We cannot promise that there will be any left on June 20th, when this number goes on the stands. Probably there will be some left.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

"MR. RIDGWAY: I am reading with exceeding interest Mr. Garland's Shadow World experiences, finding the second instalment more absorbing than the first; but say, where did those mystic hands come from which adorn the mystic table on the May cover? They are photographs all right—no artist would ever draw a hand like those—but who sat for them? There isn't one of them that doesn't look as if it could yank the astral body off its perch and spank it into spectral submission. The poet says: 'Unseen hands delay the coming of what oft seems close in ken,' but these are not that kind. They're in the open and built to grab any old spirit and push it along. But maybe it is the camera's fault. What?

"W. J. LAMPTON."

Did those hands on our May cover strike you as they did Mr. Lampton? We should regret to be obliged to admit that they are as bad as he paints them, because—well, because they are our hands, you know. Our staff posed for them. We are half tempted to offer anyone five dollars who picks out the art director's. Of all the villainous-looking—but we must not give you a hint. All those hands look beautiful to us. You may recall the lines in vogue several years ago about "mother's hands.":

> "Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
> They're neither white nor small,
> And you, I know, would scarcely think
> That they are fair at all——"

and several verses more to the effect that mother's hands are beautiful because they do all sorts of things for us. Do you believe it?

PIERPONT AGAIN

Responsibility for other people's money is bound to make an honest man conservative. That is probably why bankers as a class are such proverbial wet blankets.

"EAU CLAIRE, WIS., May 29, 1908.

"ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, N. Y.

"DEAR SIR: Enclosed please find draft for $500.00 for five shares of stock of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, as per your May 4th 'ad.'

"I asked the president of one of the banks about this, and he said if you could pay 10% Pierpont Morgan would take the whole lot. But I am sending this just the same.

"Yours, etc., A. T. H."

Our banker friend has hit his finger instead of the nail. We have three offers for the whole lot and two for the entire property. Now, why do you suppose Wall Street would like to control EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE?

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